



PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

FIRST AND SUBSEQUENT ANNUAL AND SPRING MEETINGS

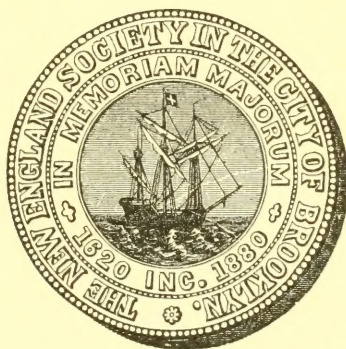
AND

FIRST AND SUBSEQUENT ANNUAL DINNERS

FROM 1880 TO 1895 INCLUSIVE

OF

THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY



IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN

AND NAMES OF MEMBERS.

VOL. I.

Comprising proceedings from 1880 to 1888, inclusive.

PRINTED FOR THE USE OF THE SOCIETY.

BROOKLYN.

1896.

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NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

IN THE

CITY OF BROOKLYN



JUNE 1880.

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NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

IN THE

CITY OF BROOKLYN



CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION,

BY-LAWS

OFFICERS

AND

MEMBERS

JUNE

1880.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn is organized to commemorate the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock; to encourage the study of New England history, and for such purpose to establish a library, and also for social purposes, and to promote charity and good fellowship among its members.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

INITIATION FEE, \$10.00

ANNUAL DUES, 5.00


LIFE-MEMBERSHIP, *besides the Initiation Fee*, 50.00

Payable at Election, except Annual Dues which are payable in January 1881, and yearly thereafter.

Any descendant of a New Englander, of good moral character, from and after the age of 18, is eligible.

The widow or child of a member, if in need of it, is entitled to five times as much as he may have paid the Society.

The friends of a deceased member are requested to give the Historiographer early information of the time and place of his birth and death, with brief incidents of his life for publication in our annual report. Members who change their address should give the Secretary early notice.

 It is desirable to have all worthy gentlemen of New England descent residing in Brooklyn, become members of the Society. Members are requested to send applications of their friends for membership to the Secretary.

Address,

A. E. LAMB, *Secretary*,

No. 191 Clinton Street.

CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
COUNTY OF KINGS, } ss.:
CITY OF BROOKLYN, }

We, the undersigned citizens of the United States and citizens of the State of New York, to wit: Benjamin D. Silliman, Calvin E. Pratt, Ripley Ropes, Charles Storrs, Hiram W. Hunt, Wm. B. Kendall, and John Winslow, do hereby certify, that we desire to form a Society pursuant to the provisions of an act entitled "An Act for the Incorporation of Societies or Clubs for certain lawful purposes," passed May 12, 1873, and of the act extending and amending said act.

That the corporate name of said Society is to be THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN, and the objects for which such Society is formed are to encourage the study of New England History, and for such purpose to establish a Library, and also for social purposes, and to promote charity and good fellowship among its members.

That the term of existence of the said Society is to be fifty years.

That the number of Directors who shall manage the concerns of said Society shall be twelve, and the names of such Directors for the first year are the following, to wit: Benjamin D. Silliman, John Winslow, Calvin E. Pratt, Henry W. Slocum, Wm. B. Kendall, Charles Storrs, Wm. H. Lyon, Ripley Ropes, Geo. H. Fisher, Hiram W. Hunt, A. S. Barnes, A. W. Tenny.

That the name of the City in which the operations of such Society are to be carried on, is the City of Brooklyn, in the County of Kings, and State of New York.

Witness:
JOHN HEYDINGER, JR.

BENJ. D. SILLIMAN,
C. E. PRATT.
RIPLEY ROPES.
JOHN WINSLOW.
HIRAM W. HUNT.
CHAS. STORRS.
WM. B. KENDALL.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
 COUNTY OF KINGS, } ss.:
 CITY OF BROOKLYN, }

On this 26th day of February, A. D., 1880, before me personally appeared, Benj. D. Silliman, Calvin E. Pratt, Ripley Ropes, Chas. Storrs, Hiram W. Hunt, William B. Kendall, and John Winslow, to me known to be the individuals described in and who executed the foregoing certificate, and they severally, before me signed the said certificate, and acknowledged that they signed the same for the purposes therein mentioned.

JOHN HEYDINGER, JR.,

Notary Public,

Kings County,

N. Y.



I hereby approve the within Certificate and consent that it be filed.

J. W. GILBERT,

J. S. C.

Filed in the Office of the Clerk of the County of Kings and in the Office of the Secretary of State at Albany, February 27th, 1880, for the Incorporators, by

JOHN WINSLOW.

OFFICERS.

President :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN.

First Vice-President :

JOHN WINSLOW.

Second Vice-President :

CHARLES STORRS.

Treasurer :

WILLIAM B. KENDALL.

Historiographer :

ALDEN J. SPOONER.

Librarian :

REV. H. W. WHITTEMORE.

Corresponding Secretary :

REV. A. P. PUTNAM.

Recording Secretary :

ALBERT E. LAMB.

DIRECTORS.

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,
RIPLEY ROPES,
HIRAM W. HUNT,
WM. B. KENDALL,
WILLIAM H. LYON,
A. S. BARNES,

CALVIN E. PRATT,
JOHN WINSLOW,
CHARLES STORRS,
HENRY W. SLOCUM,
GEORGE H. FISHER,
A. W. TENNEY.

THE COUNCIL.

ALEXANDER M. WHITE,
A. A. LOW,
HORACE B. CLAFLIN,
JOHN B. HUTCHINSON,
CHARLES PRATT,
S. B. CHITTENDEN,
JOSHUA M. VAN COTT,
JOHN F. HENRY,
R. CORNELL WHITE,
ALBERT WOODRUFF,
AMOS ROBBINS,
E. H. R. LYMAN,
LEONARD RICHARDSON,
CHARLES E. BILL,
WILLIAM COIT,

HENRY E. PIERREPONT,
JOHN GREENWOOD,
CHARLES E. WEST,
CHARLES L. BENEDICT,
GEORGE G. REYNOLDS.
S. L. WOODFORD,
THOMAS H. RODMAN,
BENJ. F. TRACY,
E. R. DURKEE,
GORDON L. FORD,
JOHN M. STEARNS,
E. S. SANFORD,
ARTHUR MATHEWSON,
AUGUSTUS STORRS,
JAMES HOWE.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Committee on Annual Festival:

A. S. BARNES, A. W. TENNEY,
HIRAM W. HUNT.

Committee on Finance:

CHARLES STORRS, WILLIAM E. LYON,
GEORGE H. FISHER.

Committee on Publication:

JOHN WINSLOW, WILLIAM B. KENDALL,
CHARLES STORRS.

Committee on Charity:

RIPLEY ROPES, CALVIN E. PRATT,
HENRY W. SLOCUM.

BY-LAWS OF THE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE I.

OBJECT OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn is organized to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock, to encourage the study of New England history, and for such purpose to establish a library, and also for social purposes, and to promote charity and good fellowship among its members, as set forth in the Society's certificate of incorporation.

ARTICLE II.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person of the age of eighteen years and over, being a native or descendant of a native of any of the New England States, and of good moral character, may, at any meeting of the Board of Directors, or of the Society, be admitted a member of the Society. And, being so admitted, shall become a member thereof, on subscribing to the By-Laws and paying to the Treasurer of the Society an admission fee of ten dollars.

The Board of Directors shall have power to admit honorary members.

ARTICLE III.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

For the purpose of promoting the objects of the Society, its Annual Festival shall be held on the twenty-second day of December, in each year, unless that day be Sunday, in which case it shall be held on the twenty-third day of December, at an hour and place to be provided by the Officers of the Society, in conjunction with the Committee on Annual Festival. Such

Officers and Committee shall have charge of and make all suitable arrangements for such festival.

ARTICLE IV.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting shall be held not less than one week before the Annual Festival, at such time and place as the Directors may determine. At least one week's notice of the time and place of such meeting shall be given by publication in two daily papers in the City of Brooklyn, and by mailing through the post office a written or printed notice to each member of the Society.

ARTICLE V.

ELECTION AND DUTIES OF DIRECTORS.

At such Annual Meeting the Directors shall be elected in the manner and for the terms following, to wit: One class, consisting of three Directors, who shall hold office for the term of four years; except, however, that at the first election there shall be elected together, by ballot, twelve Directors, whose terms of office shall be ascertained by lot, as follows: Immediately on their being so elected, a Committee of three of the Directors, selected by the Chair, shall cause to be prepared written slips, on which shall be written the several names of the Directors elected (one for each name), and shall cause such slips to be placed in a receptacle suitable for drawing lots; and thereupon the Chairman shall at once proceed to draw from said receptacle, such slips with name separately, and the three persons whose names shall be first drawn in succession, shall hold office for four years each; the three persons whose names shall be next drawn in succession, shall hold office for three years, each; the next three persons so drawn, shall hold office for two years each; and the last three persons so drawn, shall hold office for one year each.

A majority of the Directors shall be a quorum, and vacancies shall be filled by the Board.

ARTICLE VI.

COUNCIL.

There shall be a Council of thirty members, to be appointed by the Directors annually. It shall be the duty of the Council to advise the Directors and Officers as to the best means of promoting the interests of the Society. The members of the Council may attend the meetings of the Directors for consulting and advisory purposes.

ARTICLE VII.

OFFICERS AND THEIR ELECTION.

The several officers of the Society shall be a President, 1st Vice-President, 2d Vice-President, a Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, Historiographer and Librarian. Such officers shall be elected or appointed by the Directors at the next meeting of the Board following the Annual Meeting of the Society, each for the term of one year, or until their successors are elected or appointed, and their several terms shall commence on the day of their election, except for the first year they shall commence when elected or appointed by the Directors.

ARTICLE VIII.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Annual Report by the President.

The President shall make a report at the Annual Meeting of the Society, stating, among other things, the membership and the increase thereof in the year. He shall also give brief sketches of members who have died in the year, and give a summary of the finances of the Society, showing the receipts and disbursements, and make such recommendations as he may deem desirable to promote the interests of the Society.

The President, and if he be absent, the 1st Vice-President, and if both are absent, the 2d Vice-President, and if all three are absent, a Chairman to be selected by the Society, shall preside at the meetings thereof, and the same rule shall apply at meetings of the Directors. But the presiding officer of the Directors shall not vote unless he be a Director.

ARTICLE IX.

Special Meetings of Directors.

The President, and if he be absent from the City, either of the Vice-Presidents or any three Directors, may call a special meeting of the Directors, by not less than one day's notice sent by mail.

ARTICLE X.

SPECIAL MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY.

The President, and if he be absent from the City, one of the Vice-Presidents, may, on the request of any ten members, call a special meeting of the Society, by not less than three days' notice to members by mail, and by publication in two daily papers in the City of Brooklyn.

ARTICLE XI.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

The Recording Secretary shall have custody of the Society's seal, and it shall be his duty to notify members of the Council and officers and members of the Society of their election, and to keep the minutes of the Society and Board of Directors, give notice of their meetings as provided by the By-Laws, furnish the President with data for his annual report, prepare and have printed annually a pamphlet under the direction of the Committee on Publication, containing a list of the officers and the Council and members, also the By-Laws and proceedings of the Society, and perform such other duties as may be required of him.

ARTICLE XII.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to conduct general correspondence for the Society, and such as the Board of Directors or the several Committees may require.

ARTICLE XIII.

HISTORIOGRAPHER.

It shall be the duty of the Historiographer to prepare the necrology of deceased members, and make an annual report to the Society, showing the date of the admission of any deceased member, whether Annual, Life or Honorary; also when and where such member was born and when and where he died. A copy of such report shall be furnished to the President two weeks before the Annual Meeting of the Society.

ARTICLE XIV.

LIBRARIAN.

It shall be the duty of the Librarian to classify, catalogue and preserve such books and pamphlets as may come into the possession of the Society, suitably acknowledge donations thereof, or of relics, and make an annual report to the Society of the condition and progress of the Library, including a particular statement of donations to the Library.

ARTICLE XV.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

There shall be four Standing Committees, each consisting of three Directors, to be appointed by the President as soon after the election of officers as may be convenient in each year, as follows :

A Committee on Finance, a Committee on Charity, a Committee on Annual Festival, and a Committee on Publication.

ARTICLE XVI.

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION.

It shall be the duty of the Committee on Publication to supervise all publications made by or for the Society.

ARTICLE XVII.

THE COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

It shall be the duty of the Committee on Finance to audit all accounts against the Society; to execute the orders of the Board of Directors in relation to the funds of the Society, and the payment and disposition thereof; to give warrants on the Treasurer for all moneys appropriated by the Board of Directors; and to perform such other specific duties as shall be assigned them by the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE XVIII.

COMMITTEE ON CHARITY.

It shall be the duty of the Committee on Charity faithfully to distribute and expend, according to the By-Laws of the Society, all moneys appropriated by the Board of Directors for charitable purposes, and to render an account of their proceedings annually at the meeting of the Board of Directors next preceding the Annual Meeting of the Society.

ARTICLE XIX.

COMMITTEE ON ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

It shall be the duty of the Committee on Annual Festival to act jointly with the officers in the arrangements for the Annual Festival provided for in Article III.

ARTICLE XX.

ADMISSION FEES.

Each person who shall be admitted a member of the Society shall pay on his admission the sum of ten dollars as required by the second article of these By-Laws, and annually thereafter the sum of five dollars for annual dues.

Any person elected a member of the Society, and in good standing therein, may become a life member (exempt from the payment of annual dues) by the payment into the treasury of the sum of fifty dollars at one payment. Any member may become a life member by paying a sum which, in addition to what he may have paid in annual dues, shall amount to fifty dollars.

No annual dues shall be payable until January, 1881, and the same shall be payable thereafter in January of each year to the Treasurer. All dues not paid on or before the 1st day of November of each year shall be deemed in arrears.

No member in arrears for annual dues shall vote at any meeting of the Society or be eligible to any office or to membership of the Board of Directors. If such annual dues of any member shall remain unpaid for more than one year, his membership shall thereby be suspended, except in case of absence from the country during the whole of such year, and upon the order of the Directors such membership shall terminate.

The interest of any member in the funds and property of the Society shall cease upon the expiration of his membership, whether by death, resignation or otherwise. All the interest in the funds and property of the Society of any person ceasing to be a member shall go to and be vested in the Society.

ARTICLE XXI.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY.

Order of Business.

- 1st. Reading and Approval of the Minutes of the last meeting.
- 2d. Election of Members.
- 3d. Reports from Standing Committees.
- 4th. Report of Treasurer.
- 5th. Report of Historiographer.
- 6th. Report of Librarian.
- 7th. Annual Report of the President.
- 8th. Other Business.

ARTICLE XXII.

DIRECTORS' MEETINGS.

Order of Business.

- 1st. Reading and Approval of the Minutes of the last meeting.
- 2d. Reports from Committes.
- 3d. Election of Members.
- 4th. Report from the Treasurer.
- 5th. Other Business.

ARTICLE XXIII.

The widow or children of a deceased member, if in need of it, are entitled, for five successive years, to an annuity from the funds of the Society, to the full amount the deceased member has actually paid into its treasury. Provided, however, the said annuity shall in no case be paid to a widow of a member after she shall have married again, nor to children after they shall be able to earn their own subsistence.

ARTICLE XXIV.

The By-Laws of the Society may be altered or amended at any meeting of the Directors: Provided, the proposed alterations shall have been submitted at a previous meeting in writing, at least one month in advance, and shall be adopted by the vote of two-thirds of the Directors.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
IN THE
CITY OF BROOKLYN



BY - LAWS
OFFICERS
AND
MEMBERS

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING, DEC. 7TH AND
AT THE FIRST ANNUAL FESTIVAL

DECEMBER 21ST 1880.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn is organized to commemorate the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock ; to encourage the study of New England history, and for such purpose to establish a library, and also for social purposes, and to promote charity and good fellowship among its members.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

INITIATION FEE,	\$10.00
ANNUAL DUES,	5.00
LIFE-MEMBERSHIP, <i>besides the Initiation Fee,</i>	50.00


Payable at Election, except Annual Dues which are payable in January of each year.

An annual member may become a life member any time upon paying a sum in addition to what he has previously paid in annual dues, that together shall amount to fifty dollars.

Any descendant of a New Englander, of good moral character, from and after the age of 18, is eligible.

The widow or child of a member, if in need of it, is entitled to five times as much as he may have paid the Society.

The friends of a deceased member are requested to give the Historiographer early information of the time and place of his birth and death, with brief incidents of his life for publication in our annual report. Members who change their address should give the Secretary early notice.

 It is desirable to have all worthy gentlemen of New England descent residing in Brooklyn, become members of the Society. Members are requested to send applications of their friends for membership to the Secretary.

Address,

A. E. LAMB, *Secretary,*

No. 191 Clinton Street,

OFFICERS.

President :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN.

First Vice-President :

JOHN WINSLOW.

Second Vice-President :

CHARLES STORRS.

Treasurer :

WILLIAM B. KENDALL.

Historiographer :

ALDEN J. SPOONER.

Librarian :

REV. W. H. WHITTEMORE.

Corresponding Secretary :

REV. A. P. PUTNAM.

Recording Secretary :

ALBERT E. LAMB.

DIRECTORS.

For One Year :

JOHN WINSLOW,

A. W. TENNEY.

CALVIN E. PRATT,

For Two Years :

RIPLEY ROPES,

HENRY W. SLOCUM.

A. S. BARNES,

For Three Years :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

GEORGE H. FISHER.

HIRAM W. HUNT,

For Four Years :

WILLIAM H. LYON,

CHARLES STORRS.

WM. B. KENDALL,

THE COUNCIL.

ALEXANDER M. WHITE,

A. A. LOW,

HORACE B. CLAFLIN,

JOHN B. HUTCHINSON,

CHARLES PRATT,

S. B. CHITTENDEN,

JOSHUA M. VAN COTT,

JOHN F. HENRY,

R. CORNELL WHITE,

ALBERT WOODRUFF,

AMOS ROBBINS,

E. H. R. LYMAN,

LEONARD RICHARDSON,

CHARLES E. BILL,

WILLIAM COIT,

HENRY E. PIERREPONT,

JOHN GREENWOOD,

CHARLES E. WEST,

CHARLES L. BENEDICT,

GEORGE G. REYNOLDS,

S. L. WOODFORD,

THOMAS H. RODMAN,

BENJ. F. TRACY,

E. R. DURKEE,

GORDON L. FORD,

D. L. NORTHROP,

E. S. SANDFORD,

ARTHUR MATHEWSON,

AUGUSTUS STORRS,

JAMES HOWE.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Committee on Annual Festival :

WM. B. KENDALL, CALVIN E. PRATT,
HIRAM W. HUNT.

Committee on Finance :

CHARLES STORRS, WILLIAM E. LYON,
GEORGE H. FISHER.

Committee on Publication :

JOHN WINSLOW, A. S. BARNES,
CHARLES STORRS.

Committee on Charity :

RIPLEY ROPES, HENRY W. SLOCUM,
A. W. TENNEY.

THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

The first Annual Meeting of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, was held at the Assembly Room of the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, December 7th, 1880. There was a large attendance of members.

Mr. Benjamin D. Silliman, President of the Society, called the meeting to order and officiated as Chairman. On motion several gentlemen were elected members of the Society.

Mr. Charles Storrs, Chairman of the "Committee on Finances," reported that the Treasurer's account had been audited by the Committee and found correct.

Mr. William B. Kendall, Treasurer, presented his annual report, showing a balance on hand of \$3,474.82.

On motion this report was accepted and ordered to be placed on file and also spread upon the Minutes.

Mr. Alden J. Spooner, Historiographer, reported that none of the members of the Society had died.

Rev. W. H. Whittemore, Librarian, reported that no contributions to the Library had been received.

The President read his annual report, showing the prosperous condition of the Society.

On motion this report was accepted and ordered to be spread upon the Minutes and also published in the annual pamphlet issued by the Society.

The following is the

PRESIDENT'S FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

Gentlemen of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn : The Eighth Article of the By-Laws provides that the President shall make a report at the Annual Meeting of the Society, stating, among other things, the membership, and the increase thereof during the year ; that he shall give brief sketches of members who have died during the year ; that he shall also give a summary of the finances of the Society, showing the receipts and disbursements ; and that he shall make such recommendations as he may deem desirable to promote the interests of the Society. The period is so brief since the establishment of our association that there is little material, and no necessity, for an extended statement under these requirements. The Society consists of 368 members, all of whom have joined it within the past year.

I am not aware that any person who had become a member of the Society has died.

As you have already learned by the Report of the Treasurer the receipts have been \$3,764 15, and the disbursements \$289,33, leaving in the Treasury the sum of \$3,474.82. This amount will, it is presumed be largely increased by fees

from new members. Everything in the history of the Society therefore, and the spirit and cordial good feeling manifested by its members, afford a gratifying augury of its future success and usefulness. The declared object of our Society is to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock; to encourage the study of New England history, and to that end to establish a library; and also for social purposes; and to promote charity and good fellowship among its members. These are its purposes as set forth in the Certificate of Incorporation.

I gladly call your attention also to the 23d by-law, which provides that the widow or children of a deceased member (if in need of it) shall be entitled, for five successive years, to an annuity from the funds of the Society, to the full amount the deceased member may have paid into its treasury. These are ends well worthy our joint and earnest effort.

Let it be also our aim to extend the influence of those great constitutional and moral principles which have given New England such wide sway in the affairs of the nation, and which we believe essential to the best interests and perpetuity of the Republic.

It is possible that some members of the Society are not informed as to the time, and mode, of its organization, and it may therefore be proper to state them here. About a year since the establishment of a permanent society to consist of natives, or descendants of natives, of New England was considered by a number of gentlemen, and the question necessarily arose as to the mode in which it could be incorporated and put in operation. A special charter by the Legislature could not be procured. The Constitution of the State provides (Art. 8., Sec. 1.) that corporations may be formed under general laws, but shall not be created by special act, except for municipal purposes, and in cases where, in the judgment of the Legislature, the objects of the corporation cannot be attained under general laws. Pursuant to this constitutional provision a general law was passed by the Legislature, for the formation of societies for certain specified purposes, including such as this, by filing with the Secretary of State, and with the County Clerk, a certificate duly signed and acknowledged by five or more persons, containing the names of the directors for the first year, and other particulars specified by the Act. As this Statute entirely sufficed for the purpose of this Society, no other mode of incorporating it existed. Nor was there need of any other mode. A certificate containing the statements so required was therefore signed and acknowledged pursuant to the statute, and filed on the 27th February, 1880, and the Society was fully organized under the provisions of the general law.

The Annual Festival (popularly better known as the New England Dinner) provided for by the 3d Article of the By-Laws, was thereby directed to be held on the 22d day of December, but it was found that, for various reasons, the 21st of December would be a more expedient day for the purpose. Steps have accordingly been taken to have such By-Law duly amended, by substituting that day for the 22d. That the 21st (and not the 22d) was in fact the day when the Pilgrim Fathers landed from the *Mayflower* on the Rock of Plymouth, will be proven to us by one of our learned members who will favor us with a paper on that subject this evening.

At the conclusion of the President's address, on motion, the President appointed Rev. A. P. Putnam and Messrs. Benjamin F. Tracy, Henry E. Pierre-

pont, James Howe and Nelson G. Carman, Jr., a committee to nominate Directors.

This Committee made a report, wherein they nominated the following gentlemen: Benjamin D. Silliman, Ripley Ropes, Hiram W. Hunt, Wm. B. Kendall, Wm. H. Lyon, A. S. Barnes, Calvin E. Pratt, John Winslow, Charles Storrs, Henry W. Slocum, George H. Fisher and A. W. Tenny.

On motion the report of this Committee was accepted and the gentlemen nominated were, by ballot, elected Directors.

The President appointed Messrs. Wm. B. Kendall, Hiram W. Hunt and Wm. H. Lyon, a Committee to assist in classifying the Directors as provided by Article 5, of the By-Laws, and thereupon the terms of office of the Directors were ascertained by lot by the President as prescribed by such Article, as follows:

FOR FOUR YEARS.

Wm. H. Lyon, Wm. B. Kendall and Charles Storrs.

FOR THREE YEARS.

Benjamin D. Silliman, Hiram W. Hunt and George H. Fisher.

FOR TWO YEARS.

Ripley Ropes, A. S. Barnes and Henry W. Slocum.

FOR ONE YEAR.

A. W. Tenny, John Winslow and Calvin E. Pratt.

Professor Charles E. West then read the following paper (prepared upon the invitation of the Directors) showing that the 21st day of December is the true anniversary day of the Landing of the Pilgrims.

PROFESSOR WEST'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society of Brooklyn: In compliance with your request, I have prepared a brief paper to show that the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Mass., occurred December 21st (new style), 1620.

As all the early chronicles, I believe, agree that the landing was effected Monday, December 11 (old style), 1620, it becomes a very simple mathematical problem to change this number in old style into its corresponding number in new style. This then, is the problem.

New and old styles must be understood; hence, reference to calendars is necessary. In passing, we may simply allude to the more ancient Christian calendars, as that of the Church of Rome, under Pope Julius, in A. D. 336; that by Polemeus Sylvius, in 448; that of Carthage, in 483, discovered by Mabillon, the manuscript of which is still preserved in the Abbey of St. Germaine de Près, in Paris. The next known calendar, in the order of time, is that published by D'Achery, dating A.D. 826, in which the vernal equinox is assigned to March 21st, as fixed by the Nicene Council of A.D. 325.

Time would fail me to speak of several Saxon calendars, but one of which was written in Saxon, while the others were written in Latin; all of which are described by the great Anglo Saxon scholar, Doctor George Hicks. These manuscripts are found in the Bodleian and other English libraries. The most elegant calendar, or rather, Menology, is the *Calendarium*, or *Menologium Poeticum*, belonging to the Cotton Library, which is somewhat earlier than A.D. 988.

The three earlier Vedas contain a calendar with the old Indian Cycle of five years. In this the ratio of solar and lunar time is given. The Zodiac is divided into twenty-seven asterisms, beginning with the Pleiades. The solstitial points are reckoned to be at the beginning of the constellation Dhanishtka, and in the middle of Aslesha, and this according to the calculations of modern astronomy was the case in the fourteenth century, B.C.

The time assigned will not allow me to pursue this fascinating track !

The value of a correct chronology is not to be underated. Gibbon, remarking on the chronology of English history says : " It may be considered as a neglected department. Events narrated by our ancient writers are frequently put with a variation of one, two or more years. This often depends merely upon the different modes they followed in calculating the commencement of the year. Some began it in the month of March, and so antedated events nearly a year : Thus, the year 1,000, with them begins 25th March, 999. Others began the year in March, and yet retarded it three months, reckoning, for example, the space of the year, 1,000, preceding 25th of March as belonging to 999. Others began the year the 25th of December ; others at Easter, and varied its commencement as Easter varied. Some who compute from January 1st, still reckon one or two more years from Christ's birth than we do."

I cite this confusion of dates in early English history, as an apology for those New England Societies, which celebrate the *wrong* day, viz., the 22d of December.

Now for the proof that this is not the true day, we must consider the exact time which marks the revolution of the earth around the sun. This was the earliest element of our planet which was known with accuracy.

The following are the principle values expressed in mean solar time, showing the duration of the tropical year as computed by different astronomers.

B. C.	DAYS,	HOURS.	MIN.	SEC.
3101, Indian Tables,	365	5	50	35
140, Ptolomy,	365	5	55	14
A. D.				
1543, Copernicus	365	5	49	6
1602, Tycho Brahe,	365	5	48	45.3
1687, Flamsteed,	365	5	48	57.5
1806, Delambre,	365	5	48	51.61
1853, Hansen & Olufsen,	365	5	48	46.15
1858, Leverrier,	365	5	48	46.045

The extremes of this remarkable series of computations are nearly 5,000 years apart ; and yet, the difference in the results, as obtained by the Hindoo and French astronomers is only one minute and 48.955 seconds which practically amounts to a coincidence.

It is probably true, in fact, that for twenty centuries, the length of the year has not varied the hundredth part of a second,—evidence of the stability and perpetuity of the solar system. There can be no variation, except by the earth's loss of temperature, and that in the present condition of the planet, is an infinitesimal quantity.

The length of the year having been thus determined, we are next to consider in the study of our problem two very remarkable calendars, the Julian and the Gregorian.

Julius Cæsar, who undertook to reform the Calendar, was a great lover of astronomy. When in Egypt he met the learned Achoreus, and said, " I came

to Egypt to encounter Pompey ; but your renown was not altogether foreign to my determination. In the midst of war, I have always studied the movements in the heavens, the course of the stars, and the secrets of the gods. My arrangement of time is at least equal to the *Fasti* of Eudoxus." Eudoxus lived in the fourth century B. C., and was called by Cicero the greatest astronomer that ever lived. He determined the length of the year to be $365\frac{1}{4}$ days. Cæsar chose Sosigenes of Alexandria to aid him in reforming the calendar. After a thorough examination of the subject, the calculation of Eudoxus was accepted. The Roman year of that time (B.C. 45) was three months in advance of the real time. He added ninety days to this year making it to consist of 455 days, adapting it to the sun's course. In order to avoid the inconvenience of a fractional quantity, he made the tropical or natural year 365 days, and every fourth year 366 days. This additional day (*bis sexta dies*) was called the intercalary or bissextile day, and was employed to make the civil year keep pace with the tropical ones, and was added between the 24th and 23d of February which was the 6th of the Calends of March. As this day was corrected twice (*bis sexto calendas*), the year itself was called *bis sextus* or bissextile.

The intercalary day is not now introduced by counting the 23d of February twice, but by adding a day at the end of that month, making it twenty-nine days long.

I would call attention to this magnificent achievement of Cæsar, Emperor, warrior, statesman and author, he was the busiest of men. Becoming the undisputed master of the Roman Empire, he undertook to correct the many evils which had crept into the State. The Roman calendar which had always been intrusted to the College of Pontiffs who had been accustomed to lengthen or shorten the year at their pleasure for political purposes, needed reform, and in honor of his success, it was called the *Julian Calendar*.

As thus reformed it was used by the civilized world for more than 1600 years, when the seasons were again sadly out of order. By adding a day every fourth year, too much had been given ; the vernal equinox was running back, deranging the order of secular and ecclesiastical festivals which led Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, to set about another reform. With the aid of Aloysius Lilius, a physician of Verona, it was undertaken and completed. The equinoxes were fallen back ten days and the full moons four days, viz., the former from the 20th of March to the 10th, and the latter from the 5th to the 1st of April. Therefore, to bring the earth and sun into their true relationship, it was found necessary to add ten days to the year 1582. The corrected calendar was immediately adopted by the Catholic, but not the Protestant Churches. The error having increased a day, the Protestant States of Germany adopted the Gregorian correction in 1700, while England was not yet ready for the change.

It is worthy of remark that this last correction is not quite perfect. The Julian year gains three days, two hours and forty minutes in every four centuries ; and as it is only the three days that are kept out in the Gregorian year, there is still an excess of two hours and forty minutes in four centuries, which amounts to a whole day in thirty-six centuries.

From our discussion of this subject, it may be seen how the Gregorian Calendar can be used. In changing from old to new style, it is the former which changes and not the latter.

If the event occurred previous to the 1st of March, 1700, add ten days to the date in old style and it will be corrected for the new.

If it happened between the last day of February, 1700, and the 1st of March, 1800, add eleven days.

If it happened between the same dates in 1800 and 1900, add twelve days, and so on, adding one for every intercalary day omitted.

The reason is obvious, as the year 1600 was leap year, no intercalary day was omitted till 1700. Nothing, therefore, was to be added but the ten days omitted in 1582.

From this it is seen that by counting $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, the year was made eleven minutes and nine seconds too long. This caused an error of one day too many in every 134 years. It was also found necessary to strike out three bissextile years in every five centuries. Thus the years 1700 and 1800 were not bissextile, nor will 1900 be; but the year 2000 will be bissextile.

Now we are prepared to apply these principles to the question, what is *Forefathers' Day*?

The landing of the Pilgrims, as we have said, occurred, Dec. 11 (old style), 1620. To this date we are required to add ten days, and we get Dec. 21 (new style), 1620, as Forefathers' Day.

Had England or her colonies adopted the new style in the sixteenth or even the seventeenth century, no New England Society would have made the blunder of celebrating the 22d of December, as Forefathers' Day!

Let me illustrate the use of the calendar in its application to the date in question.

Had John Milton recorded the landing of the Pilgrims in old and new styles, he would have written December 11-21, 1620.

Would George Washington, a century later, have been justified in recording the same event December 11-22, as the New England Society of New York does?

Then, Gen. Grant, living a century still later, might with as much propriety write it December 11-23! and so by parity of reasoning, a few centuries hence, the *record*, not the *event* for that is fixed, would drop out of December altogether, and be found in January; and so, like the precession of the equinoxes, it would go the round of the circle.

Again, if I were to write my Russian correspondent in Moscow, on Forefathers' Day, which is so near at hand, I would date my letter, Brooklyn, December 9-21, 1880. Here I give old and new styles, the difference being twelve days, which must be added to the old to convert it into the new style.

The lesson to be drawn from this scrap of history is this, Protestant England because of her hatred of the Roman Church did not adopt the new style till 1752; and for the same reason, Russia and the Greek Church have not, to this day, adopted it. Still, as Galileo said, "the earth moves!" The revolutions of the planets around their common centre take no heed of the narrow-minded prejudices of churches or nations! They move on in their endless cycles, regardless of the rise and fall of empires and tireless in their rhythmic dance with the eternities!

In conclusion, I cannot forego the opportunity of calling attention to a more important festival, in which the entire Christian Church takes an interest. It is a well known fact that Christmas day itself, the great festival of the Church, does not mark the actual birth-day of its founder; for that day is absolutely unknown. With that systematic disregard of truth, which characterizes the most of the proceedings of the early Church, it was pronounced to be the 25th day of December simply because it happened to be the principal festival of the worship of Mithras,

the Persian God of the Sun, as being the day in which the sun entered its winter solstice.

Chrisostom, the Greek Bishop of Alexandria, writes (Homily 31): "On this day (25th December), the birth-day of Christ, was lately fixed (fourth century) at Rome in order that whilst the heathen were occupied in their profane ceremonies, the Christians might perform their holy rites undisturbed."

Again, the Romans blundered in their chronology! Had they taken the true solstitial day in honor of Mithras, as they thought they had done, they would have celebrated the 21st of December and not the 25th, for that is the day the sun enters the winter solstice, in the constellation Capricornus—the shortest day in the year—a day of special significance in Persian Mythology.

The result is obvious, but for the Roman blunder, Christmas and Forefathers' Day would have come together and been celebrated by Cavalier and Puritan, on the 21st of December! (*Applause.*)

On motion, voted that the thanks of the Society are due and are tendered to Prof. West for his learned and useful paper, and that he is requested to furnish a copy for publication with the annual proceedings of the Society. After some remarks by Mr. Winslow and the President relating to the approaching First Annual Festival, the Society adjourned.

A. E. LAMB, Secretary.

NOTE.—At a meeting of the Pilgrim Society held in Plymouth on the 15th day of December, 1849, a committee of five was appointed, of which the late learned Genealogist, Mr. Savage, was Chairman, to investigate and report as to the proper day upon which to commemorate the Landing of the Pilgrims. The committee made an elaborate report on the 27th day of May, 1850, by which it appears that the 21st day of December is the correct day, in the judgment of such committee. The report was adopted and since that year the Pilgrim Society in Plymouth has commemorated on the day agreed upon by the Committee. It may be added that at the First Annual Festival of our Society, on the 21st day of December, 1880, telegrams of greeting were exchanged with the Plymouth Society which was in session at the same time for the same purpose.

PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES
AT THE
FIRST ANNUAL FESTIVAL,
HELD
DECEMBER 21ST, 1880,

*In commemoration of the Two Hundred and Sixtieth Anniversary
of the Landing of the Pilgrims.*

The First Annual Festival of the New England Society, in the City of Brooklyn, was given in the Assembly Room of the Academy of Music, and in the Art Room adjoining, Tuesday evening, December 21st, 1880. The Art Room was used for the reception of guests, and upon its walls were hung many fine paintings then on exhibition by the Art Association, which added much to the brilliancy of the scene and pleasure of the occasion. The gathering was memorable both as regards the large attendance of members comprising many of the best citizens of Brooklyn, and presence of distinguished guests. The flags of the New England States, the State of New York, and the National flag adorned the walls of the dining-room. There were eight tables besides that for guests, and every one of the two hundred and sixty-three seats was occupied. The dinner was provided by Delmonico in his best style, and the centre of each table was filled with cut flowers. A string band furnished excellent music during the dinner.

Each member wore a satin badge upon which was painted a representation of Plymouth Rock with the date of 1620 thereon, and underneath the Arbutus or Mayflower. The new beautiful gold badge which was made by Tiffany for the use of the President, was

worn by that officer. The following is a description of such official badge :

The medal is of gold, two and one-half inches in diameter. In the centre of the obverse, in bold relief, is the ship Mayflower, with all its characteristic features; the water is carved in platina; in a circle surrounding the device is the motto, "In Memoriam Majorum, 1620. Inc. 1880." And in the outer circle is the title, "New England Society, in the City of Brooklyn." All this lettering is in blue enamel. The medal proper hangs from a bar pin, on which is the word "President." This is surrounded with an ornament composed of the moss rose bud, the emblem of pleasure, the turnip leaf of charity, and the arbutus or mayflower, representing New England. From all these spring polished gold rays of brightness and glory. On the reverse is the inscription, encircled by a wreath of oak and laurel, signifying hospitality, strength and success. This inscription reads : "Their moral grandeur illuminates their century with a solemn light which excites awe while it inspires admiration." On the edge of the medal are the words : "The President's Badge, First Annual Festival, December 21, 1880."

The reception, which was a very pleasant one, continued in the Art Room from six o'clock till nearly seven when the doors of the dining-room were thrown open and the guests and members filed in. At the guest's table, seated on either side of the President, were, to the left, Gen. U. S. Grant, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, Secretary of State, Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., President of Yale College, Rev. A. P. Putnam, A. A. Low, Esq., Hon. J. M. Van Cott, Hon. S. B. Chittenden, M. C., Hon. S. L. Woodford, United States District Attorney in New York; and to the right, Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, Gen. W. T. Sherman, U. S. A., Gen. H. W. Slocum, Rev. P. A. Chadbourne, D.D., President of Williams College, Joseph Choate, Esq., Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Hon. Calvin E. Pratt, Judge of the Supreme Court, Hon. Henry C. Murphy, Hon. John W. Hunter, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn.

GRACE.

BY REV. DR. A. P. PUTNAM.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for all Thy mercies, and now especially for the occasion that brings us together here this evening.

We bless Thee for the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. May their faith and virtues be more and more enshrined in the minds and hearts of their children.

Grant unto us Thy favor now and here, we beseech Thee.

Bless our beloved country, and lead us one and all in the way of life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

After the removal of the cloth at fifteen minutes before ten o'clock, the chairman, (MR. SILLIMAN, *President of the Society*,) arose and called upon REV. MR. MCLEOD to return thanks.

REV. T. B. MCLEOD.

We return thanks, our Heavenly Father, for this renewed manifestation of Thy favor, for this delightful social intercourse, and for the delightful memories associated with this hour. We pray Thee to bless and sanctify to us all these gifts, and accept of us, for Christ's sake. Amen.

ADDRESS BY HON. B. D. SILLIMAN,

PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

Gentlemen of the New England Society: Before proposing the regular toasts, let me congratulate you on the flourishing condition and the prospects of the Society, attested by its large membership, by the attendance at our late annual meeting, and by your prompt presence and vigorous action here this evening.

Our association is not limited in its membership to natives of New England, but includes, also, those who are descended from New England ancestors, and we all commemorate with glad hearts, on this, its anniversary, the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers. If a New England Society should exist and flourish anywhere, it is in our own beautiful city, for in no part of New England is there a more pronounced New England population than here. Nowhere is there more marked New England enterprise, thrift and energy, and nowhere is deeper reverence felt for the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, who two hundred and sixty years ago, this day, landed on Plymouth Rock. The "Church of the Pilgrims" and "Plymouth Church," are among our temples, religious freedom is unquestioned, academies and common schools are broadcast, with free education for all.

Our Puritan ancestors need no vindication or eulogy. History has long ago awarded and recorded both. We may well regard their career, and its mighty results, with reverence and pride. In the words of our motto, "*Their stern moral grandeur illuminates their century with a solemn light, which excites awe while it inspires admiration.*" It is the record of history, that when they landed at Plymouth, "democratic liberty and independent Christian worship at once existed in America." And how has this little leaven leavened the whole lump!

It would be most interesting, did the time and occasion admit (which they do not), to trace how distinctly our political principles, and present form of government, were enunciated and shaped by the Pilgrims. Before leaving the cabin of the *Mayflower*, they ordained the first American Constitution. They framed, and each man signed, a compact, by which they "bound and combined themselves together into a civil body

politic for their better ordering and preservation, and for the enactment of such *just and equal* laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as should be most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which they promised all due submission and obedience." This, says the historian, was the birth of popular constitutional liberty. It was the establishment of constitutional government, by equal laws, for the general good. It established the principles on which the democratic institutions of our country rest. The germ of the Union under which we live is found, too, in the early confederacy between the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven. In the Union of that day were involved questions which perplex in this. Among them the troublesome question of "State-rights" then arose, each colony under their confederacy reserving to itself its own supreme local jurisdiction, and some of them contending that the acts of the confederacy should not be binding, until ratified by the votes of the people of the respective colonies. The members of the confederacy, though very unequal in territory and population, each had an equal voice and vote in its enactments, just as Rhode Island and Delaware have to-day, in the Senate, equal voices and votes with New York and Pennsylvania. But the confederacy assured "equal and speedy justice to all," and provided for the common action and defense, as regarded questions of peace and war. Their constitution, like our own, provided for the admission of new States, or rather colonies, into their union; but, unlike their descendants, they were not only not eager to admit every new comer, but rejected several applicants, mainly because of their lack of religious orthodoxy.

The determination of the Pilgrims that the people should be educated was a part of their religion. Not only were common schools at once established, but within eighteen years after the landing of the little colony,—which, when it reached Plymouth, consisted of but forty-one men (the whole number of men, women, and children, on board the *Mayflower* being but one hundred and one),—within eighteen years after their landing in that icy, barren, cheerless, wilderness, *Harvard College* was founded, and so faithful and zealous have the

people ever since been in its support and endowment, that it is said (though I will not exactly vouch for the truth of it), that at this day, if a man dies in Boston and leaves less than half his estate to Harvard College, his will is at once set aside on the ground of insanity. (*Laughter and applause.*)

The noble establishment of common schools throughout New England is her glory. The vast influence which she has always wielded over the affairs of this nation has been, and is, due far more to her schools, academies and colleges, than to her wealth and the number of her people.

As we all know, wherever the New Englander goes (and where does he not go?) he carries New England with him. Wherever he is, there are schools, there are academies, colleges and churches. He has swept from Plymouth Rock to the Pacific, and has permanently occupied much of the intervening country.

There are, in fact, seven (not six as commonly reckoned), New England States, and in no one of them is the work of the New Englander more marked than here. The great city has been built, its commerce conducted, its wealth acquired, and its intellectual and benevolent institutions sustained, and endowed, largely by New England enterprise, energy, liberality, and intelligence. The sober steadiness, the calm wisdom, the quiet industry, of the firm, sincere and upright Knickerbocker; the brawny arm and brilliant brain of Erin; the clear-headed vigor of our sturdy cousins of Caledonia; and the ponderous force of the Teutonic legion have co-operated with the Puritans in achieving great results, but New York is, therefore, none the less one of the seven New England States. You might as well deny to our ambitious suburb that lies across the river, the distinction to which it aspires of being considered a part of Brooklyn (*laughter*), as to deny that the State is a part of New England. Why, New York has 11,860 common schools (a direct legacy from the Pilgrim Fathers). Is not that New England? New York expended in 1879 more than \$10,000,000 in the maintenance of those common schools. Has any other part of New England done more? It was the original intention of the Pilgrims to plant their colony on the shores of this bay. The *Mayflower*,

when she began her voyage, sailed for the mouth of the Hudson. That was her destination, but the ignorance or treachery of her navigator took her into Plymouth, and the descendants of the Pilgrims, faithful to the purpose of their ancestors, came across by land—"across lots"—to the point at which those ancestors aimed, and here have pitched their tents and planted their vines and fig trees, and fixed here forever one of the New England States.

Throughout this State New England abides in every hamlet. Her axes were busy in leveling the forests, and her ploughs in furrowing the fields of the interior counties, where those who wielded them, and their children and children's children have made their homes. Her men, her principles, her ideas, her usages, prevail mainly throughout the State. The history, the legislation, the policy, the institutions of the State—all bear the impress of New England. A large portion of the governors, the judges, the legislators, the statesmen of New York, of her members of congress, her senators, have been natives and descendants of natives of other States of New England. The Eastern half of Long Island was represented for years in the legislature at Hartford. New York is part of New England by inception, by adoption, by accretion, by occupation, by absorption, by amalgamation, by overflow.

It is a goodly heritage, but the sons of the Pilgrims go forth from it as from other parts of New England in search of new worlds to conquer. So long as any wilderness remains unsubdued, any region unexplored, any bargain not made, any profit not reaped, any project unaccomplished, any controversy—whether metaphysical, ethical, philosophical, religious, or political—not settled, the restless descendants of the Pilgrims will not deem their mission ended. They are ever pressing forward, pushing on against all obstacles, and pushing the stronger and harder, and with the greater determination the thicker and more formidable the obstacles they encounter, just as, not long ago, one of them ordered his lieutenant to "push things" at Appomatox (*applause*); and as another descendant of the Pilgrims, about the same time, pushed through the darkness from the mountains to the sea (*applause*); and as another New Englander, one of our

townsmen, who is present with us to-night, * led one of the columns of the army, and another New Englander † led the other on that grand promenade. (*Applause.*)

Gentlemen, "blood will tell," and it has told, and is telling everywhere throughout the great and growing West, which is so largely, and in many regions mainly, populated by the descendants of the Puritans. The question is often asked nowadays: How is it that Ohio produces so many great men—presidents, judges, generals, statesmen, and ambassadors? Trace their pedigree, and you have the answer. (*Applause.*)

I know that our friends who are present with us this evening, and who are not natives, or descendants of New England, may accuse me of undue humility in the very moderate and guarded terms of praise in which I have spoken of the Pilgrims and their sons. (*Laughter.*) I plead guilty to the charge. But I am detaining you from the intellectual feast which is before us this evening, and will close with simply saying that each one of us inherited from our Pilgrim ancestors the duty of vigilantly protecting, extending and perpetuating, each by his voice, his vote, and his life if need be, the religious, political, and personal freedom which they bequeathed to us. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.—Gentlemen, we are honored this evening by the presence of an illustrious descendant of New England, the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. (*Cheers.*) He is about retiring from his high position, with the respect, admiration, and the gratitude of the people for the great wisdom, the pure purpose, the steady will, and the unwavering firmness with which he has administered the government, preserved its honor, and secured its prosperity. (*Loud Cheers.*) I propose to you, as our first toast,

“THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.”

The audience rising, this toast was received with loud and continuous cheers, which were long repeated, when PRESIDENT HAYES rose to reply.

* Major General Slocum.

† Major General Howard.

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT HAYES.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: We have often heard, we often hear, the phrase "New England ideas." It is said, and I think said truly, that these ideas have a large and growing influence in shaping the affairs of the people of the United States. It is not meant, I suppose, that the principles referred to in this phrase, are peculiar to New England, but merely that in New England they are generally accepted, and that perhaps there they had their first practical illustration. These ideas, these principles generally termed New England ideas, and New England principles, it seems to me have had much to do with that prosperity which we are now enjoying, and about which we are perhaps apt to be too boastful, but for which it is certain we cannot be too grateful. (*Applause.*)

The subject, New England ideas, is altogether too large a one for me, or anybody, to discuss this evening. If it was to be done at length, in protracted speaking, we have our friends here able, and with a reputation for capacity in that way. Our friend Mr. Evarts, for example (*applause*), Mr. Beecher (*applause*), and I am confident that I shall be excused for naming in this connection, above all, our friend General Grant. (*Loud applause.*)

Leaving then to them the discussion of the larger topic, I must content myself with the humbler duty of merely naming the New England ideas to which I refer.

New England believes that every man and woman, under the law ought to have an equal chance and an equal hope with every other man and woman (*applause*), and believes that in a country where that is secured individuals and society will have their highest development and the largest allotment of human happiness. (*Applause.*) New England believes that equal rights can be best secured in a country where every child is provided freely with the means of education. (*Applause.*) New England believes that the road—the only road, the sure road—to unquestioned credit and a sound financial condition is the exact and punctual fulfilment of every pecuniary obligation, public and private (*applause*), according to its letter and spirit. (*Applause.*) New England believes in the home, and in the virtues that make home happy (*cries of "good"*), and New England will tolerate, so far as depends on her, no institutions and no practices in any state or territory which are inconsistent with the sacred-

ness of the family relation. (*Cries of "good".*) New England cherishes the sentiment of nationality and believes in a general government strong enough to maintain its authority, to enforce the laws and to preserve and to perpetuate the Union. (*Applause.*)

Now, with these New England ideas everywhere accepted and prevailing—to repeat, with just and equal laws, administered under the watchful eyes of educated voters; with honesty in all moneyed transactions; with the New England home and the New England family as the foundation of society; with national sentiments prevailing everywhere in the country; we shall not lack that remaining crowning merit of New England life which lends to every peopled landscape its chief interest and glory, the spires pointing heavenward that tell to every man who sees them that the descendants of the Pilgrims still hold to and cherish, and love that which brought their fathers to this continent, which they here sought and here found—freedom to worship God. (*Long continued applause.*)

A voice: "Three cheers for President Hayes," *which were given and prolonged with a will.*

The Chairman.—We honor, and warmly welcome another descendant of the Pilgrims, who is known and honored of all men and all nations. Words cannot add to the eulogy which mankind has pronounced. Let me propose,

"A WELCOME TO GENERAL GRANT."—(*Great applause.*)

General Grant, on rising to address the company was greeted with vehement, and long protracted cheering and applause.

SPEECH OF GEN'L U. S. GRANT.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the New England Society of Brooklyn: I am afraid that you are doomed to a good deal of disappointment. In one particular, however, you will not be disappointed; and that is, I shall not detain you long. We have heard from your President, also from the President of the

United States, some eulogies paid to the descendants of the Pilgrims, and to the people of New England. I subscribe to all that the President has said, and would say a little more. We have heard a great deal in our country, in the last fifteen years, about "the carpet-baggers," and the term "carpet-baggers," has become almost a word of reproach. The New Englander believes that when he is a citizen of one State, he is a citizen of the United States, and has the right to go to any portion of the country to be a citizen there, with all the rights he had at the place of starting. (*Cheers.*) In our Northern States, and particularly in North-western States, we have seen the effects of carpet-bagism—the best effects of carpet-bagism—where they have been received as fully equal to a native born citizen. We have seen growing cities that have sprung up in the lifetime of the youngest in this audience; we have seen prosperity brought from the prairie where nothing stood but what nature had planted there. It has been the work of the carpet-bagger, and the principles of the people who form this society have done it. (*Applause.*) Without reflecting upon any section of the country, I would say that, in my judgment, there would have been very much greater prosperity in some portions of it, besides much greater contentment, if the carpet-bagger had been received in the same way he was in the North-west. (*Applause.*) In fact, I have almost come to the conclusion, that there is but very little progress or advancement in a community made up entirely of the natives of that community (*applause*); that it requires a little stirring up, a little going away, a little going abroad—going from the place of one's nativity—to bring out one's best energies. You may take this city, you may take the suburbs across the East River (*laughter*) or elsewhere, wherever you like, and while you may find very excellent representatives there of the sires of the men who continue their business faithfully and successfully, yet you find hardly any thing that is new in the way of enterprise that is not started by some one who has come among you. So I am decidedly in favor of the principles of New England; go where you please, obey the laws wherever you go, respects the rights of others; being free, leave others free likewise to enjoy their own political and religious views and make no distinction on account of a person's nativity. (*Cheering.*) Your President here this evening asked one conundrum which

I shall not be able to answer: he said something about where the descendants of the Pilgrims went, and where didn't they go? That I give up. (*Laughter.*) My travels have been confined to the Northern Hemisphere, I have not gone south of the Equator, but to it; and up to the sixty-first or sixty-second degree of north latitude and I have not found the place where he has not been. If your President wants a solution to this question he must send for Stanley; he is probably the only man who can answer it. (*Laughter.*) I leave it to him. Gentlemen I am very much obliged to you.

General Grant took his seat amid long and continued cheering.

On announcing the third toast:

“THE PILGRIM FATHERS,”

The Chairman said: “Who can so well respond to this toast as our own distinguished fellow citizen who, had he been one of the Pilgrim Fathers, would have been first and foremost in their great work; whose wisdom would have excelled that of Carver, his orthodoxy that of Robinson, and his military zeal, skill, and prowess, those of Miles Standish. I call on the Rev. MR. BEECHER.”

Mr. Beecher was received with cheers and hearty applause.

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Gentlemen: The theme that I am asked to speak to is a great deal larger than you have time to hear unfolded. Our Pilgrim Fathers cannot be discussed really and fully without having some general reference to the unfolding of the human race itself. (*Applause.*) They were not a seam in the volcanic country, shut up between the walls of the rock, a vein of gold and a vein of silver; their coming on to the stage marks a distinct geological epoch—not a convulsion, but a great transition. The world had been slumbering for a great many hundred

years, or swooning in ignorance and superstition ; the arts were lost, learning was lost and mankind was substantially lost. Then came a general revival which is called the Renaissance. To that general movement of the whole human race within the bounds of Christendom the Puritan belongs. The development of new life and intellectual force took place among the Latin nations after the manner of the Greek ; the development of men toward intellectual activity took place in the Germanic and the English people after the Semitic type. There was nowhere else more development or more marked activity than in the court at Rome and in the great Italian cities, and it followed the line of art, of elegant letters, of literature, of philosophy, of music, of architecture, of painting, of sculpture, but not of manhood. North, the development took on the old Israelitish type : it went in the direction of a larger manhood. In the South they built outside of men ; in the North inside of men. (*Applause.*) And to this great movement the Puritans belonged ; and upon them have come not all the credit, but nearly all the discredit of the inconvenience which took place in the pushing up of this new development in the history of time. Now, the centre of the movement that resulted in Puritanism was an utter contempt for the low state of humanity in themselves and around about them. The radical idea of Puritanism was that men were not large enough, and in the attempt to make them larger they found themselves hindered by the church, hindered by philosophy, hindered by government, hindered by prejudice and by ignorance. The Puritan was thrown, therefore, in the very beginning, into the attitude in some respects, of attack for the sake of self-defense ; for every attempt to make himself a larger man and a stronger man and a freer man was met with buffet and even with persecution, unto death oftentimes. Nevertheless, this was the purpose—a purer, a deeper, a stronger, a nobler manhood. That was the radical idea. It differed in this respect from the attempt at manhood that was going on contemporaneously. There was many a noble man hid in caves, trying to overcome sin by living alone ; but any man that sleeps with himself has the devil all the time for his bedfellow. (*Laughter and applause.*) There were saintly women in convents and nunneries ; there were many contemplative men that sought a better and a higher life. The Puri-

tan stands apart from all these in this—that he meant to be a larger and a stronger man, under God's own heaven, and out in the fields and wherever man did live. He did not mean to retreat in order to find a home where he might, like a worm, bury himself and hatch out he knew not when or how afterward. He meant to be a man among men; and he coupled his own determination to have a larger personal development with the old Semitic feeling that he must have had in common with his kind. He did not mean to go up without carrying somebody up with him. (*Applause.*) It is impossible for us to go back in imagination, impossible to see how populous the whole world was with influences malign and venomous even. You must recollect that the princes of power of the air had perfect supremacy at this time in the imaginations of men. The heavens were full of sprites and of demons and of witches. Storms and pestilences all were of the devil's make. Natural law was not unfolded. Everything was supernatural, everything had been prepossessed, everything had been stamped with the signet of superstition, everything was under priestly or under royal hands, and these men had to wake up through all this cloud of darkness and through all these prepossessions to relay the foundation of character and to relay it not alone for one's self, and for one's household, and for one's neighborhood, but for the commonwealth. They joined themselves to their fellow men and determined that they would not go up without carrying up with them their times and their generations. (*Applause.*) Now, it is said that these men were a harsh and a rude kind of men. Gentlemen, feathers do very well when you want to decorate beauty; but when men want to extract gold from out of rocks, feathers do not make good chisels nor good tools to work with. (*Applause.*) Any men that were not stern and hard could never have taken one single step up in the ages in which these men lived. And yet they were not pugnacious. They were like New Englanders since. They never raised a fight, but they never left it until they had it as they wanted it. I admit that they broke painted windows; I admit that they smashed statues—but how did they find the world? All art had been suborned, architecture had been impressed into the service of the hierarchy and of the Emperor, the imperial governments. There was scarcely a thing in the early Christian

life that had not been impressed into the service of idolatry. Every tree, every vine, every flower had some relation to a deity or to some sprite, and the early Christians had to be iconoclasts at such time as that. The same thing took place in the Puritan age. They found all the avenues of enjoyment stuffed full of associations of superstition, belittling, degrading the mind; and the Puritans, to get rid of them, did as men do who have been in too familiar intercourse with some of the animals that prowl in the night and go back with odorous garments. (*Laughter.*) There is no use brushing them, gentlemen; there is no use of putting cologne on them. (*Laughter.*) You have got to bury them (*laughter*), and the Puritan judged—and judged rightly—in respect to a thousand things that in themselves we have learned are innocent, but that were not innocent to them. Great fault has been found; they had so much to say about the habiliments of the church. What difference does it make what toggery garments (*laughter*) is worn; whether men have this or that ceremonial? Well, what difference does it make whether men wear butternut clothes or whether they wear blue? There was a time when it made a good deal of difference with us—butternut meant one thing and blue meant another thing. What is the difference between two pieces of bunting? One of them carries the Cross of St. George in a sea of blood, and the other carries the Stripes and the Stars as in the firmament. They are both of them very good in their way, but I think we like ours a little the better. Now the whole air had been perfumed with the incense of the Church of Rome. There was almost nothing in society that had not been stamped with the impress of the cross—not what we mean by the cross, but what was meant by superstition, by the cross; and therefore, when the Puritan refused to dance in his time, I would not have danced. (*Laughter and applause.*) When he refused to worship in a church that had painted windows neither would I if every single color of the window produced a lie on my eyes as upon my imagination. They broke statues. I wish they had broken fewer, or, rather, had hidden them. Nevertheless, if I had lived in that day I would have hammered them. (*Applause.*) In other words, when men are striving to emancipate themselves from ignorance and superstition they have a right to hit anything that stands in

their way in order that they may get out. (*Applause.*) Why, kings said: "If you common people will not meddle with politics and will let us have our way, we will fiddle and you may dance; and we will give you holidays and we will give you all sorts of cake and wine and you shall have a good time." They bribed their belly for the sake of impoverishing their heads; and the Puritans did not like it and would not have to do with either of them. When they came to this country they brought themselves with themselves. (*Applause.*) They came to New England for the purpose of being larger men. They came from persecution, it is said, to persecution. I beg your pardon. They came from persecution to make some mistakes on that subject. But suppose men have been surrounded in Indian warfare for weeks and for months by outlying adversaries and know not but that behind every bush or tree there might lurk the death of their children or their wives—suppose in this state of perpetual fear they see men drawing near to them meaning to take their lives, are they very much to be blamed if they shut the door and put their rifle in rest? And suppose they turn out to be harmless, are they at the alarm to be criticized and to be blamed? When they came to this country they came from a land of superstition and where all men that differed with them were supposed to be their adversaries, and they acted in self-defense in New England. Their persecutions were comparatively limited and they were perfectly natural under the circumstances of men whose minds were alarmed at possible danger to their life and to that which was more precious than life—the truth, of which they were the guardians. It is said they hung the witches. Gentlemen, in one city a thousand men were executed in a single year in Europe for witchcraft. New England had the last drops of a shower which had been in Europe a deluge. There were more than two, three, four, five thousand people that had lost their lives in the preceding year in Europe under the charge of witchcraft. And when our ancestors came to New England they had not rid themselves of the idea that there was such a thing as witchcraft. They have refined it—they discharged black witchcraft. All our witches now are most welcome to us. They are in our houses, they are in our homes. We submit to the witchery and sorcery of beauty and of loveliness. Our fathers thought they were the

devil's own children (*laughter*) and that they should under that influence that pervaded the whole civilized world have hung a few is not at all strange. (*Laughter.*) The great mistake in hanging is the want of proper selection. (*Laughter.*) Nothing more wholesome, nothing more sanitary. I am opposed to capital punishment on account of its indiscriminacy. (*Laughter.*) Well, when they came to New England they were founding commonwealths, but they were founding commonwealths for a purpose of which they themselves had no conception—which has really developed itself in our day; for it seems to me as if God had picked out the hardest place on the globe—New England. All that territory clear up through Nova Scotia, clear up to Quebec, all that region by nature sterile, with an uncompromising winter, with a short, penurious summer, with a thin soil—God put these sturdy Puritans there and said: “Now see what men inspired by liberty and by God can do.” And they have shown the world what they can do. (*Applause.*) There was not a boy that was born to the Puritans that did not understand the moment that he got out of the cradle that he had got to go to work and earn a living. There is not a river in New England that does not understand that it has got to go to work and earn a living before it has emptied into the sea. (*Applause.*) They have impressed themselves upon nature as well as upon men, and have transformed New England and made it to-day, as it were, a garden almost originally from their hands, for when it came from the hand of God it was rock with intervals of sand. (*Applause.*) Now it is full of all beauty, all fruitfulness, all joy and sweetness. At this time it pleased God also, to set apart the best part of this continent and put it in the hands of men that did not believe in equality, but did believe in servitude. And the States of the South, washed by the Gulf, caressed by the sun of the equator—all this most fruitful territory was given into the anti-Puritan hands—men that did not believe in universal manhood and universal liberty, and the years have rolled on, and I stand to-day and say: What is the result in the South, and what is the result in the North? This Puritanism of New England and this anti-Puritanism throughout the South? New England builded better than they, and have spread themselves through posterity. You may say what you please, gentlemen, New England is a

very small territory, but a very populous one. The blessing of God has fallen on that part of our country. It is not a blessing either that goes to those already too rich. The poorer a man is in New England the larger his family is (*laughter*), and none are equal to clergymen's families (*renewed laughter*), and they are sent forth into all the land, carrying New England with them, carrying the type of New England manhood with them; and wherever throughout the West, beginning at the old Mason and Dixon's line, carrying it clear through to the Atlantic Ocean—wherever you will find schools you will find Yankees—wherever you will find banks well conducted you will find Yankees—wherever you will find railroads that are paying dividends and do not water their stock you will find Yankees—wherever you will find institutions that imply regularity, accuracy, steadfastness, you will find Yankees. If not Yankees that are presidents or managers then they married Yankee wives (*laughter and applause*); for I say of the men of the South and West that they know a good thing when they see it. (*Laughter.*) We tried to send out—we formed an association to send out—Yankee schoolmistresses, but they took them off our hands faster than we could get them out there; but they very soon opened their own schoolhouses and supplied their own scholars. (*Great laughter.*) While we are uttering laudations of our ancestors, it is not because they were our ancestors, although in that matter I think we have something. I do not know but the strongest thing I could say to-night in praise of the Puritans is: "See their posterity; what sort of men they must have been to have been the fathers of such fellows as we are." (*Laughter.*) But I am not setting out a sectional view, nor a narrow and partisan view. I am simply saying in that great upheaval which in some directions developed in art and some in philosophy and elegant literature, part of it was the development of a nobler idea of humanity, and that our fathers and the Puritans were the men whom God employed in that great work; and since their day not only in this land but now reflexly from this land upon Europe again, the Puritan ideas with their unfoldings have controlled the world more than either Greece or Rome ever controlled it—the one by its institutions and the other by its philosophy. And the work has but just begun; so, then, if you build a monument to the memory of Puritans, gentle-

men, I think you might well adopt the inscription that is found upon the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect of London: "*Si queris monumentum circumspice!*" If you want to see the memorial and the monument of the Puritans look at the Atlantic Ocean on the East clear across the continent to the Pacific Ocean on the West. Behold this continent. That is it. (*Great applause.*)

The Chairman.—Gentlemen: the next regular toast—the fourth—is:

"THE CLERGY—HONORED BY OUR ANCESTORS,—
HONORED BY US."

The distinguished President of Yale College, Dr. Porter, is with us this evening. His great wisdom and exalted character have added to the fame and usefulness of the grand old University over which he has so long presided. We ask him to respond to the toast in honor of the order of which he is so eminent a member. I beg to introduce the REVEREND PRESIDENT PORTER.

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT PORTER.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: My friend, Rev. Mr. Beecher, has so completely pre-occupied the ground assigned to me that I hardly know what to add to the remarks which he has offered. I might indeed make a short digression into what he and I so well know as the inner life of the Clergyman's household in New England. I might also give a brief summary of recollections from my childhood up as to what the Clergy of New England were as I have known them, in the varied relations in which I have been acquainted with them from infancy. But such a picture would hardly be appropriate to this occasion, and certainly I shall not occupy your time long enough to half portray it even in incomplete outlines

The President of the United States has, with singular comprehensiveness and felicity, characterized what he conceives to be New England ideas. I can add nothing to the catalogue which he has given, and certainly I shall not presume to repeat

the thoughts which he has so eloquently and so concisely expressed.

Let me call to your minds however the simple truth, that what New England has been from the first it has owed mainly to its clergy. (*Applause.*) The beautiful vision which is now being so gloriously turned into fact, once lay distinct before a few meditative minds called to the service of the gospel and ready to die for their faith. New England in its characteristic features was the outgrowth of the Puritan party—and the Puritan party was in an important sense, born in Emmanuel College in Cambridge. The Puritan party came into being in that college in the minds of a few believers in God, in Christ, in the advancement of his Kingdom, and the possibilities of what that Kingdom might become, wherever a free scope could be found for its development and ample room for the manifestation of those possibilities.

New England was planted by the Clergy. The Clergy, from the first, were her prophets and priests and were trusted and honored as leaders anointed and guided of God. They were remarkable, first of all, for the fervor of their piety, but we claim no pre-eminence in this respect for the Clergy of New England above the Clergy of old England, or of Germany, or over many a saintly servant at the altars of the Church of Rome. Neither piety, nor fervor in piety, are limited to us in New England, both are as broad and pervasive as the Gospel itself. The Clergy of New England not only believed in God—but in bold and comprehensive application of Christian truth, and Christian principles, to all the exigencies of human life, in a word in the formation of a perfect society on the earth which should be worthy to be called the Kingdom of God. They came to New England, when driven out from old England, first under stress of necessity; but when they found themselves here they rejoiced to find within the bounds of New England a free land, within which they might realize the glorious ideal of a free church in a truly Christian commonwealth. Their dreams have, in a great measure, come to pass. What is a reality now was in their minds first a dream, then a faith, a hope, a prophecy, to their ardent souls.

Those who landed first at Plymouth Rock, were a few scattered refugees. But they were headed by their Clergy, and

the Clergy gave the law to the infant colony. The Massachusetts colony followed, and soon from this strong and organized commonwealth, there went forth another colony to take its seat on the banks of the Connecticut. Of this colony Thomas Hooker led the van, and by his wisdom and discretion he inspired and directed his confiding followers. John Davenport, another Clergyman, led another colony to New Haven to triumph over the trials and difficulties of the wilderness; and to make real his vision of a still more perfect state. And Roger Williams gathered another colony after his fashion, and was the inspiring genius of Rhode Island. Thus New England began to be.

Now, what did New England Clergy believe in? They believed first in freedom to form one's religious opinions freshly from the Word of God. They believed not only in the right but in the duty of searching the Scriptures and finding and vindicating Christian truth, by a fresh study of the Word. They exalted once for all God's revealed Word above all human interpretations and all human symbols. From Edwards to Channing, and even to Theodore Parker, that same great principle has been held and exemplified by the Clergy of New England, and by all who sympathize with them in this free thinking land of ours. And how much has been gained as a consequence to theological science, how much light has been thrown upon the Word of God, how many new and improved views of the Christian life have followed, I need not stop to explain. But whatever has been gained has been owing not only to what the Clergy of New England have dared to do but what they have felt bound to do from Edwards to this day. (*Applause.*) Nor have they been less conspicuous in the application of Christian truth to all human exigencies and human duties. Believing in the duty of searching the Scriptures they believed that every man should be educated so that he might understand the preacher's expositions and in their light might study the Word of God for himself. And hence they founded the school as an essential doorway to the Kingdom of God. Out of schools came academies, and out of academies came colleges, and from the earliest to the present time our Clergy of New England have been the foster fathers of that school system of New England, which has spread over a very con-

siderable portion of this land. They fitted students for college in many a quiet village, and many a man who has risen to eminence at the bar, or on the bench, or in enterprises of any kind, or has gained wealth and honor in the country has owed it to his New England pastor. Out of their scanty incomes they have given liberally to the cause of education and founded colleges. Let me cite an instance. When the first serious effort was made to obtain the first considerable subscription ever made to the college with which I had the honor to be connected in 1831, a subscription which amounted to \$100,000, the decisive circumstance that led to the undertaking which was crowned with success, was that a country pastor in the State of Connecticut with but a scanty patrimony and no children was willing to give \$500. That subscription secured the \$100,000 to the college. If I were to tell you what I know about the self-denying efforts of country ministers, in New England, living on scanty salaries, for the schools and colleges, some of you would lift up your hands in astonishment. It is literally true that had it not been for the Clergy of New England there would not be a single college or university in the United States worth talking of. But for the fostering care of the Clergy of New England, we should have nothing in the form of higher education that would be worth speaking of.

Then again they believed in emigration. The first colony that Governor Winthrop brought over settled in Charlestown. The next thing they did was to discover that there was a fine spring on the Boston side of the Charles River, and immediately Governor Winthrop bought the spring and the peninsula for £35 sterling, and at once moved over to Boston. Their descendants have been moving ever since, and the Clergy have gone with, or after them, to Litchfield county in Connecticut, Berkshire county in Massachusetts, then to Vermont, then to central New York—as soon as they could get beyond the Dutchmen on the Mohawk—these were settled by New England pastors and their New England flocks; and they went on until New England emigration has filled and glorified much of this great land of ours.

There is nothing I like so well to do, as when I find a newly arrived Englishman, who supposes he knows everything, to open the map of the United States, and spread it out before

him, and ask him if he knows anything about the history of our internal emigration and immigration. When I draw the lines from these New England centers hither and thither on this map, it seems as if I was weaving a veritable cloth of gold. Wherever these lines are drawn it seems as if the spirit of the living God went with our forefathers, for we know that they were sustained by the Clergy of New England. Perhaps I ought to bear in mind when I say all this that I am one of this body, but I may excuse myself when I add that my father was one of them before me, and for sixty years he discharged one pastorate, in one New England town, one shepherd over one flock; and the old meeting house in which he officiated still now stands, 110 years old, and the shingles have never been replaced, having been laid of solid cedar from the first. I have good reason to know what one New England Clergyman could do for mankind.

Let me say a word on the last part of our theme: "Honored by us." Let me urge that the Clergy of New England ought to be honored by us more than they are. Perhaps sometimes when we undertake to sit in judgment upon their austere theology and rigid ideas, that we do not always judge them justly or fairly. Did we apply the true historic spirit and judge of their doctrines from their point of view, we should find less reason to criticise them than we do. And I advise my brother Beecher instead of criticising the extinct fatalisms of the creeds that are no longer held, to turn his attention to the fatalism that now exists—to the Atheism that, knowing no God, locks man and his destiny in the bonds of iron fate; denying to him immortality and all he loves and hopes for in another life. The fatalism of our fathers, if they were fatalists, was certainly modified and mellowed by the gentle beauty and affectionate self-denial of their lives, and the theology of our fathers as it was uttered at the bedside of the dying, and as it diffuses its genial light through all the avenues of human society, was not so dreadful a thing as they understood it, as we are so often led to imagine.

Let us honor, then, the Clergy of New England, not with superstitious reverence, but with enlightened judgment and generous and tolerant spirit. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.—Gentlemen the next toast is,

“THE REPUBLIC AND ITS OUTLOOK.”

He may well speak of the “out-look” who is on the watch-tower. His brethren of the bar would prefer his remaining here, but if he *will* return to the competitions and collisions of the courts, he will be welcomed as a brother, however unwelcome he may be as an adversary. Meantime that he may tell us of “the outlook of the Republic,” let us listen to the Secretary of State—the Honorable WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

Mr. Evarts received a warm greeting.

SPEECH OF HON. WM. M. EVARTS.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society of Brooklyn: I have been accustomed to the City of New York, and have been accustomed to the estimate which the people of New York make of the people of Brooklyn. (*Laughter.*) I now come to make some trial of the estimate which the people of Brooklyn put upon the people of New York. (*Applause.*) In one distinct feature of the City of New York—I mean in its population—and in one distinct feature of the City of Brooklyn—in its population—you will see the secret of your vast superiority to us. (*Laughter.*) In the City of New York there are more Irishmen than there are in Dublin. (*Applause.*) In the City of Brooklyn there are more Bostonians than there are in Boston. (*Laughter.*) We have always felt it as a reproach, however little we relish the satire, that our New England festivals—I mean in New York—were little in keeping with the poverty and frugality, and perhaps with the virtues of our ancestors. But here I see exactly such a company, and exactly such a feast as in the first years of the emigration, our ancestors would have sat down to. (*Laughter.*) We honor our fathers with loud praises, you, by noble and self-denying example. (*Laughter.*)

The Republic, which is the theme I am to speak to, is the Republic which has grown from the seed that was planted in

New England. It has gained as the oak has gained in its growth, from the soil, and from the air; so in the body and the strength, and the numbers, and the wealth of the Republic, it has gained by the accretions of other races, and the incoming population from many shores. But the oak, nevertheless, is an oak, because the seed which was planted was the seed of an oak. (*Loud Applause.*) Now, our Pilgrim Fathers seem to have been frustrated by Providence a good deal, in many of their plans. They came with the purpose, it is said, of occupying the pleasant seat of all this wealth and prosperity which these great cities enjoy. But the point was to plant them in New England, where they might grow, but would never stay. One of the first letters which I received after taking charge of the Department over which I preside, was an extremely well written one from a Western State, asking for a Consulate, and beginning in this wise: "I have no excuse for intruding on your busy occupations except a pardonable desire to live elsewhere." (*Laughter.*) Now that has been the main-spring of New Englanders ever since they were seated by Providence on its barren shores, a pardonable desire to live elsewhere. (*Laughter.*) If they had been planted here—if they had been seated in the luxurious climate and with the fertile soil of the South, they would have had no desire, pardonable or otherwise, to live elsewhere. Though they might have grown and lived they never would have proved the seed that was to make the Great Republic as it now is. (*Applause.*) There has been an idea that some part of the active, spreading and increasing influence of the New England people as they moved about the world, was from a meddlesome disposition to interfere with other people. There is nothing in that. If there ever was a race that confined itself strictly to minding its own business, it is the New Englanders; and they mind it, with great results. The solution of this apparent discord is simply this: that a New Englander considers everybody else's business his business. (*Loud Laughter.*) Now these two essential notions of wishing to live elsewhere, and regarding everybody else's business as our business, furnish the explanation of the processes by which this Republic has come to be what it is—great in every form of power, of strength, of wealth. This dissemination of New England men, and this permeation

through other people's business—of our control of it—have made the nation what it is. (*Applause.*)

The statesmanship of the New England character, was the greatest statesmanship of the world. It did not undertake to govern by authority, or by power, but by those ideas and methods which were common to human nature, and were to make a people great, and able to govern themselves. (*Applause.*) The great elements of that state thus developed, were education, industry and commerce. Education which, as Aristotle says, “makes one do by choice what others do by force;” industry, which by occupying and satisfying all the avidities of our nature, leaves to government only, the simple duty of curbing the vicious and punishing the wicked. Commerce, that, by unfolding to the world the relations of people with people, makes a system of foreign relations that is greater and firmer, and more beneficent, than can be brought about by all the powers of armies, or all the skill of cabinets. (*Applause.*)

This being then, the Republic which has grown up from the seed thus planted, that has established our relations among ourselves over our wide heritage, and established our relations with the rest of the world, what is its outlook to-day? What is it in the sense of material prosperity? Who can measure it? Who can circumscribe it? Who can, except by the simple rule of three, which never errs, determine its progress? As the early settlement of Plymouth is to the United States of America, as it now is, so is the United States of America to the future possession and control of the world as they are to be. (*Cheering.*) This is to be, not by armies of invasion, nor by navies that are to carry the thunders of our powers. It is to be by our finding our place in the moral government of the world, and by the example, and its magnificent results, of a free people, governed by education, occupied by industry, and maintaining our connection with the world by commerce. Thus we are to disarm the armies of Europe, when they dare not disarm them themselves. (*Cheers.*) We present to mankind the simple, yet the wonderful evidence that a peasant in Germany, or France, or Ireland, or England, carrying a soldier on his back, cannot compete in their own markets with a peasant in America who has no soldier on his back, though there

be 5,000 miles distance between their farms. (*Loud Applause.*) No doubt wonderful commotions are to take place in the great nations of Europe, under this example. There is to be overturning, and overturning, for which we have no responsibility, except, that by this great instruction, worked out by Providence on this continent, there is to be a remodeling of society in the ancient countries of the world. (*Applause.*) Now you see in the magnitude of the designs of Providence, how, planting the Puritans where they would desire to spread themselves abroad, and filling a continent, whence the ideas that they develop intelligibly to the whole world, are to distribute themselves over the world, that this is the way in which the redemption of society at home first, and abroad afterward, is to be accomplished by the power of the wisdom of God.

And now for the outlook in other senses than that of material prosperity, how is it? As difficult and critical junctures have been reached in the development of the nation, and collisions, as when two tides meet, have awakened our own fears, and tried our own courage, and have raised the question whether these true ideas of our Republic were to triumph or to be checked—has not the issue always shown us, that faith in God, and faith in man, are a match for all the powers of evil in our midst and elsewhere? (*Cheering.*) If there needed to be a march to the sea, it was to be through the Southern country. (*Loud Applause.*) If there needed to be a surrender of one portion of this people to the other, it was to be in and of Virginia, and not in and of New England. (*Applause.*) And now what a wonderful spectacle is presented to our nation, and to the world, when the direct calamities that ever afflict a people—those of civil war had fallen upon us—when the marshaling of armies, in a nation that tolerate no armies, was greater and more powerful than the conflicts of the world had ever seen; when the exhaustion of life, of treasure, of labor, had been such as was unparalleled; yet, in the brief space of fifteen years, the nation is more homogeneous, more bound together, more powerful and richer than it ever could have been but for the triumph of the good over the weak elements of this Republic. (*Applause.*) And what does all this show but the essential idea that it is man—man developed as an individual—man developed by thousands, by hundreds of thousands, by millions,

and tens of millions, these make the strength and the wealth of a nation. These being left us, the nation, the consumption as by a fire, attacking a city, or ravaging a whole territory, or sweeping the coffers of the rich, or invading the cottages of the poor—all this material wealth may easily be repaired. If the nation remains with its moral and intellectual strength, brighter and larger and more indestructible possessions than the first, will soon replace them. On the three great pillars of American Society—equality of right, community of interest, and reciprocity of duty rests this great Republic. Riches and honor and length of days will mark the nation which rests on that imperishable basis. (*Prolonged applause.*)

On announcing as the sixth toast:

“THE ARMY AND NAVY—GREAT AND IMPERISHABLE NAMES
AND DEEDS HAVE ILLUSTRATED THEIR HISTORY,”

The Chairman said: “In response to this toast, I have the privilege of calling on the great Captain who commands the armies of the Republic; of whom it has been said, that he combines the skill and valor of the soldier, with the wisdom of the statesman, and whose name will ever live in the history of the nation. We shall have the great satisfaction of listening to GENERAL SHERMAN.” (*Loud and protracted applause.*)

General Sherman on rising was greeted with many cheers, and a warm reception.

SPEECH OF GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

While in Washington I was somewhat embarrassed by receiving invitations from two different New England societies to dine with them on different days in commemoration of the same event. I hoped, under cover of that mistake, to escape one or the other, but find that each claims its day to be the genuine anniversary of the landing of their Fathers on Plymouth Rock. I must leave some of you to settle this controversy, for I don't know whether it was the 21st or 22d; you here in

Brooklyn say the 21st: they in New York say it was the 22d. Laboring under this serious doubt, when I came on the stand and found my name enrolled among the orators and statesmen present, and saw that I was booked to make a speech, I appealed to a learned, and most eloquent, attorney to represent me on this occasion. I even tried to bribe him with an office which I could not give; but he said that he belonged to that army sometimes described as "invincible in peace, invisible in war." (*Laughter.*) He would not respond for me. Therefore I find myself upon the stand at this moment compelled to respond, after wars have been abolished by the Honorable Secretary of State, and men are said to have risen to that level where they are never to do harm to each other again—with the millennium come, in fact, God grant it may be so? (*Applause.*) I doubt it. I heard Henry Clay announce the same doctrine long before our civil war. I heard also assertions of the same kind uttered on the floor of our Senate by learned and good men twenty years ago when we were on the very threshold of one of the most bloody wars which ever devastated this or any other land. Therefore I have some doubt whether mankind has attained that eminence, where it can look backward upon wars and rumors of war, and forward to a state of perpetual peace.

No, my friends, I think man remains the same to-day, as he was in the beginning. He is not alone a being of reason; he has passions, and feelings, which require sometimes to be curbed by force; and all prudent people ought to be ready and willing to meet strife when it comes. To be prepared is the best answer to that question. (*Applause.*)

Now my friends, the toast you have given me to-night, to respond to is somewhat obscure to me. We have heard to-night enumerated the principles of your society—which are called "New England ideas." They are as perfect as the catechism. (*Applause and laughter.*) I have heard them supplemented by a sort of codicil, to the effect that a large part of our country—probably one half—is still disturbed, and that the Northern man is not welcome there. I know of my own knowledge that two-thirds of the territory of the United States are not yet settled. I believe that when our Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, they began the war of civilization against barbarism, which is not yet ended in America. The Nation

then, as Mr. Beecher has well said, in the strife begun by our fathers, aimed to reach a higher manhood—a manhood of virtue, a manhood of courage, a manhood of faith, a manhood that aspires to approach the attributes of God Himself.

Whilst granting to every man the highest liberty known on earth, every Yankee believes that the citizen must be the architect of his own fortune; must carry the same civilization wherever he goes, building school-houses and churches for all alike, and wherever the Yankee has gone thus far he *has* carried his principles and has enlarged New England so that it now embraces probably a third or a half of the settled part of America. That has been a great achievement, but it is not yet completed. Your work is not all finished.

You who sit here in New York just as your London cousins did two hundred and fifty years ago, know not the struggle that is beyond. At this very moment of time there are Miles Standishes, under the cover of the snow of the Rocky Mountains, doing just what your forefathers did two hundred and fifty years ago. They have the same hard struggle before them that your fathers had. You remember they commenced in New England by building log cabins and fences and tilling the sterile, stony, soil, which Mr. Beecher describes, and I believe these have been largely instrumental in the development of the New England character. Had your ancestors been cast on the fertile shores of the lower Mississippi, you might not be the same vigorous men you are to-day. Your fathers had to toil and labor. That was a good thing for you, and it will be good for your children if you can only keep them in the same tracks. But here in New York and in Brooklyn, I do not think you now are exactly like your forefathers were (*laughter*), but I can take you where you will see real live Yankees, very much the same as your fathers were. In New York with wealth and station, and everything that makes life pleasant, you are not the same persons physically, though you profess the same principles yet as prudent men, you employ more policemen in New York—a larger proportion to the inhabitants of your city than the whole army of the United States bears to the people of the United States. You have no Indians here, though you have “scalpers.” (*Applause and laughter.*) You have no “road agents” here, and yet you keep your

police ; and so does our government keep a police force where there are real Indians and real road agents, and you, gentlemen, who sit here at this table to-night who have contributed of your means whereby railroads have been built across the continent, know well that this little army, which I represent here to-night, is at this moment guarding these great roadways against incursions of desperate men who would stop the cars and interfere with the mails, and travel, which would paralyze the trade and commerce of the whole civilized world, that now passes safely over the great Pacific road, leading to San Francisco. Others are building roads North and South, over which we soldiers pass almost yearly, and there also you will find the blue coats to-day, guarding the road, not for their advantage, or their safety, but for *your* safety, for the safety of *your* capital.

So long as there is such a thing as money, there will be people trying to get that money ; they will struggle for it, and they will die for it sometimes. We are a good-enough people, a better people it may be than those of England, or France, though some doubt it. Still we believe ourselves a higher race of people than have ever been produced by any concatenation of events before. (*Laughter.*) We claim to be, and whether it be due to the ministers of New England, or to the higher type of manhood, of which Mr. Beecher speaks—which latter doctrine I prefer to submit to—I don't care which, there is in human nature a spark of mischief, a spark of danger, which in the aggregate will make force as necessary for the government of mankind as the Almighty finds the electric fluid necessary to clear the atmosphere. (*Applause.*)

You speak in your toast of "honored names ;" you are more familiar with the history of your country than I am, and know that the brightest pages have been written on the battle-field. Is there a New Englander here who would wipe "Bunker Hill" from his list for any price in Wall Street ? Not one of you ! Yet you can go out into Pennsylvania and find a thousand of bigger hills which you can buy for ten dollars an acre. It is not because of its money value, but because Prescott died there in defense of your government which makes it so dear to you. Turn to the West. What man would part with the fame of Harrison and of Perry ? They made the settlement of the

great North-west by your Yankees possible. They opened that highway to you, and shall no honor be given to them? Had it not been for the battles on the Thames by Harrison, and by Perry on Lake Erie, the settlement of the great West would not have occurred by New England industry and thrift. Therefore I say that there is an eloquence of thought in those names as great as ever was heard on the floor of Congress, or in the courts of New York. (*Applause.*)

So I might go on, and take New Orleans, for example, where General Jackson fought a battle with the assistance of pirates, many of them black men and slaves, who became free by that act. There the black man first fought for his freedom, and I believe black men must fight for their freedom if they expect to get it and hold it secure. Every white soldier in this land will help him fight for his freedom, but he must first strike for it himself. "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow." (*Cheers.*) That truth is ripening, and will manifest itself in due time. I have as much faith in it as I have that the manhood, and faith, and firmness, and courage of New England has contributed so much to the wealth, the civilization, the fame and glory of our country. There is no danger of this country going backward. The civil war settled facts that remain recorded and never will be obliterated. Taken in that connection I say that these battles were fought after many good and wise men had declared all war to be a barbarism—a thing of the past. The fields stained with patriotic blood will be revered by our children and our children's children, long after we, the actors, may be forgotten. The world will not stop; it is moving on; and the day will come when all nations will be equal "brothers all," when the Scotchman and the Englishman will be as the son of America. We want the universal humanity and manhood that Mr. Beecher has spoken of so eloquently. You Yankees don't want to monopolize all the virtues; if you do, you won't get them. (*Laughter.*)

The Germans have an industry and a type of manhood which we may well imitate. We find them settling now in South America, and in fact they are heading you Yankees off in the South American trade. It won't do to sit down here and brag. You must go forth and settle up new lands for you and your children, as your fathers did. That is what has been

going on since Plymouth Rock, and will to the end. The end is not yet, but that it will come and that this highest type of manhood will prevail in the end I believe as firmly as any man who stands on this floor. It will be done not by us *alone*, but by all people uniting, each acting his own part; the merchant, the lawyer, the mechanic, the farmer, and the soldier. But I contend that so long as man is man there is a necessity for organized force, to enable us to reach the highest type of manhood aimed at by our New England ancestors. (*Loud Applause.*)

The next (seventh) toast announced was:

“COMMERCE—THE LAW OF OUR NATIONAL GROWTH.”

The Chairman.—I am happy in being able to call on another New Englander, one of our townsmen, who, in his long and very distinguished career, has been second to none of the “merchant princes” of the land, in promoting and conducting the commerce of the country, and whose great liberality and public spirit have kept pace with his eminent success. Let me introduce ABIEL A. LOW, Esq. (*Applause.*)

SPEECH OF A. A. LOW, ESQ.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: The sentiment to which you ask me to respond is amply suggestive, and should be sufficiently inspiring; but I fear that my feeble words will belittle the theme, and I am reluctant to contrast the poverty of speech with the creations of wealth which everywhere surround us. It were idle to dilate upon the glory of the firmament to him whose eyes are fixed upon the stars, or, even upon the grandeur of the monument to one who stands beneath the pyramid! I would fain turn from the difficult task set before me, and ask you to summon other witnesses; to inquire of the student of history, who has traced every step of progress in the settlement of our country from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers and contemporary adventurers, to this Western World, to what cause

it is mainly owing, that, in the space of one hundred years, thirteen States of the Union have increased to thirty-eight, and three millions of people have multiplied to fifty millions ; and that the stars and stripes now float over States and Territories extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and from Canada on the North, to Mexico on the South ; to what pervasive influence acting upon every faculty in man, and stimulating to ceaseless endeavor, we may attribute the vast accessions which have been made to our national wealth, whether it be measured by the standard of gold, or weighed in the scale that tries the better riches of the mind and heart. Or, leaving the historian to his absorbing, comprehensive and unending task, ask the man of science what force it is which lends a quickening impulse to all the varied industries that fill the land, and sends forth a multitudinous host—men of skill and of the brawny arm—to bridge over swiftly running rivers, to pierce the rocky mountains, and cast the ligaments of steel which bind the cities of the East and the cities of the West together in ties of reciprocal and enduring interest. Ask the expert in architecture by what means were raised those lofty buildings in our neighboring city, which are filled to repletion by the men of your own profession, who are so honorably and so usefully employed, when imparting to corporate life the sanctions of statutory law, and vitalizing associate action with the force of a single will. Ask the scholar whence came the wealth which first founded and then endowed the Astor and Lenox libraries, and filled their shelves with the riches of a varied literature, gathered from every quarter of the globe—the books and manuscripts of ancient and modern times, written in every language known to civilized man. Ask the editor of the *World* who or what it was that lifted the Egyptian obelisk from its granite bed, and sent it on its travels across the Mediterranean Sea and the broad Atlantic, to find a home in Central Park—there to revive our memories of the age of Cæsar and Cleopatra. Ask the divine through what agency so many costly edifices have been reared, with their spires pointing heavenward, wherein prophet and priest proclaim glad tidings of great joy and soothe the throbbing temple and aching heart with words of Christian consolation. Or, turn to the disbeliever in miracles, and ask him under what auspices it came to pass that the still small wire

found its way across the ocean's bed, and became a vehicle of speech from nation to nation, and to all the nations of the world. Or, finally, ask the distinguished soldier by your side, what it was that supplied the sinews of war, and sustained the armies of the Union as they gathered round the forces of the south, and delivered rebellion to the death which befalls the girdled tree. (*Applause.*)

To each and to all of these questions, from each and all of these men, there shall come one and the same answer, expressed in the single word : Commerce ! (*Applause.*) And now, Mr. President, let me ask you, who left your New England home more than fifty years ago, and took up your abode on Brooklyn Heights, if it was not upon this very spot where I now stand, that the Dutchman's cow found pasturage ; and if you have not seen this goodly city in which we live expand its borders and increase its taxes, with a rapidity almost unequaled ; and, despite your own example, which in one respect, has been unfavorable to the national growth, have you not seen the population increase from 12,000 souls to more than half a million ?

Brooklyn, as all here present know, has taken to herself outlying towns, and villages, is about to annex the City of New York, and will then be prepared to begin upon the counties ; offering to each and all the closest "commercial relations." (*Applause.*) If it be needful, Mr. President, further to illustrate the truth of the general proposition, that commerce is the law of our national growth, let me transport you, in fancy at least, to the shores of our inland lakes and to the banks of the majestic rivers that send their waters to the sea. And you shall behold cities which commerce has lifted from the plain, as with the magician's wand—cities surpassing in extent Constantinople and Alexandria—and clad in garments of more than oriental beauty ! Of the men that inhabit them—patriotic, brave, intelligent and true—it is enough to say, that a little more than two months from now, one shall stand forth in the capital of the Republic, who is their representative head, and when he takes his oath of office as President of the United States, in the presence of all the people, there shall not be one who will question his title to the honor. Nor can I express a better hope than this—that the coming man may prove to be the peer of him who is so soon to vacate the high office which

he has filled with dignity and honor; and that the next administration may leave as lustrous a page in history as that which is about to close. (*Applause.*) Ere we re-cross that ideal bridge which is destined to span the separating river, pause for a moment to look out on our noble bay. "There go the ships"—there go the steamers—larger and better than ever known before—in model more beautiful than Cleopatra's barge, and only less swift than the Eagle in his flight. They are laden with corn and wheat from the overflowing granaries, not of Joseph, but of Jonathan—a part of the providential store laid up from the teeming harvests of these latter years of plenty. Their arrival will be welcomed by our needy brethren on the other side. And when they return they will bring back, beside gold in the sack, the wine and oil, the tea and silk, and all other useful commodities that enter into the family store, as well as the precious things—gifts of nature, and works of art to deck the persons of the fair, and to adorn the homes where refinement dwells; and, best of all, they will bring the men of culture and renown to speak to willing ears words of kindling inspiration. All these vessels, as they pass out and in, bear aloft the emblems of their respective nationalities, chiefly English, French and German, but among them all not one wears at the peak the flag of our country! Has it been driven from the sea by an armed foe? No, or the Nation's honor had been touched! (*Applause.*) There was a short and feeble struggle about thirty years ago—when British skill and British gold and British statesmanship were opposed to inexperience in the building of iron ships—for which we were ill prepared; to limited pecuniary means—to parsimony and unwisdom in the councils of the nation—and the flag came down for want of governmental aid; or rather it ceased to fly over the steamer's deck out on the broad Atlantic—and American pride had a fall! The conditions are but slightly changed. Liberal subsidies would have restored it then; liberal subsidies would reinstate it now, and permit our navigation laws to stand as the strong bulwark of American industry. Do you not remember, that after the flag was struck down at Sumter, four thousand millions of dollars were spent, and hundreds of thousands of lives were lost, ere it was raised again to salute the dawn of a brighter day? We are richer now, both in heart and purse; and may God speed the time

when the rising sun shall once more greet the stars and stripes, floating side by side with the cross of St. George, in a contest of peace and honor for the trophies of the seas ! And, millions of waiting eyes shall be gladdened at the sight ! (*Loud Applause.*)

The eighth toast was :

“ BOSTON.”

The Chairman.—We are favored with the company of a typical and eloquent Bostonian—identified with all that is learned and benevolent in that ancient home of the Puritans, and familiar with all its “ notions.” In response to this toast, we call on the REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Mr. Hale was received with much applause.

SPEECH OF REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

I am sure, Mr. Chairman, that there is not a Boston boy who hears me to-night who does not recollect that when he went out to his first Pilgrim dinner, or to see Fanny Kemble, or to any other evening dissipation of fifty years ago, the last admonition of his mother was, “ we will leave the candle burning for you, John, but you must be sure and be home before twelve o'clock !” I am sure that the memory of this admonition is lingering among our friends now, that we are entering on the small hours, and that I must only acknowledge your courtesy and sit down. I feel, indeed, all along in your talk of hoar antiquity, that I owe my place here only to your extreme hospitality. In these aged cities you may well say to me “ You Bostonians are children. You are of yesterday,” as the Egyptians said to the Greek traveler. For we are still stumbling along like little children, in the anniversaries of our quarter-millennium ; but we understand perfectly well that the foundations of this city were laid in dim antiquity. I know that nobody knows when Brooklyn was founded. Your commerce began so long ago that nobody can remember it, but I know that there was a beaver trap on every brook in Kings county, while Boston was still a howling wilderness. These

noble ancestors of yours had made themselves at home on Plymouth Rock before we had built a flat-boat on any river in Massachusetts Bay. (*Applause.*)

It is only as the youngest daughter, quite as a Cinderella, that we of Boston, have any claim on your matchless hospitality. But, as Cinderella should, we have done our best at home to make ready our sisters when they should go to the ball. When my brother Beecher, just now, closed his speech with a Latin quotation, I took some satisfaction in remembering that we taught him his Latin at the Boston Latin school. And I could not but remember when I listened with such delight to the address of Mr. Secretary Evarts, which you have just now been cheering, that the first time I heard this persuasive and convincing orator, was when he took the prize for elocution, a boy of thirteen, on the platform in the great hall in our old school-house in School street. Nay, I confess also, to a little feeling of local as well as national pride, when the President of the United States was speaking. Just as he closes this remarkable administration, which is going to stand out in history, distinguished indeed among all administrations from the beginning, so pure has it been, so honorable and so successful—just as he closes this administration he makes here this statement of the principles on which are based the success of an American statesman, in a few fit words so epigrammatic that they will be cited as proverbs by our children and our children's children. I heard that masterly definition of the laws which have governed the New Englander, I took pride in remembering that the president also was a graduate of our law-school. These three are the little contributions which Cinderella has been preparing in the last half century, for the first dinner-party of the Brooklyn Pilgrim Society. (*Applause.*)

I read in a New York newspaper in Washington the other day that something done in Boston lately was done with the "usual Boston intensity." I believe the remark was not intended to be a compliment, but we shall take it as one, and are quite willing to accept the phrase. I think it is true in the past, I hope it will be true in the future, that we go at the things which we have to do, with a certain intensity, which I suppose we owe to these Puritan Fathers whom to-night we are celebrating. Certainly we have gone at this business of emi-

gration with that intensity. It is perfectly true that there are in Brooklyn to-day more people than there are in Boston, who were born in Boston from the old New England blood. Not that Brooklyn has been any special favorite. When I met last year in Kansas, a mass meeting of twenty-five thousand of the old settlers and their children, my daughter said to me, "Papa, I am glad to see so many of our own countrymen." She certainly had never seen so many before, without intermixture of people of foreign races. Now it is certainly our wish to carry that intensity into everything. If the thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing thoroughly. What we do we mean to do it for everybody. You have seen the result. We try, for instance, if we open a Latin school at all, to have it the best Latin school in the world. And then we throw it open to everybody, to native and heathen, to Jew and to Greek, to white and black and red, and we advise you to go and do likewise. (*Applause.*)

You recollect the old joke, I think it began with Preston of South Carolina, that Boston exported no articles of native growth but granite and ice. That was true then, but we have improved since, and to these exports we have added roses and cabbages. Mr. President they are good roses, and good cabbages, and I assure you that the granite is excellent hard granite, and the ice is very cold ice. (*Laughter and Applause.*)

The ninth toast was :

"THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK
—A WORTHY REPRESENTATIVE OF NEW ENGLAND
PRINCIPLES."

The Chairman.—Salem had its witches. They were generally of the gentle sex. But one of them in the shape of mortal man, emigrated some twenty-five years ago, from Salem to New York, where he has ever since (as his famed kinsman and namesake before him did in Boston) bewitched courts and juries. At the risk of being bewitched, we will invoke the sorcerer to respond to this toast, and I therefore call on MR. CHOATE.

Mr. Choate upon rising received a very warm welcome.

SPEECH OF JOSEPH H. CHOATE, ESQ.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: As I intend to walk home over the bridge to-night (*laughter*) my remarks will be as brief as they must be sober; and a word of that great structure before I begin. If Mr. Murphy will excuse me for saying so, it is in every possible sense of the word to the people of both cities a "Bridge of Sighs"! (*Laughter.*)

It is well for you that you made this experiment before it was finally completed; because, if, as they tell us, it is to make of us one city and one people, there should be written at its terminus, when it shall be completed, a motto borrowed from its namesake on the shores of the Adriatic: "who enters here must leave all hope of an independent celebration in Brooklyn behind." (*Laughter.*) Gentlemen, I have been sent here to-night by your parent society, the New England Society of New York (*laughter*) to welcome in its behalf this infant prodigy, which has grown to full manhood, or womanhood, in the first night of its existence. (*Applause.*) Why, you have accomplished as much in one twenty-four hours, as we in the protracted struggle of the whole seventy-five years of our career. And this, too, in Brooklyn, the dormitory of New York (*laughter*)—well, it shows how much good there is in sleep. (*Laughter.*) It shows how true those eulogies are which all the poets have exhausted upon sleep:

"Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care;
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath;
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher at life's feast."

And yet, Gentlemen, it gives a death blow to some of that esteem and consideration in which we on the other side of the river, have been in the habit of holding our brethren and neighbors of Brooklyn. Seeing you as have year after year, for the last seventy-five years (*laughter*), coming as modest partakers of the viands that we set before you on Manhattan Island, we had come to look upon you as modest, unassuming, self-denying descendants of the Pilgrims, and worthy followers in their footsteps. But this declaration of independence of yours puts an entirely new phase upon the situation; where is your long asserted modesty? (*Laughter.*) Why, the most

sublime instance that I have ever known or heard of, of a modest, self-denying descendant of the sons of the Pilgrims was exhibited by a Brooklynite. He has since become a great Congregational clergyman. I name no names, for names are always invidious. It was in his younger days, after he had completed his course of instruction, and was ready to take upon himself the sacred orders; when he presented himself before the dignified conference that was to pass upon his qualifications, the Moderator put to him that great orthodox question, the test of which every candidate was expected to stand. "Sir," said the Moderator, "are you willing to be saved by consenting to be damned for the glory of God?" (*Laughter.*) And the sublime answer that he gave, justified the great reputation that he afterward gained. "No," said he, "Mr. Moderator, but I am perfectly willing that you should be!" (*Great Applause.*) What perfect self-abnegation was there displayed! and how sadly have you all fallen from that exalted standard! Another thing that I notice Mr. President, is that you have selected the 21st of December for your celebration, instead of the 22d. General Sherman has been charitable enough to suppose that it is because there is a doubt on which of these days the Pilgrims landed. We believe on the contrary, that you have selected the 21st because we have selected the 22d (*laughter*), or possibly at this late hour of the evening, we may be excused, not for considering it doubtful whether they landed on the 21st or the 22d, but for firmly believing that they landed on both days. (*Laughter.*) Gentlemen, it is a very serious question, this complication and re-duplication of New England festivals. The wheels of the Federal Government, as you perceive, must necessarily be stopped, until both these days are celebrated, and both these dinners eaten and digested. For one, I believe that the great welfare of this people would be promoted if the event could be celebrated on all the 365 days of the year. (*Applause.*) If not only the President and Secretary of State, and the General of the Armies, but all the holders of office from them down to the lowest tide-water, could be fed every day upon your simple fare of pork and beans—and codfish and Indian pudding—why it would solve immediately that great problem of civil service reform which has vexed so much the patience of this Administration, and

would give a free course, over which their successors could go on their way rejoicing and triumphant. (*Applause.*) But it is a great thing to have two dinners, if we cannot have three hundred and sixty-five. It is a splendid thing to bring General Sherman here, who with his little army has now only to fight Indians, that he may learn at the shrine of Miles Standish, who also had nobody but Indians to fight—and who put them all to rout with his little train band of thirteen armed Pilgrims. (*Laughter.*) You may depend upon it that on Thursday morning at any rate, the Secretary of State will return to his great duties at Washington, after partaking of both of these festivals, a fatter and a better man. (*Tumultuous Laughter.*) Mr. President, one of the most interesting reflections that occurs to any thoughtful mind on gazing, around on such a company as this, is to compare these sleek, well fed, self satisfied, and contented men with what they were when they started out from New England. (*Laughter.*) Archimedes, brandishing his lever, said that if you could give him a point to stand on, he would move the world, and so, the genuine emigrant from New England says: “give me but a point for my feet (*laughter*) and plenty of elbow room, and I will make all the world about me, mine.” It is told traditionally—I believe it is true—of one of the first pioneers from New England to this good old City of Brooklyn, that when he presented his letters at the counting-room at which he sought admission, the lordly proprietor of the establishment asked him, “why, what in the world are all you Yankee boys coming here for?” “Sir,” said he, with that modest assurance that marked the whole tribe (*laughter*), we are coming to attend to your business, to marry your daughters, and take charge of your estates.” (*Laughter.*) I believe, sir, that the descendants of that hero, are still here, actual guests at this table to-night, and still have that particular estate in charge. (*Laughter.*) And if not they, why all these gentlemen represent the same practical application of that experience, and of that rule. Now Gentlemen, in behalf of the parent society that I represent, I bid you God speed. You cannot do better than to continue as you have begun, to eat and drink your way back to Plymouth Rock. It is the true way to celebrate the Pilgrim Fathers. Do not have any long orations. They nearly killed the parent society. (*Laughter.*) And let me tell you a

very interesting reminiscence ; for one who has eaten twenty-five New England dinners in succession at the New York table, may indulge in one reminiscence : It was the first celebration that I ever attended, twenty-five years ago, in the City of New York, and we had an oration, and the very narration of what then occurred, shows what wondrous progress the principles of the Pilgrims have made in this last quarter of a century. It was in the old church of the Puritans, on Union Square, that has given place to that palace of art, now known by the the name of Tiffany's. There came one of the great and shining lights of Boston's intellect, giving us the best exposition that he could give of what my friend, Mr. Hale, describes as Boston intensity, overshadowed by Boston conservatism. He appealed to that congregation with all the eloquence that he could command, to stand by the Union as it was, upon the physical fact of slavery as it then existed. He appealed to them—to the white blood that ran in their veins—to stand by their white brethren, whenever there should come the conflict of races in this land. And I remember the icy chill that ran through the assembled company of New England's sons and daughters when he took his seat. But, fortunately there rose up after him that grand old chip of Plymouth Rock, John Pierpont, who had himself suffered persecution in the very City of Boston, of which we are so proud, and he delivered the poem of the occasion, and as those glowing stanzas fell from his burning and indignant lips, he fired the hearts of that congregation with his prophetic utterances. I remember the stanza with which he closed ; which, no one who heard him, it seemed to me, could ever forget, when he invoked the aid of the Almighty to inspire the hearts of the sons and daughters of the Pilgrims to be true to their fathers, and never to turn their backs on Liberty—never to desert the cause of the slave—:

“O Thou Holy One, and just,
 Thou who wast the Pilgrims trust,
 Thou who watchest o'er their dust,
 By the moaning sea,
 By their conflicts, toils and cares,
 By their perils, and their prayers,
 By their ashes, make their heirs,
 True to them and Thee !”

The cold fatalism of the orator was lost and forgotten ; but that burning prophecy of the poet, lives to-day. We see its fruits in a land redeemed from slavery, in a nation starting on an imperishable career of glory, where equal liberty, and equal law, are secure to all men, of every color, and of every race. (*Long continued applause*).

The tenth toast was then given :

“ EDUCATION—INDISPENSIBLE TO THE SAFE EXERCISE OF
UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.”

The Chairman.—In response to this toast I beg to call on President Chadbourne, of Williams College, an institution which has sent forth over the land a legion of good, learned, faithful and useful men. Mr. Chadbourne was received with applause.

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT P. A. CHADBOURNE.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen : I find that there are a large number here who are taking Mr. Hale's advice to go home before twelve o'clock, “ lest the lamp should be put out,” and the subject assigned to me certainly requires more time for consideration than it is proper for me to take after the hour of twelve, even before this long suffering and patient audience.

We have just come out of a political conflict in which we have had a great deal to say about suffrage and universal suffrage, and the right of every man to cast his vote as he pleases, and to have his vote counted. I am moreover impressed by this fact that there is no other place in the world where American citizens are so upon a level as they are when they approach the ballot box. There come the men of age and large experience, there come the young men, just taking upon themselves the burden of manhood, and there comes the President of the United States himself, and there comes the first citizen of the Republic, who has been around the world (looking at General Grant) and had a triumphal entry into every

city which he has visited. (*Great Applause.*) When they meet before the ballot box they are all equal. Each one can cast but a single ballot; but it has been known in the history of the States—in Massachusetts certainly—that a single vote has elected the chief magistrate, and has thus determined the policy of the State government during that administration; and under our present mode of electing the Chief Magistrate of the United States, by the Electoral College, the vote of a single State, yes, of a single elector, may change the result, and that elector may be chosen by a single ballot; and therefore, while the American people come together and pour in their ballots by millions, and it seems as though a single ballot were lost, we are not to forget the great truth that a single one of them, may determine the policy of the whole government of the United States for four years. A ballot in the hands of an American citizen, old or young, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, is a most powerful instrument; more powerful than we are accustomed to suppose. (*Applause.*) Therefore, it is that, although the president of a college, I have seen fit to deviate somewhat from the course of college presidents. I go to the caucus as to prayer meeting, and not only teach others that they should vote, but submit to any trouble and inconvenience that I may cast my ballot, (*Applause.*)

I even go to political conventions, and consider it one of the most fortunate days of my life that four years ago I was a member of the Cincinnati Convention and had the pleasure of voting for the man who has given us the pure and clean administration of the last four years. (*Applause.*)

We cannot too carefully consider the duty of an American citizen, and the great power he holds in his hands. If he has it in his power by casting his ballot to determine the policy of this government for a series of years, it is proper that he should know something of what he does when he casts that ballot. The government has a duty resting upon it to protect itself. We spent four thousand millions of dollars, and thousands and hundreds of thousands laid down their lives to preserve this Union. Having done all this shall we leave the government—the policy of the government—to the decision of a man who can neither read nor write, who knows nothing of the history of his own country, and who could be bought for a dollar?

While education alone is not a perfect safeguard, because education does not give morality always, education is a prerequisite for intelligent voting. There is something more than reading and writing required; the voter should know the history of his country; not only be able to read the Constitution, as we demand in Massachusetts, but understand something of what that Constitution requires. In other words, it is essential to the perpetuity of our government as it now is, that the American citizen should have that amount of education that will enable him to cast his vote not only in an honest but in an intelligent manner. This has become a practical matter for the nation.

By the sword we have freed four millions of men. I have been among those freedmen, and have this to say, in the presence of him who has done and said so much to encourage education in our land; the great thing to be done for the next ten years is to encourage education in every State in the Union, and especially in those States where we have set these men free. If we have given four thousand millions to preserve the Union, can we afford to let that people remain as ignorant as in the days of slavery. A New Englander, high in position, said the other day, "Let them do as we did in old New England times. We went two or three miles to school." Yes, but we were born of those who knew the value of education. Do you propose to leave those who know nothing of its value year after year, and generation after generation, as they now are? I am glad that the Educational Bill passed in Congress, but if I could have added my voice there I should have said, "Give more than sixty thousand a year." (*Applause.*)

We have been told here to-night that New York gives ten millions in a single year for education. There is not force enough in \$60,000 to set the ball in motion. We should vote three or five millions a year for the next ten years, that we may educate this generation; when we have done the work for this generation they will take it up and carry it on for themselves and their children. But to expect that a poor down-trodden people living in a sparsely settled community and having none of the facilities we possess, can take up that work and carry it along as we can in New England and in New York is absurd, and the sooner our people understand it the better. (*Applause.*)

Then let us see to it, not only as States but as a nation, that there is put into the hands of every citizen of the United States, the means of becoming so educated that when he takes the ballot in his hand that may determine the fate of the nation for four years, his voting shall be the act of an intelligent freeman. (*Applause.*)

The eleventh toast was ;

“THE STATE OF NEW YORK.”

The Chairman.—Perhaps no congregation was ever assembled so overflowing with mutual admiration as that which is here to-night. At some peril to our self-love I will call on a very eloquent and unmitigated Dutchman to reply to this toast. How far we shall be chastened, or how far he may spare us, or score us, remains to be heard.

I have the great pleasure of introducing the HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Loud cheers greeted Mr. Depew.

SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Mr. President : It is now nearly one in the morning, and while appreciating the compliment of your call, I feel that only your great courtesy to a guest, tolerates a speech after the splendid surfeit you have had to-night. Beyond acknowledgment of your kindness I will detain you but a moment. I have attended as many dinners as any man of my age, but never one which called together so many distinguished and representative men. This will be a memorable night to us all, for never again can we hope at the same table to find the first soldiers, statesmen and orators of our country and of our time. I cannot, as I intended, present the claims of our Imperial State or dissect its Eastern invaders and conquerors, but if the hour was not so late or so early, when this Dutchman had concluded his analysis of the Yankee character an explosion would occur in this hall the like of which has never been heard in Brooklyn before. (*Laughter.*)

My toast is "THE STATE OF NEW YORK," and yet I never felt its inferiority as a State until an enthusiastic New Englander here to-night, in a sudden grasp of the sentiment that the greater always includes the less, and a single Commonwealth might embrace the Union, greeted the President of the United States with "three cheers for the President of Ohio." (*Laughter*).

General Grant has glorified the carpet-bagger as the leaven of progress wherever he stops, and General Sherman says, that no place ever grows whose inhabitants consist entirely of those born on its soil. The principle announced by these eminent authorities accounts for that hitherto unsolved problem, the overshadowing influence of Brooklyn. She commands the attention and impresses the opinions of the world because beyond all other cities she takes in the stranger. With all my vast acquaintance among your citizens, I never met one who was born within the city limits. (*Laughter*.) While the best pulpits in both New York and Brooklyn are filled by gentlemen imported from abroad, we over the river, receive our teachings through the medium of broad Scotch or the rich North-Irish brogue, but yours flows undefiled from the original Puritan fountains. Mr. Beecher said that one of the striking and successful characteristics of the Yankee was that he could run railroads and earn dividends without watering stocks, but the Dutchman is infinitely his superior in that, for he can both water his stock and still secure larger returns than his predecessor could upon the original investment. My friend Choate said he had enjoyed twenty-five New England dinners and Mr. Evarts has survived something like forty of them. You all see the results upon them. It is very evident that if they had participated in the whole seventy-five which rounds the course of the New York society, it would have required a microscope of the highest magnifying power to have seen either of these eminently intellectual, but physically attenuated gentlemen. (*Laughter*.)

A discussion has arisen here to-night, why the New England Society of Brooklyn celebrates the 21st while its New York contemporary insists upon the 22d of December as the true date of the landing of the Pilgrims. Brooklyn with her superior scholarship and profounder antiquarian research insists that in changing calendars a day has been lost, and we have been repeating year after year twenty-four hours too late the first

frugal meal so thankfully partaken on the famous Rock. But, any one familiar with Yankee thrift and smartness can see, that all this vast store of learning is only to get one dinner here this evening, and another in New York to-morrow. Thus it ever is with him, the deeper, broader, more beautiful he builds, the larger profit and pleasure he receives.

What would the Yankee have ever become without the State of New York? Among his New England hills, shut out from the rest of the world, his life would have been bounded and confined by the narrow limits of his territorial conditions. His native acuteness would have grown sharper by attrition upon itself, but he could never have expanded into the broad, progressive, most useful creature who everywhere blesses and abounds. New York furnished him an outlet and he has grandly improved it. (*Applause.*)

Some one has said the Puritan and the Dutchman were shaken out of the same bag. The original stock in Holland dyked out the sea and cultivated and preserved, against the forces of darkness all about, civil and religious liberty. They kept their principles pure by a system of popular education. The branch which settled in England produced Hampden, Pym, Sidney and the Puritans. Oppressed by races alien in blood and faith, they kept their sturdy independence and opinions. But their hard conditions so unnerved them that they could not then understand, that freedom for them, must mean equal rights to everybody. Their residence in Holland fitted them to subdue New England, and the renewal of their relations with the Dutchmen in New York liberalized them into the full stature of the men who have been the force and inspiration of American progress. With the exception of Mayor Hunter, I stand here alone as a representative of the Dutch. I attend your dinner because it is the only opportunity we have to get even for your long occupation of our State. (*Laughter.*) I am like the famous temperance lecturer who was detected by one of his disciples taking a hot whiskey toddy before going to bed, "I thought you were a total abstainer" said his shocked disciple, "and so I am," said the lecturer, "but not a bigoted one." (*Laughter.*)

If Miles Standish and Carver and Brewster could walk in yonder door and see this crowd of revelers, they would neither

recognize or own a descendant among the crowd, (*Laughter.*) But if with the limited education of their digestive organs they had eaten this dinner, they would to-morrow hold in firmer faith their well known views of certain conditions of the future state. (*Laughter.*) But Carver and Brewster though they might judge that their descendants had sadly degenerated from their standards, would on closer acquaintance, claim full kinship. Like them, their descendants, preach and practice the doctrine of going everywhere and possessing the land. Within the Pilgrim of our time are all the strong elements of the original stock. Wherever you find him, he is an ardent lover of liberty and human rights, an enemy of bad government, a friend and supporter of the church, the common school and of progress. (*Loud Applause.*)

At the conclusion of Mr. Depew's speech all present, upon the invitation of the Chairman, joined in singing the Doxology which concluded the exercises.

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
SECOND ANNUAL MEETING
AND
SECOND ANNUAL FESTIVAL
OF
THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN.

OFFICERS, DIRECTORS, COUNCIL, MEMBERS,
STANDING COMMITTEES,
AND
BY-LAWS OF THE SOCIETY.

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OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn is incorporated and organized, to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers ; to encourage the study of New England history ; to establish a library, and to promote charity, good fellowship and social intercourse among its members.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

ADMISSION FEE,	\$10.00
ANNUAL DUES,	5.00
LIFE-MEMBERSHIP, <i>besides Admission Fee,</i>	50.00


Payable at Election, except Annual Dues, which are payable in January of each year.

Any member of the Society in good standing may become a Life Member on paying to the Treasurer the sum of fifty dollars; or on paying a sum which in addition to dues previously paid by him shall amount to fifty dollars, and thereafter such member shall be exempt from further payment of dues.

Any male person of good moral character, who is a native or descendant of a native of any of the New England States, and who is eighteen years old or more is eligible.

If in the judgment of the Board of Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society, a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society.

The friends of a deceased member are requested to give the Historiographer early information of the time and place of his birth and death, with brief incidents of his life for publication in our annual report. Members who change their address should give the Secretary early notice.

 It is desirable to have all worthy gentlemen of New England descent residing in Brooklyn, become members of the Society. Members are requested to send applications of their friends for membership to the Secretary.

Address,

ALBERT E LAMB, *Recording Secretary,*

377 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

OFFICERS.

1881-1882.

President :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN.

First Vice-President :

JOHN WINSLOW.

Second Vice-President :

CHARLES STORRS.

Treasurer :

WILLIAM B. KENDALL.

Recording Secretary :

ALBERT E. LAMB

Corresponding Secretary :

REV. A. P. PUTNAM.

Historiographer :

STEPHEN B. NOYES.

Librarian :

REV. W. H. WHITTEMORE.

DIRECTORS.

For One Year :

RIPLEY ROPES,

A. S. BARNES,

HENRY W. SLOCUM.

For Two Years :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

HIRAM W. HUNT,

GEORGE H. FISHER.

For Three Years :

WILLIAM H. LYON,

WILLIAM B. KENDALL,

CHARLES STORRS.

For Four Years :

JOHN WINSLOW,

CALVIN E. PRATT,

ASA W. TENNEY.

COUNCIL.

ALEXANDER M. WHITE,

AMOS ROBBINS,

S. L. WOODFORD,

A. A. LOW,

E. H. R. LYMAN,

THOMAS H. RODMAN,

HORACE B. CLAFLIN,

LEONARD RICHARDSON,

BENJ. F. TRACY,

JOHN B. HUTCHINSON,

D. H. HOUGHTALING,

E. R. DURKEE,

CHARLES PRATT,

WILLIAM COIT,

GORDON L. FORD,

S. B. CHITTENDEN,

HENRY E. PIERREPONT,

D. L. NORTHROP,

JOSHUA M. VAN COTT,

JOHN GREENWOOD,

E. S. SANFORD,

JOHN F. HENRY,

CHARLES E. WEST,

ARTHUR MATHEWSON,

R. CORNELL WHITE,

CHARLES L. BENEDICT,

AUGUSTUS STORRS,

ALBERT WOODRUFF,

GEORGE G. REYNOLDS,

JAMES HOW.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Finance :

CHARLES STORRS,

WILLIAM H. LYON,
GEORGE H. FISHER.

Charity :

RIPLEY ROPES,

HENRY W. SLOCUM,
ASA W. TENNEY.

Invitations :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM,
JOHN WINSLOW.

Annual Festival :

WILLIAM B. KENDALL,

CALVIN E. PRATT,
HIRAM W. HUNT.

Publications :

JOHN WINSLOW,

A. S. BARNES,
CHARLES STORRS.

THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING.

The Second Annual Meeting of The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, was held in the Lecture Room of the Long Island Historical Society Building, Wednesday evening, December 7th, 1881.

Mr. Benjamin D. Silliman, President of the Society, called the meeting to order and officiated as Chairman.

The Minutes of the Annual Meeting held December 7th, 1880, were read and approved.

On motion, six gentlemen were elected members of the Society.

On motion of Mr. Nelson J. Carman, Jr., Messrs. John Winslow, Asa W. Tenney, and Calvin E. Pratt, were nominated Directors for the ensuing four years, and the Secretary was empowered and directed to cast a single ballot for their election, which being done, they were declared elected.

Mr. Charles Storrs, Chairman of the "Committee on Finance," reported that the Treasurer's accounts had been audited by the Committee and found correct.

Mr. William B. Kendall, Treasurer, presented his annual report, showing a balance on hand of \$6,834.82, which was, on motion, approved and ordered to be placed on file.

The President read his annual report, which was as follows:

PRESIDENT'S SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

"Gentlemen of The New England Society: We may well be satisfied with the condition and prospects of our association. It was formed in a good spirit, and for good purposes. Harmony, energy, and success, have thus far marked its course, and we have every reason to expect its perpetuity, its usefulness, and its promotion of the great ends for which it was formed. There are at this time 418 members of the Society, of whom 91 have been added to its roll since our last meeting. You have already learned by the report of the Treasurer, Mr. Kendall, that the receipts during the year have been \$4,454.05, the disbursements \$1,094.03, making a total balance in the Treasury of \$6,834.82. Our resources will, it is hoped, suffice, at no remote date, for the accomplishment of all objects contemplated by the charter which require expenditure of money.

Since our last Annual Meeting seven of our members have died. Among them was Mr. Alden J. Spooner, the Historiographer of the Society. Mr. Stephen B. Noyes has been appointed to that office in his stead, and has collated and furnished sketches and materials for the following notices of those who have passed away.

They were:

ABRAM R. FROTHINGHAM, who was born in Salem, Mass., July 15th, 1812. He was a resident of Brooklyn for nearly fifty years, having left Salem in his early manhood. Acquiring full knowledge of business in the establishments of Messrs. Downer & Co., and of Messrs. West, Oliver & Co., he became, in 1842, a

member of the house of Carlton, Frothingham & Co., wholesale dealers in silk goods, a connection which lasted during the remainder of his active business life. In 1868 he was elected Vice-President of the *Lamar Insurance Company*, and on the death of Mr. Isaac B. St. John, the President of that corporation, he succeeded to the Presidency. Mr. Frothingham was also a member of the *Chamber of Commerce* of New York, having joined that body in 1854, and taken an active part in its proceedings up to the time of his death. He was one of the directors of the Union Trust Company, and was connected with other important interests. He was one of the founders of the First Unitarian Church of this city, in 1842, and continued a member of that society for many years. He died June 1st, 1881. As a man he was held in great esteem, and in business circles was honored for his probity and sincerity of purpose. He was a member of the New England Society of Brooklyn from the beginning.

CHARLES H. FELLOWS was born at Stonington, Conn., Jan. 26, 1819, and died at New London, Conn., Dec. 18, 1880, while on a temporary visit. His family came to America from England in the last century. They removed to New London when he was 15 or 16 years of age. He was married in 1841 to Miss Mallory of New London. He made Brooklyn his home in 1845, and subsequently became connected with Mr. W. H. Starr in manufacturing business. He was associated in many local enterprises and charities. Among the positions held by him were those of Trustee of Williamsburgh Savings Bank (for many years); Director and President of the Manufacturers National Bank, (E. D.); Director in the Kings County Fire Ins. Co., and Grand Street Rail Road Co. He was always prominent in the Methodist Church, and was especially interested in the Central Methodist (South 5th St.); also in the South 3rd St. Methodist Church, and was for 25 years Superintendent of the Sunday School; also a member of the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Director and Treasurer of the Library and Building Fund Association of the Eastern District. Mr. Fellows was a man of vigorous health and of commanding and prepossessing manners. He received from the Republican party, but declined, the nomination as Mayor of Brooklyn. He was a man of sterling integrity; genial in his manners; earnest and decided in his opinions and frank in expressing them. Mr. Fellows was a member of this Society from its foundation.

GEORGE BECKFORD ARCHER was born at Salem, Mass., July 30th, 1803. His chief education was in the Grammar School of his native city; in which, besides the ordinary instruction in the English branches, he acquired a considerable knowledge of the Latin language. In 1828 he came with Mr. Seth Low (afterward so well known and long honored in this city) to New York, and became his partner in the wholesale drug business, under the style of Seth Low & Co., which continued till the death of the senior partner in 1853.

In 1833, Mr. Archer married Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Low. She died in Sept. 1851, leaving three children, two sons and a daughter. The oldest son is the present George A. Archer of New York City; the youngest, the late Edward L. Archer who died Aug. 11, 1865, in his nineteenth year; and Mary Anne, widow of the late Joseph Lord, and still living in this city. After the death of his partner, Mr. Low, in 1853, Mr. Archer formed a new house under the style of Archer, Low & Bull, his partners being the late S. Haskell Low and Henry K. Bull. After the death of Mr. Low, in 1857, the firm became Archer & Bull. About five years ago Mr. Archer retired from business, and his long-time friend Mr. Bull formed a new partnership with Mr. James Darrah, retaining however to this day the style of the old house of Archer & Bull.

Mr. Archer was a second time married, on the 18th of October, 1853, to Mrs. Abigail Wyman, daughter of the late James Cutler of Boston, Mass. Mr. Archer died on 10th of May, 1881, aged 78 years; and his wife survives him. He was a resident member of our Society from its beginning to his death.

Of a singularly unostentatious spirit and temper; so humble, so modest, indeed, that they who knew him best thought he tended far too largely to an unjust self-depreciation, he shrank from even deserved praise. By nature and habit he was very reticent, a man of few words; but beneath his apparent reserve, his quiet and retired manner, there beat a heart of great warmth and genuine sensibility. No

truer, sincerer, more faithful friend than he ; and no one who enjoyed his friendship can ever forget his hearty greeting, with his kindling smile and his magnetic grasp. If of few words, he thought much ; and by choice reading and faithful self-culture they were the words of the wise. As a merchant, he was of the loftiest and most scrupulous integrity ; large and generous in his views and dealings ; inspiring confidence at once in his sterling principle and high minded rectitude ; far-seeing, but never rash ; and commanding always the respect of the mercantile community, with which he was so long and honorably connected.

Mr. Archer did not court general society ; he was essentially and especially a home-lover. His tastes, his habits, his preferences, were all for the Home, for domestic life.

He was one of the founders of the Church of the Saviour, the First Unitarian Congregational Church of this city ; whose interests he most faithfully served, and of which he was a most worthy and honored member. The latter years of his life, when he was under the cloud of ill-health, served only to illustrate through his serene patience the deep and strong hold which his Christian faith had upon him. For all good institutions in his adopted city, educational, literary, or benevolent, his aid was always to be relied on ; while his example as a man, a citizen, and a patriot, quiet, unpretentious, unobtrusive though it was, we may be sure was not unobserved and not without fruits.

ETHELBERT MILLS LOW was born in Brooklyn, October 1, 1848. He was graduated from Harvard College with honor in the class of 1870. He had previously studied in that admirable school the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, and also with private tutors. During the first two years of his college life he was particularly prominent in athletic sports and in college societies. He was captain and "stroke oar" of the University crew in 1868. After graduation he made a journey around the world, and spent some time in China. Upon his return he entered business as a clerk in the house of Messrs. A. A. Low & Bro., of which in 1875 he became a partner, displaying marked energy and business ability. Mr. Low was a man of literary taste and much intellectual vigor, and was noted in social circles for his wit and brilliancy in conversation. The stronger points of his character—his warm affections and his deep and earnest religious feelings, the growth of a fine nature and of mental conviction, were well known and appreciated by those nearest to him. He was a hard worker and a close student. By overtaking his strength his health was gradually undermined, and he died (while under treatment of Dr. Weir Mitchell and Dr. Sinkler) in Philadelphia, July 29, 1881.

Mr. Low was married June 6, 1878, to Miss Mary Ide, daughter of Henry E. Ide, Esq., of Brooklyn. His widow and one son survive him.

He was an active member of the Hamilton Literary Association, and was for a period Secretary of the Brooklyn Art Association. Of this Society he was a member from the beginning.

ALDEN JEREMIAH SPOONER, who was one of the earliest members of this Society, was born in Sag Harbor. He died of apoplexy at Hempstead on the 2nd of August last, at the age of seventy-one years and five months. His father, Col. Alden Spooner was a prominent citizen of Long Island, is well remembered, and was highly esteemed by the older citizens of Brooklyn. He owned, and edited, in Brooklyn, the "*Long Island Star*," the first newspaper published on Long Island. He was a sincere man, of strong and gentle nature and of excellent good sense. His son, Alden J., studied law, and after practising it some time at Hempstead opened an office in New York City. For many years he edited the *Star*. In 1863 he was appointed Commissioner of Jurors in this county, which office he held for three years ; and was appointed in January, 1875, to a clerkship in the City Court of Brooklyn, which he held at the time of his death.

Whatever would redound to the prosperity or improvement of this city, or of its inhabitants, always had his earnest advocacy, and in many cases his inspiration. He was one of the projectors, and the first President, of the *Hamilton Society*, which has been, and is, an honor to this city, and which has developed and sent forth some of the finest intellects, and some of the most eloquent and honored of

our public men—men distinguished as statesmen, in the professions, in commerce, and in the other pursuits of active life.

Mr. Spooner was also one of the founders, and one of the first officers of the *Long Island Historical Society*, the grand institution under whose roof we are now assembled. He urged its establishment and drew and signed the call which convened the first meeting, 14th February, 1863, and which determined that result. He was likewise identified with the creation, and conduct, of many other of the benevolent, and literary institutions of the city, such as the Apprentices Library, the City Library, and the Athenæum.

In the beautiful minute to his memory prepared by his friend Mr. Van Cott, and adopted by the Directors of the Historical Society, it is well said of him that "His tastes were always predominantly literary, and his busier years were divided between journalism and the practice of the law. He was a wide reader, and wrote with facility and finish in both prose and verse. He was a delightful companion, and abounded in anecdote and genial humor. He was humane and generous up to the full measure of his means. From early manhood down to his death on the verge of old age, he sympathized with all measures and efforts which aimed to make men wiser, better and happier in their lives.

"Beyond most of his contemporaries he had a prescience of the rapid growth and prosperity of this city, and of its needs for libraries, lyceums, schools of art and other institutions for the culture and pleasure of a vast population, and he was always a prompt, eager, and enthusiastic participant in all combined efforts to make early and adequate provision for such needs."

JOHN H. BABCOCK was born in Westford, Otsego County, New York, Jan. 31, 1821; and died Aug. 7, 1881, at his summer residence in Cooperstown, New York, to which place his father (who was Sheriff of his county) had removed. He was a man of marked ability and influence. The subject of this notice was for thirty years extensively engaged in business at Little Falls and Fort Plain. He retired with a competency in 1871, and subsequently resided in Brooklyn, passing his summers in Cooperstown.

Mr. Babcock was a genuine New Englander in all his tastes and instincts. He was a gentleman of high honor and probity, and was much respected and beloved by a large circle of friends. He was a member of this Society from its commencement.

GEORGE CRARY, who was one of the earliest members of this Society, was born at Buffalo in 1827. He was a son of General Leonard P. Crary, long a resident of that city, who died in 1836. In 1857 Mr. Crary removed from Buffalo to New York City, and became and continued for many years to be a member of the firm of Messrs. E. R. Durkee & Co. until his death. For a number of years he was an active member of the Elm Place Church, Brooklyn, under the ministry of Rev. W. A. Bartlett. Subsequently he was for some years a member of the Plymouth Church congregation. His business and executive ability were marked, and his genial countenance, manly bearing, and kind heart, endeared him to his many friends. In the vigor of manhood, and in apparently unbroken health, he died suddenly of apoplexy, Sept. 22, 1881.

Such were the careers and characters of our brethren who have gone before us.

Since the last annual meeting, the *By-Laws* of the Society have been carefully revised and amended, and are now, it is believed, free from objection, and adequate to all the requirements, in that respect, of the Society.

The *Annual Festival* on the 21st December last was not only a very large, but a most agreeable family gathering. The descendants of the Pilgrims and the Puritans were present in good numbers and good fellowship. Among the distinguished guests who attended, and who made interesting and eloquent addresses, were the President of the United States, Mr. Hayes; the ex-President, General Grant; General Sherman, Commander of the Army; Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of State; President Porter of Yale College; President Chadbourne of Williams College; Rev. Mr. Beecher; A. A. Low, Esq.; Joseph H. Choate, Esq.; and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

At the approaching Annual Festival, on the 21st of this month, which will be held, as was the last, at the Assembly room in the Academy of Music, and the adjoining Art Gallery, we have reason to expect a full attendance, (the seats being already almost all taken,) and the presence of many eminent persons as our guests.

One of the objects of this Society, expressed in its charter, is the study of New England History. It has already achieved much in that respect in the very able and conclusive demonstration by one of our members, Professor Charles E. West, that the Pilgrims landed on the 21st and not, as has been so long and so generally assumed, on the 22d December, 1620.

In 1850 the Pilgrim Society (founded in 1820), at Plymouth, Mass., after careful investigation, decided that the 21st was the true day of the landing. Professor West has further placed the date beyond doubt. In his learned paper (read by him at the last meeting of this Society and published in our proceedings) invoking the higher mathematics, reviewing the calendars of Carthage, of Pope Julius, A. D. 336, and other calendars both earlier and later than the year *one*, and summoning, among others, Ptolemy, Copernicus, Tyco Brahe, Julius Cæsar, the Nicene Council, and Eudoxus as witnesses, and converting old style into new style, he has with mathematical certainty demonstrated that the Pilgrim Fathers did land at Plymouth on the 21st (and not on the 22d) December, 1620.

Professor West's report and his conclusions having been adopted by this Society, the question is no longer an open one with us, although some learned explorers do not concur, and among them S. H. Gay, Esq., who claims that the landing was on the 4th January, 1621, and refers as part of his evidence to the Diary of the *Mayflower* kept by two of her eminent passengers, William Bradford and Edward Winslow, the latter of whom was an ancestor of the Vice-President of this Society.

Although such speculations and theories, however ingenious and plausible, are necessarily vain, since the matter is now *res judicata* by us, yet we hail and welcome them as evidences of earnest interest in the study of New England history, which as I have said, it is one of the purposes of this Society to promote. Among other ends for which it was organized—those of commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims, social intercourse, and the promotion of charity and good fellowship among its members—are already fully attained."

On motion this report was accepted and ordered to be spread upon the minutes, and also to be published in the annual report issued by the Society.

Addresses were made by John Winslow and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

On motion, a vote of thanks was tendered to these gentlemen, for the instruction and entertainment their remarks had given.

Adjourned.

ALBERT E. LAMB,

Recording Secretary.

In the notice convening this meeting, it was announced that a paper would be read, and that each member of the Society might be accompanied by a lady. Many ladies were present. After the adjournment, a collation was served in the Museum Room of the same building, to which all repaired. This novel and social feature greatly added to the interest of the meeting and was very generally approved.

PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES
AT THE
SECOND ANNUAL FESTIVAL,
HELD
DECEMBER 21ST, 1881,

*In commemoration of the Two Hundred and Sixty-first Anniversary
of the Landing of the Pilgrims.*

The Second Annual Festival of The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, was held in the Assembly Room of the Academy of Music, and in the Art Room adjoining, Wednesday evening, December 21ST, 1881.

The Reception was held in the Art Room, where a choice collection of paintings belonging to members of the Brooklyn Art Association were then on exhibition. There were two hundred and seventy-five present, and among the number, many distinguished guests and the best representatives of the New England element in the City of Brooklyn. Each member wore a red satin badge, upon which was stamped in gilt the Seal of the Society, the Arbutus or Mayflower, and the words "Second Annual Festival, December 21ST, 1881.

At the close of the Reception, which lasted until seven o'clock, the doors of the Assembly Room were thrown open. It was in this Room that the dinner was given. The walls were adorned with the Coat-of-Arms of each of the thirteen original States, the National flag, and the flag of the City of Brooklyn. There were eight tables, besides the guest table, all of which were tastefully decorated with flowers. The dinner was furnished by Delmonico and was excellent and the service admirable. The music of an orchestra stationed in the room adjoining added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

At the guests' table, seated on either side of the President, were, to the left, Hon. John D. Long, Right Rev. Robert H. Clarkson Bishop of Nebraska, Gen. Horace Porter, Rev. A. J. Canfield, Hon. Seth Low, Rev. Robert Collyer and Hon. George G. Reynolds; and to the right, Gen. U. S. Grant, Gen. J. L. Chamberlain, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Hon. George B. Loring, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Hon. B. F. Tracy, Hon. Henry C. Murphy, Hon. James Howell, and P. J. Regan, Esq.

GRACE.

BY RT. REV. R. H. CLARKSON, D. D.

Make us thankful, O Lord, our Heavenly Father, for this provision of Thy bounty, and for all Thy goodness and mercy to us; pardon our sins and bless always with Thy love and favor, for Christ's sake. Amen.

MENU.

—o—

Oysters.

Soups.

Franklyn.

Cream of Celery.

A variety.

Side-dishes.

A variety.

Timbales.

Fish.

Salmon, with Shrimp Sauce.

Smelts, à la Tartar.

Entrees.

Wings of Young Turkeys à la Béarnaise.

Scallops à la Berthier.

Fillet of Beef à la Matignon.

Terrapin in Cases.

Sherbet.

Imperial Cigarettes.

Roasts.

Canvasbacks.

Quails.

Salad.

Cold-dishes.

Venison Pie.

Boned Turkey, with Truffles.

Vegetables.

Green Peas.

Beans.

Spinach.

Potatoes.

Sweetmeats.

Plum Pudding, with Rum Sauce.

Pine Apple Jelly.

Charlotte Parisienne.

Pyramids.

Pastry.

Assorted Cakes.

Ices.

Neapolitan.

Chesnut Puffs.

Fruits and Dessert.

Coffee.

At the close of the dinner, Rev. A. J. Canfield returned thanks.

THANKS.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we give Thee hearty thanks for the sacred associations which have rendered this Day worthy of grateful remembrance; and while we venerate the stern self-sacrifice of our Pilgrim Fathers, we rejoice to recognize Thy Hand in the happier auspices under which, on the present occasion, we commemorate the men and the events, which have made us what we are.

May the spirit of their successful enterprise abate our superficial pride and inspire us with perpetual confidence in God and man, to whom through Jesus Christ, our Lord, be glory in the highest, now, henceforth, and forever more. Amen.

ADDRESS BY HON. B. D. SILLIMAN,

PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

Gentlemen of The New England Society: Another anniversary of the great event we commemorate finds our Society full of life, good fellowship, and earnest purpose. Our membership is greatly increased, and our financial condition excellent, the balance in the treasury being, within a small fraction, twice that of last year.

Our association is in its spirit neither sectional nor sectarian. It is not sectional, for New England pervades the land. It is not sectarian, for we seek to promote no narrow dogmas, but the broad, grand truths and principles of civil and religious liberty, of the equality of all men before the law, and the duty of education for all men. - These were the truths and principles promulgated by our Pilgrim Fathers, and to their enforcement we dedicate ourselves.

But I must not enlarge on this, or any theme, for we rejoice to-night in the presence of many distinguished guests from abroad, whose voices we all desire to hear. As the time in which we can do so is limited, none of it must be lost. We last year were most unwillingly compelled to forego eloquent addresses from three of our then invited guests, because the small hours came too soon. I will not risk a like result to-night, by consuming any of the intervening time, but we will proceed

at once with the regular toasts and listen to the wisdom and the wit of the eminent gentlemen who have accepted our invitations to be with us.

One of our guests, from another State, who honors us with his presence this evening,* has the faculty, in a few words, of delineating a character with such accuracy and distinctness, that no one can doubt as to the original of the portrait.

Here is one of his descriptions which I met with some time ago; we shall not be at fault as to its application:

“The unmurmuring soldier, the magnanimous conqueror, the ruler who loved his whole country, undaunted by difficulty, patient under misrepresentation, tenacious of purpose, prompt and fearless in great emergencies, and in all this, the man who never makes a fuss about anything.” (*Great applause and cheers for GENERAL GRANT*).

Gentlemen, you have condensed in two words the description I have quoted, and in reply to the following toast we shall hope to hear the voice of GENERAL GRANT.

“GENERAL GRANT: WHETHER GENERAL, PRESIDENT,
OR PRIVATE CITIZEN,—HONORED AND
LOVED BY THE PEOPLE.”

SPEECH OF GEN. U. S. GRANT.

Gentlemen of The New England Society in Brooklyn: I have on my right and on my left here, two gentlemen who have come from the New England States, and I propose to divide the seven minutes of time allotted to me, between these gentlemen, to be added to the time to which they are entitled, and not to detain you with any extended remarks of my own. The only thing that I have to say in regard to your Society is, that up to this moment I have been a little at a loss to understand why you have taken the 21st as the Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. When I look at this paper, however, and see the names of the speakers, I am no longer at a loss to understand it, as there is no doubt at all that your celebration of the event, will last through a part of both these days. (*Applause.*) Governor Long and Governor Chamberlain, who

*Governor Chamberlain, of Maine.

are here, are both unadulterated Puritans. Unlike most of you, they have never left the original land of the Pilgrims, and they are still, as their ancestors were, I believe, citizens of New England, Simon pure, and I yield to them the remainder of the time that you have given to me. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman :—The second toast is,

“OUR COLONIAL FATHERS, THE FOUNDERS OF OUR CITY
AND STATE,—DIVERSE IN NATIONALITY, BUT
UNITED IN PURPOSE.”

We shall have the privilege of hearing on this theme our learned friend and townsman who to his large stores of historic knowledge, added the results of his researches while Minister from this Country to Holland. No one can better than he treat of the lineage, the character, and the purposes of our Colonial Fathers. I have the pleasure of calling, but need not introduce to you, the HON. HENRY C. MURPHY.

SPEECH OF HON. HENRY C. MURPHY.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of The New England Society :
The union of the Dutch and English population of this country was a destiny. When the City of New Amsterdam surrendered to the forces of the Duke of York, it was, it is true, taken by surprise and succumbed only to superior forces. But as a conquest of the country, it was a mean and cowardly invasion of a dependent people, left powerless by the Fatherland. Nevertheless it anticipated only what would have taken place peaceably within a few years. New Netherland had not entered into the calculation of the Dutch government as a part of its empire. It was a mere dependency of the Dutch West India Company, settled by them for trading purposes, and had now become almost valueless in that respect. It was surrounded by English colonists, who had come to this country for a different purpose, to build an empire in the Western World, the unity of which began to require and would ultimately absorb the whole of the adjacent territory. But the people of

New Netherland, who were they? Who were those whom this great trading company had left in this distant land unprotected, and whom the government of the Netherlands did not think of sufficient importance to retain under their dominion? They were the hardy sons of toil, who had been induced by the promises and pledges of that great company to emigrate hither with their families and effects to make new homes. They had left Fatherland with sorrow and regrets, but with the hope of bettering their condition. They had come to stay and expected to remain, for they found it, in the language of one of their own New Netherland poets, a

“Land where milk and honey flow,
Where plants distilling perfume grow,
And Aaron’s rod; where budding blossoms blow—
A very Eden.”

And after the surrender they were contented to remain, because, by the terms of the capitulation, they were to be protected in their persons, their possessions, and their privileges, and the panoply of the common law of England was to shield them in their rights. They were a liberty loving people, in affairs both of the Church and State. Their fathers had thrown off the yoke of Spanish bondage and vindicated their rights to religious toleration, and they found in the British Constitution abundant guarantees for their protection in that respect. And they knew that the neighboring colonists, under whose flag they were now to live, were voluntary exiles from their native country, pilgrims, and had come here like themselves to stay. Hence were these two people, though differing in language, customs, and laws, united in a common interest and actuated by a common purpose. These were the men who were the founders of our City and State. How faithfully they worked together in the common cause, history tells.

It was no easy matter to change the language and institutions of the colony and to conform them to those which were now predominant. But time worked its perfect work, and brought with it the day of retribution to the royal arrogance abroad. It came and found these exiles from home united to resist their aggressors and to assert their independence. In that critical hour, such unmistakable names as Herkimer, Von Schaick, and Schuyler were enrolled with those of Woodhull,

Millett, and Clinton, in the cause of liberty, and shed their blood in its defense. By a common cause, they became and are one nation.

Mr. President, it was my fortune some years ago to reside in Holland, and to have unrestricted access to its archives, municipal as well as national. In those of the City of Leyden, I was enabled to discover, that the house, though its existence had been forgotten, was still standing, in which John Robinson, the pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, who came to America in the Mayflower, lived. It is a plain two-story and attic building, of the true Dutch type of that day, with a high peaked roof, and occupying a twenty-five foot lot. It was interesting to me as an American, because it was in this house that the Pilgrims spent the evening with their celebrated pastor, in feasting and singing, before their departure for New England, at a dinner provided for them by their brethren who were to remain behind. Thus on the night of July 20th, 1620, was given the first New England dinner ever eaten, and therefore, in honor of that event and of the man, historically known as the foremost on that occasion, I beg, in conclusion, to propose the toast,

“THE MEMORY OF THE REV. JOHN ROBINSON, THE
FOUNDER OF NEW ENGLAND.”—(*Applause.*)

The Chairman:—To the toast,

“THE HOMES OF NEW ENGLAND,”

we hoped for warm words from the warm heart of our friend, the veteran Statesman, THURLOW WEED. It was his intent to be with us and to speak with this toast as his text, but more than four score years do not harmonize with this night's snow storm, and therefore, instead of his presence, we have a letter from him which I will beg the Secretary to read.

LETTER FROM MR. WEED.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1881.
5 o'clock, P. M.

My dear Silliman:

I have struggled hard all day to keep my courage up to the “sticking point,” but with seriously impaired vision, aggravating

other infirmities I dare not venture out, though the temptation to be with you, on an occasion so interesting is almost irresistible. All my recollections of, and associations with, New England and with the sons and daughters of New England are intensely interesting. But there is not time to dwell upon these cherished memories. If permissible I should be happy to pay a tribute on this occasion to a surviving friend, who represents the best type of old fashioned New England citizenship:—Truman Smith, a veteran in whose life and character, the highest and brightest elements of a lawyer, a politician, a statesman and a citizen are found harmoniously blended.

Very truly yours,

THURLOW WEED.

The Chairman :—Gentlemen, the next toast is,

“MASSACHUSETTS.”

We hope to hear in response to this, His Excellency Governor Long, the Governor of the renowned old “Bay State;”—the distinguished, and repeatedly elected, successor of Carver, Winslow, Endicott, Winthrop, Bowdoin, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Edward Everett, John Davis, and John A. Andrew.

I have great pleasure in introducing GOVERNOR LONG.

SPEECH OF THE HON. JOHN D. LONG.

I wish, Mr. President and Gentlemen, that on this eve of Forefathers' day Massachusetts had some more patriarchal representative to bring her blessing and lay it benignantly upon the heads of her away-from-home children and children's children, so many of whom have gathered at your board. She, like many another ancient mother, at this thanksgiving festival season of the year, crowds her satchel—it will hardly do to say carpet bag now-a-days—(*laughter*), comes away from the old homestead and journeys across country, to take part in the good cheer of one of her daughters—certainly this time the fairest of them all—the city of Brooklyn, so distinguished for

her churches that they have given her a name, and as I know from the escort I received in passing through the streets of a neighboring but inferior metropolis (*applause*), distinguished also for the excellence of her military organizations—a city more Boston even than Boston herself—and I can give her no higher praise. (*Applause.*) The old lady knows that you young people sometimes have a little sport at her expense behind her back, make fun of her knitting-work and frills, and laugh at her odd mixture of conceits, including the most antiquated puritanism and at the same time the strongest leaning toward every new nostrum and notion. She knows it all, for her eyes are very bright behind her spectacles. But she knows, too, that in your innermost souls you honor her (*applause*); that you still look to her cupboard for your best gingerbread and most wholesome simples; and that a tender chord trembles from your hearts to your eyes at the thought of the breezy hills and the cool sea-beaches where she nestled your fathers and mothers; or of her venerable fireside and the great family of noble sons and daughters who have clustered around it; who from it have gone out into the world carrying with them her thrift, her enterprise, and her virtues, wherever they went; and who, though they erect colleges and establish common schools like hers all the way to the Pacific coast, and though they give a Bryant to your literature and a Garfield to the Presidency are yet still all her own. (*Applause.*) A good many of her boys are getting along in years. Phillips, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, have all passed the seventieth milestone, but although their notes are now at their very sweetest, they are no dying songs. (*Applause.*) A short time ago, having occasion to write to Mr. Whittier about putting some verses of his in a Thanksgiving proclamation, after some selections from the Psalms, he replied that *he* was entirely content, but he was not quite sure whether David, a king and a warrior, would care to be found in company with a Quaker and a Republican. (*Laughter and applause.*) Even in this playfulness, it seemed to me there was that spirit of liberty and of peace—*sub libertate quietem*—which in him and in the others will to the last hour kindle in the eye, though the song shall have faded from the lip. Massachusetts has young blood too. She has just given to the new South, through the genius and forecast of one of

her young men, an event which marks and perhaps makes its industrial regeneration—the Atlanta Exposition. I have a shrewd suspicion, too, that the old lady even contributed her widow's mite to the Virginia election. (*Applause.*) Through another of her sons, who is here to-night, she is teaching agriculture, even to the great national domain, and the best agriculture—that agriculture which lies at the foundation of patriotism and liberty, that agriculture which knows no antagonism with commerce or manufacture, but is one with them. (*Applause.*) She has just presented President Arthur (*applause*), who by the way, in his short term of service, is conquering public confidence with an almost unparalleled swiftness (*cheers*), a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, who, descending from her own chief justiceship, takes to his new post great learning, indomitable industry, a pure heart and six feet four of New England thoroughness. Nor does she despise small things. Without flinching or resorting to a draft, she will instantly fill the quota which has just been assigned her in the sub-service of the National House of Representatives, to wit, one messenger, one page, one laborer. (*Applause.*) With her great mother-heart she has adopted and made her own all the wandering children who have come to her threshold and knocked at her door. Plymouth Rock is their blarney-stone as well as hers. Jonathan and Patrick, Fritz, Jean, and Giovanni, are all alike pilgrims of her original stock; and for them and for all that dwell below the skies she demands the rights of man, the equality of God's children, and the blessings of liberty. (*Applause.*) These are the fundamentals which she preaches and points, in letters of light, in the words and lives of her sons, her Adams and Garrison and Sumner and Andrew,—who have so often and so gloriously spoken, and who, though dead, still speak her faith. (*Applause.*) As for her daughters, it goes of course without saying that there are none nobler in the whole world. They are the inspiration of her charities; they adorn her literature; they are devoted to her service; and they command respect for her and for themselves. (*Applause.*)

I did not come here, Mr. President, for the purpose of making a formal address, but of bringing words of good cheer from Massachusetts. Her folk are happy. Her heart is lighter

than her purse. Her generosity is large and just. If you should burn down, she would build you up again in forty minutes. (*Applause.*) She has a railroad at almost every man's back door, although it does not always pay a dividend. Horace Mann is still her schoolmaster. She has taken a contract, together with certain citizens of the Empire State, to reform the civil service of the nation and make it as good as her own. She has set her face against intemperance, though her Cochituate has just had rather an ancient and fish-like smell. She has a soft side for the black man and the red—especially the Ponca. She clings to her meeting-houses, and yet has the freest mind of her own. Her water courses sparkle in the sunshine with the golden profits of the wheels they turn. Her industries are her civilization. (*Applause.*) May I speak of one of her work-shops. I refer to Fall River, which, with less than 50,000 inhabitants, has one-seventh of all the spindles of the United States, and nearly one-fifth of all in New England. Nor on this anniversary night must I forget my own county or its capital, that sacred town of Plymouth, to which I am bound by ties of ancestry as well as those of official lineage. There is no doubt that Samoset has gone, although the antiquarians still have the question under grave discussion. There is still some dispute whether the Pilgrims landed on the 20th, 21st or 22d, or even whether they landed at all. There is not, it is believed, an original Pilgrim left at the present time. (*Applause.*) If the Mayflower is there, she certainly runs no regular trips. The old Rock, in fact, is the only one of the first settlers of any account that still survives, and even that, following the example of the rest of them, is now nearly under the sod. Between the hill where sleep the dead forefathers, under the very summit from which more than two hundred and sixty years ago they saw the sails of the Mayflower fade out on her return to England, between the hill and the sea, is the life of a generous and busy town, with its court-house and churches, and its newspaper and market, with its factories for making boots and shoes and cotton cloth and good hempen cordage—which may all good men escape—and with its fishing schooners, a little rusty since the Washington treaty, which gave \$15,000,000 to the Union and stripped New England of her fisheries, but yet active enough to make the

ancient codfish which hangs in the hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, not altogether an unmeaning symbol.

But it is not becoming that I should speak longer for Massachusetts. I am aware that I might perhaps have been justified in boasting of her history, her influence, her leadership, her names lustrous in war and in peace. Indeed, it is possible that in a moment of inadvertence I have mentioned a few of them, those especially which she keeps constantly on hand. I might have referred to her as just one inch taller than any of her sisters, even when she stoops; might have spoken of the liberality of her capital and the intelligence and dignity of her labor; might have counted the railroads of New Mexico and the West generally as the product of her genius; might have suggested that the New England idea—whatever that is—is the very life-blood and muscle of the Republic, and that Massachusetts is New England; might have named those famous fields—half forgotten with us and rarely if ever recalled—of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill; and might have enlarged upon the unfamiliar topic of the character, purposes, and virtues of the Pilgrim forefathers. But I have refrained from all this. I am not here for that purpose. It would be simply insufferable. It is something you would not do in New York. The old Commonwealth is altogether too modest to have it spoken. Rather, she finds and loves to find her glory outside herself, and in the happiness and prosperity and civilization of the whole country of which she is only a part,—now a small part,—but to which she has always contributed and always will contribute her loyal support, the songs of her poets, the eloquence of her orators, the wisdom of her statesmen, the gallantry of her soldiers, the prayers of her saints; and, what is better than all these, the virtues, the character, and the manly worth of the great body of her people who are not represented by, but who are themselves, her poets, her orators, her statesmen, her soldiers, and her saints. Sincerely, I thank you for the heartiness with which you have received her name, and the great courtesy with which you have welcomed me as her representative. (*Applause long continued.*)

The Chairman :—To our fifth toast which is,

“THE PILGRIMS IN HOLLAND,”

we will call for a response from one of our guests who, (reluctantly no doubt) admits—indeed he frankly confesses—that there is no New England blood in his veins—and yet he has *some* virtues. This may be accounted for by the fact that he hails from Holland, where the Pilgrims for twelve years resided, and inculcated by precept and example those very virtues which we concede to him. They were moreover learned, witty, wise, and brave. With such antecedents it would be strange if he were other than he is. We hail and welcome the Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, whom we have heard before and whom therefore we wish to hear again.

SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

I have discovered from long observation (*applause*), that in the interval between an eager appreciation of the material interests of himself and the ardent discussion of the social, political, and religious questions of the day, there are two things a New Englander never omits out of his prayers (if he prays at all), and they are, that he may die in his bed, and always have an opportunity to enjoy the annual feed on Forefathers' day. (*Applause.*) I have in my time attended some public dinners. (*Laughter and Applause.*) It has been charged by malicious and envious people that it is for economical reasons. (*Laughter.*) I go, because “the noblest study of mankind is man,” and you see more of the raw material here than anywhere else in the world. (*Laughter.*) On St. George's Day I found my English brother with the taste of roast beef somewhat vitiated by discovering in the gravy the Irish question. (*Applause.*) On St. Andrew's Day I go to the Scotch dinner, and assist the medical fraternity in extracting fossilized jokes. (*Applause.*) On St. Patrick's Day I go to the Irish dinner, and listen to their lamentations over the lack of respect and reverence for the ruling classes in this country. (*Applause.*) And then I go to my own St. Nicholas, and rejoice in the fact that it is more blessed to give than to receive, (*applause*); and that in welcoming with broad Dutch hospitality all nationalities, and dividing

with them our business and our lands, our own prosperity and welfare have immeasurably increased.

But I go to the New England dinner for the purpose of listening to such expositions as Governor Long has just given us ; where the New Englander with native modesty wrestles with the English language in order to state, in a way not to offend the sensibilities of other races, that all there is of glory, strength, and prosperity, of progress, civilization and liberty ; in a word, everything worth having in this world, has come from him, (*Applause.*) There is no doubt that Forefathers' Day is a great day. The townsmen of Governor Long celebrate it to-night in pork and beans and pumpkin pie, to such an extent that they will be thinking in their sleep, that instead of their forefathers having come over in the Mayflower, the Mayflower came over on them. (*Laughter and applause.*) The Yankees in Boston, of whom he seems to have an opinion mildly and modestly expressed, will be to-night endeavoring, but in vain, to arouse attention to their festival, beyond the provincialisms of their surroundings. While in New York to-morrow night they will boldly challenge the attention of the State, the country, and the world. I am here, and pleased to be here to-night, because suburbs have in them some of the elemental principles which are found in rhubarb (*laughter and applause*)—they concentrate and correct all the ideas that you find scattered about elsewhere in Yankeedom.

When I found that I was to respond to the toast, "The Pilgrims in Holland," my astonishment was as intense as that which was expressed by the telegraph operator when she read a certain message under these circumstances: a man received an order in the morning to get up a panel and have a motto painted in it for Christmas. He was so busy all day that he forgot the details, and telegraphed to his wife for them. The answer came back to him ; " Unto us this day a child was born, nine feet long and three feet wide." (*Laughter and applause.*) It will not be improper for me to state that if it had not been for Holland there would have been neither Puritans or Pilgrims ; for when bigotry and despotism had crushed out conscience and freedom everywhere else, they were cherished and protected in Holland ; and that little land, which had dyked out the sea, was the sole asylum for years of civil and religious liberty. (*Applause.*) The light radiating from her shone into the dark places of

Europe, and kept alive the hopes of mankind. It was Holland that sent out the fleet which kept the Spanish Armada in check, till storms had scattered and made it an easy prey to the English cruisers. But for that, there would have been in Great Britain a night of intellectual and moral darkness which would have made the Puritan impossible. With this deliverance the Puritans lived and throve. It was their peculiarity that they could agree with nobody else and frequently fell out among themselves. When they reached Amsterdam, though there were only four hundred of them, and all in the direst penury and misery, yet they found ample time and opportunity to dispute about creeds and beliefs. So grave were their differences that there would have been four hundred churches, each with a single member, but for the pure spirit and lofty zeal of John Robinson. He carried a small settlement to Leyden. There they passed two years of profitable probation. The blessings of religious toleration surrounded them. They were simple agricultural folk, but among a free and industrious people, they acquired useful trades, and Robinson learned that art of printing which had been discovered in Holland, and upon which rests the whole superstructure of modern civilization. The comforts and amenities of Dutch hospitality softened their asceticism. They saw the benefits of universal popular education, and the highest art in Europe cultivated their tastes. But on the border line where faith weakens, and courage fails, on account of comfort and luxury, Robinson commanded a crusade against the forces of nature and savagery, to found a new empire. Their preparation was complete, and with prophetic vision he saw they were to be State builders in America. The ceremonies attending their departure were original and characteristic. Robinson preached a sermon which lasted all day, and then they were refreshed by psalm singing which continued all night, and according to Puritan standards of enjoyment, of that period, they had a thoroughly good time. (*Laughter.*) As we see here to-night, the methods of their descendants in attaining the same end are somewhat different. (*Laughter.*) The next morning they sailed on the Mayflower for New England. One died on the passage, and one child was born, so that their number remained the same. But I have noticed this peculiarity, almost every Yankee you meet claims descent from

that child born on the Mayflower. (*Laughter.*) The ship was only sixty tons burden, and yet she carried more furniture than could the largest of the Anglo-American fleet of ocean steamers to-day. There are twenty millions claiming Puritan descent in this country, and every one of them can show you a chair, chest, or table, which came over in the Mayflower. (*Laughter.*) When they reached the Massachusetts coast the irate grit of the race was made manifest. It had enabled them to suffer for opinion's sake. It had sustained their faith in a living God and in themselves against poverty and prisons, persecution and death, and now in the cabin of the Mayflower with the pathless ocean behind and the bleak and inhospitable coast before them, their first act was to frame a Charter for the foundation of a State upon "just and equal laws." (*Applause.*) The principle there enunciated established and maintained liberty in this country, and in our time, as the result of the bloodiest of civil wars, has compelled the whole Republic to recognize the equality of all men before the law. (*Applause.*) That Charter was not signed by President, or Captain, or Council, but every member of the little community in affixing his signature, gave to us that other great element of American freedom and progress, the sovereignty and independence of the individual. (*Applause.*) It is true they afterward persecuted Quakers and burned Witches, but the Puritans who did these things were subsequent arrivals, who had never been in Holland. (*Laughter and applause.*) The little band which had spent two years in Holland and founded the colony, were the leaven of Yankee progress. They taught their brethren so thoroughly the virtues of toleration, that they now welcome all creeds and have raised some doubts about their religion. It is true they repaid the hospitality they received in Holland, by over-running New York and conquering their hosts, but that conquest was the most beneficent to conqueror and conquered that ever occurred. (*Applause.*) It is true that when Sterne wrote the line that, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," he had not foreseen the Yankee in Wall Street, (*laughter.*) but it is equally true that this same Yankee by his inventive talent, energy, enterprise, adaptability and genius, has done more than all others to make this not only the richest and most prosperous, but the freest and most powerful of Nations. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman :—Our next toast is in few words,

“NEW ENGLAND.”

This is a vast theme—but the very incarnation of New England is with us to-night, and we invoke him to its consideration. It is our privilege to call on the Rev. Mr. BEECHER.

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is no other contest I enjoy beholding so much as to hear different nations tell which of them has been foremost in the contest for liberty. And when the representatives of the various European nations come together, I like to see—I like to hear—France tell what she has done, Germany what she has done, and Holland what she has done. And it gives me courage at last to tell a little of what New England has done.

The age in which Holland showed her great light, was an age that was pouring oil into more lamps than hers; one in which intellect broke at last and began to lead, seemingly, the nations toward the rising of the sun. And if you look over the world to-day, there is scarcely a nation of Central Europe not stirred by this resurrection trump to the intellect of mankind. What should they do with this intellect? All Europe was thrall'd. Church fetters, and social fetters, and the various fetters of nobility and cast held them all.

They forged the arrows of light on the anvils of Holland, and France, and Germany, but there was no bow to send the arrows home; and God looked all around to see what should be done with these silver arrows that were being forged, but there was only one land where the oaks grew tough enough to form the bow to send the arrow home, and that was old England. She dominated the empires of the then world, as America does to-day.

I boast then—and there is not another city on this continent where it is more fit that we should boast, and where their honor and ours is combined, where the Dutch and the Yankee are so nearly at one, as this very City of Brooklyn, that has for its city flag, the sublimest flag known on the face of the globe—not the United States flag which is barbaric only by the flag of the City of Brooklyn, no double-headed eagle, no twining serpent,

simply this motto and symbol, "Right makes might!" (*Applause*) and with such a flag as that, we have a right to trace the history of these men and these institutions which sprung from the loins of no man, but from the Heart and Soul of Almighty God.

And when I speak of the Puritans, I know perfectly well that they were not theorists; they were not philosophers; they never sat down to write addresses. They had but just one theory—that every man before God was a man, with a right to himself and to open himself; that was the whole theory. They had no splendid Utopian idea of a republic drawn out, they had no Platonic theory of life, but simply the declaration, I am a man because Christ is in me, and I have a right to everything that makes manhood. Contrast this with Prudhomme and Fourier and other socialists who eternally sit, and who eternally never lay an egg. (*Laughter.*) They had simply the innate, intense, and ineradicable sense of the right of a man to himself before God and his fellowmen. And in that spirit they came to New England; not to build air castles and reform political theories. They came here only to be free and to secure to all their posterity freedom here. And out of that simple consideration of the inherent dignity of man as a child of God, out of that grew New England. They sat down there and opened school houses, they sat down in New England and built churches, and made laws that should suit their consciences and the rights of the individual. They had no such forecast as we now have back-cast. (*Laughter.*) They did not anticipate the future any more than we perfectly read the past, but out of that little leaven grew all the institutions of New England. Taking the best things that had served old England, they brought out such as served them—that was a good deal; such as did not, they left behind, and that was a good deal more. You call them "State builders." You never hit it more perfectly in your life. Though that was not their trade, yet, like the universal Yankee, they could turn their hand to almost any trade when the time came. They scarcely, like the Jews, ever separated patriotism from religion. Now we have had a great many people who have tried to build States. A good many tried it before they came. There were the mound builders. No doubt the mounds were built for political history, but the mound builders are not to be found. There were the

Aztecs, the temple builders of Mexico, with an astonishing development of a certain civilization. They have left no history, nothing but a memory. Then the Spanish undertook to colonize, and they have left South America what she is. The French undertook to colonize, and as they were when they landed at Quebec, so they are to-day.

They have not sprouted, nor has one branch grown from that day to this. They went West through Indiana and Ohio, and it is perfectly ludicrous to hear how they took saws and cut down trees, taking four days to cut down one good sized tree. They hacked and hewed all day and fiddled and danced all night. They tried it in Florida and Louisiana. All the nations of Europe, pretty near, tried their hand at it, even the Dutch at New Amsterdam; and they were swallowed up at one mouthful. But no harm came of it, there was no violence done them, for there was no resistance. We took them, married their daughters, and so subdued them. There is only one nation on this continent, and that is New England. There is not a State nor a Territory whose constitution to-day, laid alongside the New England constitution, varies one-tenth of an inch from its fundamental principles. Their essential laws, their constitutions, are identical. New England has built America. You may like it or not like it, there are the facts. And we are not here to celebrate New England in any sense of making a provincial celebration. Where is New England? Wherever New Englanders live, from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean; from the Northern lakes to the Mexican Gulf. We are celebrating the whole country. We are the Grandfathers of every State in the Union, and this is a national gathering, and therefore a family gathering.

There is a great deal more important question—Are we going to maintain what our Fathers received? Are the children worthy of their fathers? I say they are. (*Applause.*) You and I will leave ourselves all out, and settle this matter impartially (looking at Judge Tracy) as if we were judges upon the bench. I hold that the industry of New England has not gone out, except to all the ends of the earth. The old settlers of New England lived on rock and ground granite, and really committed burglary on nature to get a living out of it. You don't know anything about industry, you don't know even as

much about it as I do; for I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning at this season of the year to do the chores and make the fires. I used to break out the roads with the oxen to break a path in the snow, before the horses could tread the path they broke. I used to go two miles to school, and used to sit on Sundays in a church in which they thought that a fire was a sacrilege. I used to live where the old fire-place would hold logs ten feet long, which required two men to roll them in. You were not brought up in that way, I was. I know what it was to work. Did you ever hoe potatoes on a hillside just after the alder bushes had been cut off? (*A voice*—"Yes, sir!") *Mr. Beecher*: I am glad there is one real Yankee here. (*Laughter.*) I have.

Did you ever have but one single holiday in all the Summer's vacation, and that the 4th of July? I have. Were you ever shut up in your door-yard and not allowed to go down town to see the training? I was. One of the great sorrows of my life, that never can be lifted from me, was to hear the bass drum down in the village, and have a father who was so solicitous for the morals of his son, that he would not allow him to go out of the yard to see the soldiers train! (*Laughter.*) We have two sons of New England here that know more about soldiering, but then they have descended a good way.

The industry of New England has not ceased. All the most fertile enterprises on this continent, and almost all that exist in every part of the globe, have in them either the capital or management of New England men, and the commercial and manufacturing interests of this continent reflect honor on the posterity of the Puritans and the Pilgrims.

When it was sought to inaugurate a dynasty and an aristocracy, and make slavery essentially the master of this country, it was the spirit of New England that resisted that despotism and that tyranny. And so was it recognised, that it was actually in the council of Southern men to dissolve the Union and re-compose it, leaving New England out. A greater honor never was conferred upon New England than that. When the war broke out—I shall leave my friend on the left to speak of that—when our very best men, in every walk in life answered their country's call, the first soldier that went through here was a son of New England.

There was one remarkable incident that happened in Baltimore, that I recall: When the Massachusetts Sixth was there and being mobbed, and stood for a long time perfectly patient till their officers commanded them to fire, a long Yankee—who had stood watching this crowd and saw that the poor ruffians round about were merely the tools of the respectable scoundrels standing way across the square on boxes and barrels—stepped out from the ranks and drew his bead and sent a bullet through one scoundrel's heart, and knocked him like a pigeon off a branch. In Baltimore I heard the other side of that story, when a clergyman of that city told me, "We lost a good deal out of our church that day." "Ah?" said I, "How was that?" "Well, one of the class leaders of our church was down there looking on. He stood on a box on the other side of the square; he was not amongst the crowd at all, but a stray bullet came across the end of the square and shot him!" (*Laughter.*) He was one of those broadclothed scoundrels, with a gold headed cane, surrounding those poor fellows, and ought to have been shot.

Afterward there came up the question of Repudiation, and the spirit of New England rose against it and put that down as a fatal heresy all over the country.

And when the question of the redemption of the currency came up, the New England conscience and spirit showed itself again, and that question has been fortunately settled for honesty and for good morals. When the New England spirit is rife in any community, it respects the law, it respects government, it respects parties. But there is that same plucky personal independence, and when the managers of parties forget that they are the servants of the people, and decree that the people shall do as they want to have them do, instead of their doing what the people want to have them do, the old New England pluck rises up against it, and they "bust the machine," and elect to the magistracy of every city where this takes place, the man who expresses the will of the people. I think we may say therefore that the spirit of liberty, essential in Religion and in Philosophy, the spirit of civil government, the spirit of enterprise, inhere in the posterity of New England; that we have come into a larger place, and that we are carrying on the great work inaugurated by our fathers, on a continent and not

in a province. I think we may say that the glory of New England is not alone in the institutions that they founded and gave to the continent, but her glory is also in that posterity which has descended from them, and which is thoroughbred, and that carried with it the heart, the conscience, the will and the power of the fathers of New England. (*Prolonged Applause.*)

The Chairman :—The next toast is,

“THE MEMORY OF GARFIELD.”

This toast was drank standing, and in silence.

At the request of the Chairman, Mr. FRED STEINS sung with great acceptance the well known hymn of Mrs. Hemans—

“THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.”

The Chairman :—We had hoped that on the theme of

“OUR COUNTRY,”

we should have the great satisfaction of hearing the able, distinguished, and eloquent Senator, the HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, of Ohio; in whose high aims and pure purposes the country confides. In reply to our invitation he expressed the wish, rather than the expectation, that he could be with us to-night, but in the end he found it impracticable. We will hope to hear him on a future occasion, and let us now drink THE HEALTH OF THE HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

The toast was cordially received and drunk.

The Chairman :—When in the early part of the Rebellion a graceful and scholarly young Professor of Bowdoin College passed on from Maine, with his regiment of giants, to the great conflict, we wondered whether fame or a bullet would be his fate. An abundance of both were his allotment. His gallantry

and skill on all occasions, and eminently at Gettysburgh and Cold Harbor, placed him high in rank. While desperately wounded at Petersburg he was promoted on the field by General Grant to the rank of Brigadier-General ("the solitary instance in the history of the army"). He was subsequently brevetted as Major-General by President Lincoln, and "was directed to receive with his troops the formal surrender of Lee's army on the 12th April, 1865." At the end of the war he was twice elected Governor of Maine. The control of the State was afterward entrusted to him in a critical hour of almost revolutionary discord, and he has since returned to his first love, Bowdoin College, of which he is now the President. A gentleman with such a record may well be called upon to discourse of our toast:

"THE STATE, THE ARMY, AND THE SCHOOL."

I have the pleasure of introducing PRESIDENT CHAMBERLAIN, of Bowdoin College.

SPEECH OF GEN. J. L. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. President: I come from a State whose beginnings were not so heroic as those we celebrate and thank God for to-night, a State that has had more place in history than she has had name. But she was there at the beginning. The eloquent speeches we have heard have driven what I had to say pretty much out of my mind, but you may perhaps indulge me in some reminiscences of history which they have suggested.

The first voice that greeted the Pilgrims at Plymouth, was a voice from Maine. Governor Long will allow me to remind him that the noble Indian Chief who startled the Pilgrims with his greeting, "much welcome, Englishman," was Samoset, Lord of Pemaquid, a sea point of Maine, the capital at once of Indian and English jurisdiction in the East.

And, sir, in accepting your hospitalities to-night, I may be pardoned if I pride myself a little on standing in a representative capacity,—and returning a neighborhood call. For when your heroic little band at Plymouth in that hard winter of 1622, beset by foes in all the elements of nature and near to famishing, sent forth their little shallop in quest of food, it was to the English people on the shores of Maine that it turned its prow,

and there they found welcome, and full supply free of payment, and pledges of future good will. I return that call and tea-taking to-night, and renew the greeting—or rather you renew it, with an amplitude of bounty which certainly well makes up the arrearage of 260 years!

Another thing makes me feel at home. Years before the Puritans set foot on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, the Pilgrims of Plymouth held possession and jurisdiction at two important points in Maine, with both of which I have been familiar from boyhood. At Castine on the Penobscot the sword of Miles Standish was making *might right*; and there was a famous spot on the Kennebec where John Alden knew how to speak a word for himself if nowhere else. We began to have quite a little history down there till the Massachusetts colony came,—and saw, and, I need not say, conquered! They saw down there either something they didn't like, or did like, and in either of these cases, as we well understand, Massachusetts couldn't keep her hands off. She extended her protecting arm over Maine, and no more was heard of it in history for 150 years!

Maine had the first chartered city in America, Georgiana, now York, founded in 1641; but for all that, she was left out of the famous New England confederacy of 1643, because, as Governor Winthrop tells us, she was not sound on the ministry!

The tables were well turned however. When the Province of Massachusetts Bay was organized under the charter of William and Mary, she had to go to Maine for her first Governor, Sir William Phipps. And she has not got through that business yet. She came to Maine for John A. Andrew, the war Governor. She has come now again, and has just returned a son of Maine to that honored chair, by 50,000 majority. I believe, of course, the Governor did not want to confuse his mind or yours by affirming in his eloquent speech that he was, or was not, Long from Maine. (*Laughter.*) But I assure you both those propositions are true! But he had a wise prescience as a boy. We are lavish of Governors in Maine. I have known of four or five in ten days. And now we have lately discovered that we have eight all the time,—sort of composite apocalyptic character, of which the council furnish the seven heads, and the Governor the ten horns! (*Laughter.*)

Well, our ambitious lad thought Maine wasn't a good place for Governors. His thoughts took a good direction,

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, *long* thoughts."

(*Laughter.*)

It is Longfellow who says that. I don't blame the Governor for claiming Longfellow for Massachusetts. He is too good an orator to spoil his climaxes by telling you the great poet was a Maine boy, and that Bowdoin fitted him for a Harvard Professor! Well, they both know where to be born to get their genius, and where to go to let it shine.

Now, Mr. President, the moral of all this is, that you must not look for the honorable history of Maine under that article in the encyclopedia. Look for it rather wherever in the world anything is going on, or anything is to be got hold of. Those people don't narrow their spirits within the bars of *meum and tuum*. They take a wide airing under the *nihil humani alienum* sky.

Perhaps I ought to say something, before I sit down, upon this toast which you have set on a tripod here before me, "The State, the Army, and the School." There is one central idea to-night, and it is the Founders. I suppose the toast here is a link binding back to the Pilgrims, and well may it be so. The State:—Sir, wherever they learned it, whether in old England, or old Holland, or between the old Bible covers, this thing is true, that the most advanced principles of political organization recognized by the civilized world to-day, were anticipated by these Pilgrim Fathers 260 years ago. The germs of civil liberty, warmed as they were to life in the light of a free word of God, came to blossom here two hundred years before they fairly did anywhere in the old world, where that word was for the most part doled out under royal or ecclesiastical regulation. I believe, sir, that the two elements represented by the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, taking them both together, taking liberty on the one hand and loyalty on the other, were the two things that entered most deeply into our constitution and character. This balance of the two great powers of liberty and law marks and makes us what we are. It will not be amiss to recall to-night the fact that the Puritans and Pilgrims did not altogether harmonize at the beginning. Indeed their doctrines, so far as Church and State relations went, were

diametrically opposite. One wanted to separate Church from State—they were Separatists; the other wanted Church and State “companted together”—a Bible commonwealth, vesting not in the common laws of England, but in the Mosaic code. The fathers of Plymouth desired not a theocracy, but a New Testament Republic. I am not going too far into that matter—this is not the time; I only wish to point out that the Pilgrim Fathers were the only people under the heavens to whom the Puritans ever surrendered. They did surrender to them—they did abandon their narrow notions and took the broader platform of the Pilgrims.

Our political character as a people combines these two generic principles: the Puritan's loyalty, his stern allegiance to the right, and the free and tolerant spirit of the Pilgrims. So in our Constitution is “compacted together” by this frame work—law guaranteeing liberty, and liberty illuminating law. (*Applause.*)

Well, sir, just a word for the Army—though how can I speak for the army in such a presence? (looking at Gen. Grant). But there is one thing about it, these Fathers were soldiers, every man of them. (*Applause.*) Every man, you know, when he went to “meeting,” had his Bible under one arm and his baby under the other, and his gun on his shoulder.

Our regular army has an honorable and a necessary place. It is the treasury of military art and science, the nursery of officers and commanders, the school of discipline for the soldier. But when the crisis comes, when the right is to be defended, when the life of the people is threatened, then it is for us to precipitate *ourselves* into this form and mould of the regular army. The people rising in their might for their own defense—that is the real army of the United States. (*Applause.*)

As to the Schools,—that was about the first thing the colonies did—to set up the school. And then the college. I will say for Massachusetts that the first thing she did when she took possession of Maine was to indict all the towns for not having schools, as the law directed. And the next thing was to establish one supreme test of loyalty, and that was a readiness to contribute to Harvard College. (*Laughter.*) One William Wardwell, who made the unregenerate reply, “that he doubted whether that was an ordinance of God,” was straightway

arraigned before the court, and I doubt whether any one would fare much better to-day for such a heresy. Look now, at that white-crested wave on the outer edge of civilization as it rolls West and South—the Common School. Look at the two youngest Colleges—Colorado and New Mexico—like light-houses on the Rocky Mountains—one of them at Santa Fé, perched up there twice the height of Mount Washington. The same spirit set them there, that beaconed the Atlantic shore two hundred years ago. Two young men from Maine, and from Bowdoin, are planting those Seminaries of light.

Well, sir, I conclude with this,—that these ideas, which you have embodied in this sentiment, are certainly the three great ideas by which our fathers built. There was the State, incipient in the town-meeting. There was the Army, in the militia. There was the School to train the mind. One other thing I add—that was at the bottom—the Bible, which revealed men to themselves. These are the four foundations of American character. On these our institutions stand, solid and square, like that altar (Mr. Beecher must help me out if I get lost in my allusion) which Solomon built in front of his magnificent temple, plumbd by the North Star; four-square, fronting North, South, East, and West. So we stand, solid on the four great principles, Religion, Intelligence, Self-government, and courage to defend the Right! (*Applause.*)

The Chairman :—Gentlemen, the next toast is,

“THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER,”

and for comments on this subject we will call on another son of Massachusetts, who, long conspicuous, useful and honored in the public councils, has also rendered great service to the country, alike by his teachings and practice, in improving the cultivation of our mother earth; and who, as you know, holds at Washington the position of *Commissioner of Agriculture*, to which he was appointed by President Garfield. He adds science to practice, and his own teeming fields attest the value of their union. I have the pleasure of introducing to you the HON. GEORGE B. LORING.

SPEECH OF HON. GEORGE B. LORING.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of The New England Society of Brooklyn: After the elaborate, and comprehensive, and complicated toasts which have been bestowed upon those who have preceded me this evening, I find it difficult to understand why I should be brought down to a single point, to respond not to the agriculture of the United States but to the New England farmer, unless it is that, at the present time, he holds the most conspicuous agricultural place in this country. I know of no other reason why he should be so prominently selected. The farmer, of all men! and agriculture, of all professions! Why has not some one spoken here for the New England lawyer, and told his characteristics? For the New England physician, with his deliberate practice, and the great service he renders his country continually, during his drives over the dear New England hills, which you leave behind you when you come to the balmy skies of New York and Brooklyn? Why has not the New England Merchant told you how he succeeds in getting a living in this foreign land? Why select the New England farmer, of all men on earth, when you know that he farms but a comparatively small portion of the great agricultural regions of the United States? I am not, by any manner of means, inclined to confine myself to him alone; in fact on this occasion I cannot, but I propose to discuss the agricultural pilgrim at Plymouth from a spiritual and æsthetical, as well as from a material and practical point of view.

I have heard the Pilgrim discussed in every conceivable manner to-night and at other times. I have heard him analyzed as a theologian whose doctrines have liberalized the whole world of religious thought, building up the broad church of this land, and establishing an independent theology which comprehends all creeds, and established that religious faith, out of which has sprung that great American Christian Church which we all love and worship, and which we wander away from for an hour, and return to as a child returns to his mother—one Christian Church based on the liberal doctrines at Plymouth. The Pilgrims have been immortalized as reformers, whose principles of State and society, and whose demand for civil and religious freedom have inspired every heroic event in the history of the American Republic, from

the Declaration of Independence to the Emancipation Proclamation. They have been admired as the diligent, thoughtful, and scholarly, friends of William Bradford, the scholar, who coming over with the Pilgrims, infused the light of his learning into the life of that Plymouth Colony, which was by no means ignorant and unlettered. They were filled not only with religious faith, but with a radiant, intellectual light.

I have heard the Pilgrims discussed as the brave soldiers of Miles Standish, who established for themselves a military renown that has been handed down to this generation, and has given us the military position which we hold amongst the foremost nations of the earth, and inspired the great Captain (*looking at Gen. Grant*) of our day to save his country from disruption, and to preserve to us our great inheritance. (*Applause.*) Their personal character has been presented, and in every way it challenges our admiration for their fidelity and zeal and high purpose.

Now, I have heard this heroic band discussed in all these various forms, but never, until to-night, has any man here or elsewhere been called upon to discuss them in their agricultural character as cultivators of the earth. Now, pardon me; but they were the most brilliant farmers on earth; overcoming, as tillers of the soil, in the garden of the Lord, all spiritual difficulties that came before them, and conquering the hard inhospitable shore on which they landed, with industry and zeal. Now, sir, let us look at these men in their first effort in the work of cultivation upon which as farmers and reformers they entered. How they toiled in the vineyard of the Lord, in season and out of season! How they strove and labored for the rights of men in Church and State, laying down those doctrines, which as Brownists and Separatists they proclaimed in season and out of season, and which by their devotion and power they infused into all the theologies of their own day, and into that religious thought we now enjoy. When they took up their home in Holland they went there to cultivate the vineyard of the Lord, in order that you and I and all men might enjoy the great fruit thereof. We have been told to-night, that in Holland they learned their principle of civil and religious freedom. But they went there, defying all the power of the throne of England, to fix themselves as free and

independent citizens, declaring this to be their duty even under the sceptre of Calvin himself. They believed, with the great historian, that every blow struck at the tyrant makes the free citizen everywhere. And so on board the Mayflower these cultivators of men's souls, these servants of the Lord, formed the first civil compact which established human government on the consent of the governed, and a Church whose corner stone was freedom of conscience in matters of religion. Can you point me to a more diligent, untiring, and defiant body of men than they were in their holy work, passing bravely and patiently through the horrors of that stormy voyage, and landing on a shore hardly less inhospitable than the stormy sea itself, to establish the right of all people to found their own government, and choose from their own body whom their rulers should be. On American soil they elected the first magistrate called to power by the voice of the people, placing John Carver at the head of the long line of executive rulers who have been called to power on this continent, and who stands first on the pages of history as the ruler who, stepping from the ranks of the people, set a good example to his successors, and established for the first time the choice of an executive officer by the people themselves. In their own land, and on American soil, what did those toilers not establish? All their sacrifices were for the benefit of others and nothing for the benefit of themselves, except the immortality of being remembered in all time and history. These are the men; these are their services, and this the course of their great labor, in which, as servants of the Most High God, they "trod the wine press alone." Not broken nor bowed down by the sufferings that encompassed them, they toiled on, and nowhere on this broad continent did they find that sympathy, which makes this Union now the fraternal bond it is. Their feeble colony was a refuge for the oppressed, and the nursery of the school-house and the meeting-house, whose fruits are now brought forth on every soil which bears, and under every sky which overhangs, an American citizen. And in this great service the Pilgrims acted with a sense of their hard duty and great responsibility. From no associate colony did they find encouragement and strength. Not the ecclesiastic-civil John Endicott, with his sturdy commingling of Church and State on a Puritan

platform; not the classical and episcopal John Winthrop; not the mild and genial Stuyvesant; not the bold and chivalrous Oglethorpe; not the liberal and catholic Calverts; not the gay and festive John Smith; not Namkeag, nor Massachusetts Bay, nor New Amsterdam, nor Georgia, nor Maryland, nor Virginia, gave aid and comfort to this devoted band engaged in their self-sacrificing and self-asserting work.

In separating from the Church of England as they did, they left all the ecclesiastical organizations of their day, and entered upon the work of the Lord with new methods, new purposes, and a new understanding of that spiritual culture out of which the modern Church has sprung. Into their celestial garden and vineyard they carried a deep sense of individual right, and in all their spiritual and æsthetic labor they recognized the soundness of individual possession and individual responsibility. As was fitly stated in a neighboring city long ago by one of the most illustrious sons of Massachusetts, they had "a Church without a Bishop and a State without a King." This is the spiritual agriculture of the Pilgrims.

And so it was in their material and practical agriculture. Removed by the hard and inhospitable face of nature about them from the temptations of large landed estates, they founded their narrow and simple farming upon such a division and subdivision of the land that every citizen might be a freeholder. They established a system of citizen proprietorship, which with all the civil rights and privileges which go with it, constitutes, as De Tocqueville has said, the vital and fundamental force of our Republic. Leaving behind them the feudal tenure of land, they adopted the commercial tenure, which is now the American landholder's law and the American citizen's prerogative.

For this system, with all its social and civil blessings, Napoleon distributed the lands in France. This system occupies the attention of the great liberal leaders of England, and fills the imagination of all those who struggle to pass from the dependence of the tenants to the independence of the owner. The division of land among free and independent proprietors, and the simple record of deeds in an authentic register, is the work of the Pilgrims of Plymouth—a service in which, as one of the most distinguished conveyancers of our day has declared, they were two hundred years in advance

of their own time. It was the land-holding clergy which in early days filled the pulpits, and directed the town meeting, and cherished the schools and colleges, and sent a host of powerful merchants and statesmen, filled with the faith and strengthened by the culture which characterizes the pastor's family, into the work of founding our Republic and developing its resources. And it was upon the ownership of the land, that the lawyer depended for his reward, as a promoter of good order and justice in the community. And so in our day we divide and subdivide and set the world an example of the foundation upon which popular prosperity may rest, pointing the English statesman, who boasts of the liberal division of land in the United Kingdom, to the myriads of citizen proprietors here, who constitute the great bulk of our population. There may have been no prize crops at Plymouth, no premium animals, no model farms, no farmer sufficiently accomplished to be a Commissioner of Agriculture, but there was the foundation of this system which has made American agriculture what it is, and will develop it to what it may be.

And now the Pilgrim stands conspicuous in history, for having produced, as the result of his labors as a cultivator, in the Church and the State, in the field and in counsel, a citizen whose individualism is unequalled, whose social organization is as wide only as the sea with its innumerable waves, whose civil structure can absorb and Americanize all nationalities, and whose characteristics are never lost wherever he may go—a nationality to which all men tend, and from which no man emigrates in hope of a better. And this is the spiritual and material agriculture of the Pilgrim at Plymouth. To all this thought and free industry we their descendents are born. Let us be grateful to them for our inheritance, and grateful to God who gave us the great example and teachings of our fathers. (*Long continued and enthusiastic applause.*)

The Chairman:—Our next toast is,

“THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.”

We shall be eagerly glad to hear, on this theme, a gentleman of whom we have all heard. “It is garland enough to hang

before any man's door," to say of him that he was a distinguished member of General Grant's staff throughout the War. Gentlemen, I have the great satisfaction of introducing to you
GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

SPEECH OF GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: It is said that the celebrated French dentist, Le Clure, was appointed dentist to King Stanislaus on the very day that the king lost his last tooth. I fear I have been appointed to speak to-night at the very time that we are in danger of losing the last man from the room.

You have given me a most overwhelming toast. New England history tells us of a revolutionary battle fought on Breed's Hill, which was called the Battle of Bunker Hill because it was not fought there. I suppose it on the same principle of contrariety of thought and action which characterizes the race, I am called on to do honor to a day peculiar to New England because I never lived there. I am not surprised that you should call upon some of us from other States to speak for you to-night, for we have learned from the history of Miles Standish and John Alden, who have been alluded to to-night, that a Yankee may sometimes be too modest to speak for himself.

Daniel Webster is accused of making the remark, that in order to make a good speech it is necessary to have a full house; but the Brooklyn Yankee, judging from the exhibition to-night, seems to think that to make a good speech it is only necessary to have a full stomach.

Those of us upon whom Providence did not sufficiently smile to permit us to be born in New England, often get our ideas greatly confused in regard to the two principal events in the history of the Pilgrims; first their transfer from Europe to New England, and second their transfer from New England to Brooklyn. (*Laughter.*) I believe it is generally admitted in this community, however, that the latter movement was the most enlightened and satisfactory step in the Pilgrims' Progress! (*Laughter.*) You certainly seem to be very much at home in Brooklyn, and I see no reason why you should not be, if it be true, as has been stated by those patient people who have taken the trouble to study the characteristics and peculiarities of the race, that a Yankee never seems so much at home as

when visiting other people. Sometimes we cannot exactly tell whether the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, or at Plymouth Church. (*Laughter.*) Knowing as we do, the accommodating character of these accommodating and self-sacrificing itinerants, we are led to suppose that they landed at several places, in order that the inhabitants thereof might share in this rich inheritance.

When we guests are invited to celebrate the landing of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn on the 21st, and their landing in New York on the 22d, it would seem to indicate that the Mayflower was in these waters, and that it took her just 24 hours to cross the East River. But then they did not have the East River Bridge in those days. I suppose it was not at that time much nearer completion than it is now. (*Laughter.*) There are many things that confuse the ideas of a New Yorker in regard to this Bridge. First, we hear that the appropriations are suspended; then that the work is suspended. It was, however, intimated to us at the outset, that it was to be built on the suspension plan. We have remarked that the people of Brooklyn have lately had their hearts turned toward the lofty bridge, and the elevated railroads. It is always a matter of remark with us when the people of Brooklyn get to setting their affections upon things above. (*Laughter.*) But there was a time when the minds of the people of Brooklyn and New England were not set on elevated railroads. It was in the days when we were laboring under the sanctifying influence of the fugitive slave law, when they thought more about the underground railroad. When fugitives came North and the New Englanders undertook to return them to their masters, they somehow or other always bungled it and got their faces the wrong way, and started them for Canada by the underground railroad. I remember one time an old black woman succeeded in making her escape into the free State of Pennsylvania. She at once thought that she ought to be regarded as a heroine. She was an old woman—no one knew how old. Her powers of mastication had been reduced to two teeth, one in each jaw, and they not opposite each other. The leaf in the family Bible was torn out and family tradition was silent on the subject of her age. It was generally understood that she was one of the seventy-five nurses of George Washington; who, according to

tradition, must have been the most nursed man in the country. She thought she ought to have free passes to all the charitable institutions and be elected an honorary member of all the Dorcas Societies. She even felt hurt that she was not elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature. She didn't know much about that Legislature. But she soon found that Republics were ungrateful. She found she even had to pay for admission to circuses and side-shows. One day Tom Thumb came there and she attended the exhibition, and after the performance the showman stated that Tom Thumb would be found standing on a chair at the exit door with his photograph for sale, and any lady purchasing his photograph would be entitled to a kiss from his liliputian lips. The old woman purchased his photograph and then leaning toward him said: "Now den, honey, I'se done buyed one ob yo' puttygraphs, now give de ole gal a good smack!" He drew back and said: "I don't kiss colored people." She stepped back, set her eyes on him, and she said: "Well, afo' God, I verily believe dat if dere was an individual in dis world no bigger nor a pesmire, he would have something agin' de colored population!" (*Laughter.*) Now in those days, to the honor of New England be it spoken, she was about the only section of the country that did not have something against the colored population.

I have been much enlightened here to-night by the Governors of New England States. We have heard a great many things that surprised us and no doubt would surprise even the inhabitants of those States. I wonder whether a gentleman, of such learning and such cultivation as Governor Chamberlain, expected any of the Harvard students I see here to-night to be able to understand his Latin when pronounced after the manner of Bowdoin. Then we have been told that the Pilgrims used to go to church with the Bible under one arm and the baby under the other. And yet statisticians tell us that the modern New Englanders pay more attention to the multiplication of Bibles than of babies.

And now let me say in conclusion that I, as one of your guests, feel very much in the condition of one of Sherman's men in South Carolina. They were ordered to ford a river which had six miles of swamp on each side of it. They waded for about six hours and couldn't find any other side to the

river. There was a Yankee there. I have always noticed that there is invariably a Yankee in every division of an army. He finally turned to his comrade and said: "Josiah, I'm blowed if I don't believe we've struck this 'ere river lengthwise." (*Great laughter.*) So when your guests look round on the length and breadth of hospitality dispensed here to-night, I know that we all feel that we have "struck it lengthways." (*Loud applause.*)

The Chairman :—Gentlemen, in response to the next toast.

"RELIGIOUS FREEDOM THEN AND NOW,"

We gladly call on an eloquent apostle of "religious freedom,"—one whose fame is not only "in all the churches," but in all places,—the REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

SPEECH OF REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen : I suppose you have no idea of the good speech I was ready to make an hour ago. (*Laughter.*) I was full of it and bubbling over. I got mad at Mr. Depew and stirred up about many things, and gradually felt as if it was time for somebody to say something about the origin of these Pilgrims and about the old mother land, in which I was born and in which I lived the first twenty-five years of my life. And if it was not so late I should try to make you a speech about that, touching first the right of England by this law of primo-geniture and second the right of the children of England, of the grand old county of York, to which I belong to go with Nottingham and Lincoln to the resting-place of the Pilgrims. I should like also to show you that the most eminent of the Pilgrims, Elder Brewster as he is called, was undoubtedly a Yorkshireman—not that he was not born in Linconshire; I take it to be true that he was a Yorkshireman for the reason that I have seen a bill made out when he kept a sort of tavern, to a gentleman who had had supper there, and a bed, and a breakfast, for which he charged him seven shillings and tenpence. That, with the value of money in those times compared with these, would undoubtedly be three times more than they would ever have the face to charge you at the dearest hotel in New York, and so he must have been a Yorkshireman.

I wanted also to speak many things touching the history of the Pilgrims and to show you how clearly the splendor of their record rests on the strength of their blood as Englishmen, and how, we share the grand honor alike, the English and the Americans, the mother and the daughter, and that it is all to be attributed, finally, to what we sometimes call Saxon grit.

Now, that speech would take me about forty minutes. But I have been thinking, as I have it here—and asked a friend if he thought it might do, that I would cut it short by reciting to you a poem I have recited once before in public, and hence have some hesitation about saying over again to this splendid assembly. It is as follows:

SAXON GRIT.

Worn with the battle by Stamford town,
 Fighting the Norman by Hastings Bay,
 Harold, the Saxon's sun, went down
 While the acorns were falling, one autumn day.
 Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land;
 By tenor of conquest here I sit;
 I will rule you now with the iron hand"—
 But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,
 And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne,
 Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen,
 Eat up the corn, and drank the wine,
 And said to the maiden pure and fair,
 "You shall be my leman, as is most fit,
 Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair"—
 But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry green wood went bold Robin Hood,
 With his strong hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray,
 Driving the arrow into the marrow
 Of all the proud Normans who came in his way;
 Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,
 Winning by valor or foiling by wit,
 Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,
 This merry old rogue with the Saxon grit.

And Kett the tanner whipt out his knife,
 And Watt the tyler his hammer brought down
 For ruth of the maid he loved better than life,
 And by breaking a head made a hole in the Crown.
 From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,
 "Our life shall not be by the king's permit ;
 We will fight for the right, we want no more"—
 Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown,
 From the acorns falling that autumn day,
 So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and town
 To a nobler stature grew alway.
 Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
 Standing by law and the human right,
 Many times failing, never once quailing.
 So the new day came out of the night.

* * * * *

Then rising afar in the Western sea,
 A new world stood in the morn of the day,
 Ready to welcome the brave and free
 Who could wrench out the heart and march away
 From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,
 Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,
 To ampler spaces for heart and hand—
 And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,
 Trusting in God, your fathers came,
 Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,
 Cool-headed Saxons with hearts aflame.
 Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,
 And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,
 They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,
 And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen,
 Fearless as ever of what might befall ;
 Pouring out life for the nurture of men ;
 In faith that by manhood the world wins all.
 Inventing baked beans, and no end of machines ;

Great with the rifle and great with the axe—
 Sending their notions over the oceans,
 To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar,
 Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,
 Maintaining the meet'n, exalting the scholar,
 But a little too anxious about a good trade;
 This is young Jonathan, son of old John,
 Positive, peaceable, firm in the right;
 Saxon men all of us, may we be one,
 Steady for freedom, and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure, as the oaks have grown
 From the acorns that fell on that old dim day,
 So this new manhood, in city and town,
 To a nobler stature will grow alway;
 Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
 Slow to contention, and slower to quit,
 Now and then failing, but never once quailing,
 Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

(Prolonged applause.)

The Chairman:—Respecting

“THE CITY OF BROOKLYN,”

which is our next toast, we hoped to hear from His Honor, the Mayor, who has so long and creditably presided over it, but he admonishes me that (the hour being late) he prefers that we await a response from the gentleman who is to succeed him in his high office.

The Chairman:—Gentlemen, we will proceed to another toast,

“THE MAYOR ELECT.—WE PLEDGE HIM OUR WARM
 SUPPORT, AND TENDER HIM OUR BEST WISHES.”

Warmly as we welcome our young Mayor elect, and warmly as we wish him honor and success in his high calling, and con-

fidently as we expect those results, we yet know and must say to him, that he commences his official career under a malediction, for it is written, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."

SPEECH OF HON. SETH LOW.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of The New England Society of Brooklyn: I seem to be fated to stand in the shoes of Mayor Howell. (*Laughter and applause.*) Before he left he asked me to say a word for Brooklyn. I do not know that I am willing to answer for Brooklyn this month. If I can judge from the utterances of the newspapers, it would be better to wait until after the first of January. And yet it is of Brooklyn that I wish to say a single word. I need not say much, because I am fortunate, in that, where others have had to speak of Maine and Massachusetts, Brooklyn speaks for herself. (*Applause.*)

Men are accustomed to speak of her as the third city in the Union. So she is in point of size; but she is the first city in the Union to-day to make a new departure in the direction of city government. All the cities of this continent—all the cities of this country certainly—are turning with interested eyes to our city to see what will be the issue of this experiment; whether it will be an advance in the right direction or a dangerous aberration from right, to place great power in the hands of the Chief Magistrate, and to hold him responsible for his policy and for the way in which it shall be carried into execution.

It is not hard to trace the influence of the sons of New England in this city. Their mark can be found in the churches, in the historical society, in the library, in the schools—on every hand you can see it; but more than to any one man we owe the opportunity to lead the cities in this new path to a fellow citizen, who was born on the other side of the Atlantic, but whom Brooklyn honors now, and as the years go by, I trust will honor more—the Hon. Frederick A. Schroeder. (*Applause.*) But if we did not bring about this opportunity, it is given to all of us to share in making it a step forward.

Think what you have done. You have taken a young man out of business walks, and placed him at the head of this City,

and said to him: "Now, carry it on; all the responsibility is on your shoulders, and we shall hold you to a strict account." That is beyond the strength of any man, young or old. He must turn to the descendents of New Englanders and ask them for their help; he turns to the Germans and asks them for their help; he turns to the old Dutch settlers of Brooklyn and asks them for their help; he turns to his Irish friends and asks them for their help. And how can you help him, gentlemen? You can help him by every encouraging word you shall utter. You can help him when he sits in the Mayor's chair by coming to him occasionally and showing your interest in him and in what he is doing.

If in the exercise of the great power that is lodged in him, he comes to any of you busy men and says, "I want you to take this department," will you say, "I am too busy," or will you answer him, as he answered the City when they called him, and say, "I will give up my business to attend to the business of the City?" I beg to assure you that the answer that Brooklyn will give to the expectation of the cities of the country depends upon the answer that he gets to his call for help. I ask you to heed it, if it come to any of you. To whomsoever it comes I ask them to consider it a sacred call; because, if there is any one direction in which people, have begun to lose faith in popular government, it is in the administration of large cities. For one I am prepared to stand on the virtues of the people—and when I say the people I mean the whole people—not only the people on the Heights, but the people on Furman Street; not only the people of the Twentieth Ward, but the people of the Twelfth Ward. The only time I was asked a question in the course of the whole canvass, was on Red Hook Point, and the question was this, by a laboring man: "Do you mean to say, Mr. Low, that in making your choice of men to administer the departments of this city, you will be guided by the same principles by which you would choose men to conduct your own business in Burling Slip?" And I said to him, "I do." He said, "That's all I wish to ask." Could a better question have been framed by any man within the borders of this city? Now, gentlemen, it rests with your mayor to make his selections; it rests with some within this city to answer to his call. What will your

answer be? To the best of his ability he will give himself to the city and to the cause you have laid upon him; but I want to press it home to every man within the reach of his voice to-night, and to every one who may read his words in the papers, that the success or failure of this new step, which is critical, which is typical, for the cities of our nation, depends upon the answer that he gets when he goes to men in this community and says to them: "Come into my cabinet and help me to conduct this city wisely and well; help me to resist wrong wherever it appears; help me to strive for honesty and economy in the public service."

Mr. President, in the course of the last summer it was my privilege to visit Plymouth. While I was there I was presented to an aged man by the name of Thomas, who told me that when he was young he went to see Granther Cobb. Granther Cobb saw Peregrine White's funeral. There were but two lives between the first child born of the Pilgrims and the Mayor elect of Brooklyn. It is not very far. Are we very far from the spirit of those men? And I ask you what would be their answer if they were called upon to aid in such a work? And I ask of every man who wishes to be worthy of that spirit and of the New England name to answer as he knows in his heart they would answer. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.:—And now, gentlemen, I grieve to say, we reach our closing toast,

"OUR SISTER SOCIETIES."

For each and all of them, we feel cordial regard, and desire cordial relations. St. Patrick, ever foremost in the field, will speak for all of them. We can always and everywhere, rely on his warm heart, his strong arm, and his eloquent voice. I have the pleasure of calling on P. J. REGAN, ESQ., the President of the Society of St. Patrick.

SPEECH OF MR. P. J. REGAN.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of The New England Society.: I have been directed by the Society which I have the honor to

represent, to convey to you the most sincere congratulations of its members on the excellent condition of your Society. I perform that pleasing duty with a great deal of satisfaction.

Fully recognizing the fact that I stand in the presence of men pre-eminently distinguished in the various walks of life—of men, many of whose names will for all future time adorn bright pages in their country's history, I feel it would indeed be a piece of unpardonable vanity and egotism were I to attempt at this late hour to occupy your time with any lengthened remarks.

I shall simply thank you, Mr. President, in the name of the St. Patrick Society of Brooklyn for the courtesy of your invitation, and for your genial hospitality. (*Applause.*)

At the conclusion of Mr. Regan's speech, all present, upon the invitation of the Chairman, joined in singing the Doxology which concluded the exercises.

DOXOLOGY—"Old Hundred."

From all that dwell beneath the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following telegram was received from the President of the United States a short time previous to the Festival:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, D. C., Dec. 19, 1881.

THE HON. BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

My Dear Sir:

Pray pardon my long delay in acknowledging the receipt of your invitation to be present at the Dinner of the New England Society in Brooklyn on the twenty-first. It would give me great pleasure to accept it and I have delayed an answer in the hope that I should be able to be present, but it is now certain that my official duties here will prevent. As Congress will not adjourn until Wednesday, my departure for New York will be delayed until the evening of that day, which will be too late for your Dinner. Thanking you cordially for your kind invitation to be your guest, I am, with sincere regards,

Very faithfully yours,

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

The following was received from the British Minister.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1 December, 1881.

Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th ult. extending to me the invitation of the officers of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn to attend the Annual Dinner on the 21st of this month. It would have given me much pleasure to have been able to accept this kind and courteous invitation and to have visited the city, but I am sorry to say my occupations oblige me to forego the pleasure of meeting your distinguished Society.

Very faithfully yours,

L. SACKVILLE WEST.

The Rev. A. P. PUTNAM.

LETTERS.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND,
New York Harbor, Nov. 20, 1881.

My Dear General:

I have just returned after an absence of more than a week, and find your note of the 23d inst., enclosing an invitation to the Annual Dinner of the "New England Society in the City of Brooklyn," which I regret that I must decline, for the reason that I expect to be absent from New York at the date indicated for the dinner.

I have to-day declined an invitation to the Anniversary of the New England Society of New York City for the same reason.

Will you please express my thanks to the Directors for their courteous attention.

I am, very truly yours,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

Gen'l H. B. SLOCUM.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 25, 1881.

Dear Sir:

I beg you to pardon my delay in replying to your invitation on behalf of the Officers and Directors of your Society, to dine with them on the 21st day of December upon the occasion of their annual celebration. I have been away from home, and have been in hopes that I could make my arrangements to come to Brooklyn on the day indicated.

My duties, however, will require my presence in Washington at that time—and I have never felt warranted in making engagements which would entail my absence from the Senate during its sessions—therefore, with many thanks for the courtesy extended, and regrets that I am not able to avail myself of it,

I am truly and respectfully yours,

T. F. BAYARD.

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM, *Corresponding Secretary.*

BOSTON, Nov. 26th, 1881.

Dear Sir:

I regret that my engagements in this city render it impossible for me to accept the polite invitation of the Officers and directors of the Brooklyn New England Society. Thanking them for the very cordial words in which their invitation is conveyed, and hoping the day of grateful memories will be one of unalloyed enjoyment, I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Corresponding Secretary.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
Washington, D. C., Nov. 26, 1881.

My Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your kind and most flattering letter of November 25, inviting me to the Second Annual Meeting of your Society to be held at the Academy of Music on the 21st of December, and regret that my engagements are such as will prevent my being in Brooklyn at that time. I recall with much satisfaction the most brilliant intellectual Feast of last year, and realize that my loss will be next to irreparable, for I know that you will have persons present with whom it is an honor to associate.

Wishing you a glorious meeting, I am, with profound respect,

Your friend and servant,

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM,

W. T. SHERMAN.

Cor. Sec'y of The New England Society.

FREMONT, O., 29 Nov., 1881.

My Dear Sir:

It would be a great good fortune if I could accept your kind invitation to the Second Annual Dinner of the Brooklyn New England Society. I found your *First* exceedingly enjoyable, and remember my visit to Brooklyn last year with many special satisfactions. I hope to repeat it some day, but am compelled this year to send with my compliments, my regrets.

With warm personal regards, I remain,

Sincerely,

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM,

R. B. HAYES.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, Staten Island, N. Y.

1 December, 1881.

My Dear Mr. Putnam:

I am very much honored and obliged by your kind invitation to the New England dinner, and I am sincerely sorry that I am compelled to deny myself the great pleasure of accepting it. Fortunately I am too good a Yankee not to know that no single brother of the mystic tie can ever be missed at a feast of the Sons of New England.

Yours very truly,

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Corresponding Secretary.

SENATE CHAMBER, Washington, Dec. 11, 1881.

My Dear Sir:

Your very kind note of the 3d came duly. Nothing could give me more pleasure than to be present at your New England Society Festival; but, as I have written to your Secretary, I do not think it possible for me to do so. I need not say how greatly I cherish dear old *New* England—her works, and her men and women, wherever they may be. I wish you all a happy reunion and a long night to rejoice at the streams of beneficence flowing from “the oldest riverhead” of civilization and progress.

In haste, very truly yours,

GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

Hon. B. D. SILLIMAN.

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,

Albany, Dec. 13, 1881,

Dear Sir:

The invitation of the New England Society of Brooklyn to partake of the annual dinner on the 21st inst. has been retained without response until this late day, in the hope that it might be possible to accept.

It is evident now, however, that this expectation must be abandoned on account of the pressure of duties incident to the necessary preparation for the coming Legislature.

Have the kindness to convey to the officers of the Society my cordial thanks for their courtesy and my sincere regret that it is not practicable to avail myself of their kindness.

Yours very respectfully,

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM,

ALONZO B. CORNELL.

Corresponding Secretary of The New England Society.

ALBANY, Dec. 14, 1881.

Dear Sir:

Many thanks for your invitation to be present at your Annual New England Dinner, at Brooklyn, on the 21st inst.

The anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims has become a “Saints day” in our National Calendar, always, I trust, to be remembered and honored. It typifies the subsequent immigration of the same character, which rapidly followed, and by which New England was settled. This great historical event has exerted

a controlling influence in all that followed, and will continue to do so, in all our future history. The descendants of those hardy pioneers are now scattered over the whole of this broad land, having carried with them the virtues and energy and enterprise of their fathers. They have borne their full share in establishing and defending the Government we love and in securing the prosperity and abundance we enjoy.

In the new call to be established on this continent by the commingling of the most enterprising portions of all the best races on the earth,—a race that is destined to outstrip all others in developing a higher civilization than ever before existed, the Puritan element will be leading and prominent. It is no disparagement of the other intelligent races represented here, whom we have welcomed and with whom we have commingled, to claim this distinction.

I am proud to trace my descent from those early and hardy laborers in the field of human progress; and it would have given me very great pleasure to have joined with you in the celebration of their virtues, in your city, which is so largely indebted for its unexampled prosperity to the influence of the Puritans and their descendants. But engagements consequent upon the business of the closing year compel me reluctantly to decline.

With my best wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,

REV. A. P. PUTNAM,

Corresponding Secretary, &c.

AMASA J. PARKER.

CONCORD, Dec. 15, 1881.

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to acknowledge the extremely kind and cordial invitation of the officers of your Society to attend its Second Annual dinner on the 21st inst.; and regret very much that it will not be in my power to accept it.

If the pamphlet which you were so kind as to send me, containing the report of last year's proceedings, is to be taken merely as a specimen number of the "Annual" which you intend to furnish for an indefinite future, happy is the man who is fortunate enough to participate in such a festival! If riches are not exhausted by such profusion, they must be well nigh inexhaustible.

It is one of the felicities of your position on Long Island, that you are able to take a view of New England as a whole, and from the outside, which must of course give you an exhilaration of spirits and cheerfulness of temper conducive to happiness and long life. On the other hand, one living, as I do, in the heart of New England, must find his contemplation of the rest of mankind so depressing, that if he is a humane and benevolent person, the privileges of his own fortunate lot will hardly compensate him for the misery of those who choose or are compelled to live elsewhere.

But I forbear to say more; and only hope that on the evening when your eyes and thoughts are turned in this direction, no casual reminder of other regions, states, or races of men may excite misgivings for the future of mankind.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

REV. A. P. PUTNAM,

Corresponding Secretary.

E. R. HOAR.

NEW YORK, December 15, 1881.

My Dear Sir:

I have had the honor to receive your polite invitation to the Second Annual Dinner of the New England Society of Brooklyn, to take place on Wednesday next, the 21st instant, at six o'clock.

Some days previous to the receipt of your invitation, I had accepted a like one to attend the annual dinner of the New England Society of this City to be given on Thursday the 22d instant, and I fear that one New England dinner engagement is all that I can with safety accept.

I regret that I cannot be with you and the other kind friends who will assemble on the occasion of Forefathers' Day, and the more so, because I once had the honor of residing in Brooklyn, and it would be pleasant to renew old associations.

It is said that the New England character is appreciated by association and increased acquaintance with it. I think this may be so, for the men and women of that nativity were never held in higher esteem than at the present time.

I am sir, very respectfully yours,

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM,

E. D. MORGAN.

Secretary of the New England Society.

ITHACA, N. Y., 16 Dec., 1881.

Dear Sir:

Returning to the University after a fortnight's absence, I find your kind invitation. Nothing of the kind could be more tempting; but the pressure of duties here and elsewhere absolutely forbids absence at the time named, and I am reluctantly compelled to decline. Will you have the kindness to present my thanks to your associates for this evidence of their good will, and I remain, dear sir,

Very respectfully and truly yours,

AND. D. WHITE.

The Rev. A. P. PUTNAM,

Corresponding Secretary of The New England Society.

Notes of declination and regrets were also received from the Hon. Noah Davis, Gen. P. H. Sheridan, the Hon. William M. Evarts, the Hon. Charles J. Folger, the Hon. George H. Pendleton, Samuel L. Clemens, Esq., Mr. Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard College, the Hon. John Sherman, Edward A. Freeman, LL.D., and others.

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
THIRD ANNUAL MEETING
AND
THIRD ANNUAL FESTIVAL
OF
THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN.

OFFICERS, DIRECTORS, COUNCIL, MEMBERS,
STANDING COMMITTEES,
AND
BY-LAWS OF THE SOCIETY.

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OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn is incorporated and organized, to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers ; to encourage the study of New England history ; to establish a library, and to promote charity, good fellowship and social intercourse among its members.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

ADMISSION FEE,	\$10.00
ANNUAL DUES,	5.00
LIFE MEMBERSHIP, <i>besides Admission Fee</i> , . .	50.00


Payable at Election, except Annual Dues, which are payable in January of each year.

Any member of the Society in good standing may become a Life Member on paying to the Treasurer the sum of fifty dollars ; or on paying a sum which in addition to dues previously paid by him shall amount to fifty dollars, and thereafter such member shall be exempt from further payment of dues.

Any male person of good moral character, who is a native or descendant of a native of any of the New England States, and who is eighteen years old or more is eligible.

If in the judgment of the Board of Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society, a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society.

The friends of a deceased member are requested to give to the Historiographer early information of the time and place of his birth and death, with brief incidents of his life for publication in our annual report. Members who change their address should give the Secretary early notice.

 It is desirable to have all worthy gentlemen of New England descent residing in Brooklyn, become members of the Society. Members are requested to send applications of their friends for membership to the Secretary.

Address,

ALBERT E. LAMB, *Recording Secretary*,

377 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

OFFICERS.

1882-1883.

President :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN.

First Vice-President :

JOHN WINSLOW.

Second Vice-President :

CHARLES STORRS.

Treasurer :

WILLIAM B. KENDALL.

Recording Secretary :

ALBERT E. LAMB.

Corresponding Secretary :

REV. A. P. PUTNAM.

Historiographer :

STEPHEN B. NOYES.

Librarian :

REV. W. H. WHITTEMORE.

DIRECTORS.

For One Year :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,	HIRAM W. HUNT,
GEORGE H. FISHER.	

For Two Years :

WILLIAM H. LYON,	WILLIAM B. KENDALL,
CHARLES STORRS.	

For Three Years :

JOHN WINSLOW,	CALVIN E. PRATT,
ASA W. TENNEY.	

For Four Years :

RIPLEY ROPES,	A. S. BARNES,
HENRY W. SLOCUM.	

COUNCIL.

A. A. LOW,	GEORGE G. REYNOLDS,	A. T. PLUMMER,
ALEXANDER M. WHITE,	CHARLES E. WEST,	ISAAC H. CARY, Jr.,
S. B. CHITTENDEN,	THOMAS H. RODMAN,	WM. AUG. WHITE,
E. H. R. LYMAN,	AUGUSTUS STORRS,	THOMAS S. MOORE,
STEWART L. WOODFORD,	ARTHUR MATHEWSON,	W. R. BUNKER,
BENJ. F. TRACY,	D. L. NORTHROP,	DARWIN R. JAMES,
CHARLES PRATT,	HENRY SANGER,	JAMES R. COWING,
JOSHUA M. VANCOTT,	W. B. DICKERMAN,	A. C. BARNES,
HENRY E. PIERREPONT,	H. W. MAXWELL,	FREDERIC CROMWELL,
CHARLES L. BENEDICT,	SETH LOW,	H. E. DODGE.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Finance :

CHARLES STORRS,

GEORGE H. FISHER.

WILLIAM H. LYON,

Charity :

RIPLEY ROPES,

ASA W. TENNEY.

HENRY W. SLOCUM,

Invitations :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

JOHN WINSLOW.

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM,

Annual Festival :

WILLIAM B. KENDALL,

HIRAM W. HUNT.

CALVIN E. PRATT,

Publications :

JOHN WINSLOW,

CHARLES STORRS.

A. S. BARNES,

THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

The Third Annual Meeting of The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn was held in the Director's Room in the Academy of Music, Wednesday Evening, December 6th, 1882.

Mr. Benjamin D. Silliman, President of the Society, called the meeting to order and officiated as Chairman.

The Minutes of the Second Annual Meeting, held December 7th, 1881, were read and approved.

On motion, fifteen gentlemen were elected members of the Society.

Mr. William B. Kendall, Treasurer of the Society, presented his annual report, showing a balance on hand of \$8,780.43, which was, on motion, approved and ordered to be placed on file. There was appended to the Treasurer's report a certificate signed by the Finance Committee, that the same had been examined and found correct.

The President read his Annual Report, which was as follows:

PRESIDENT'S THIRD ANNUAL REPORT.

Gentlemen of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn: It will be a sameness, not altogether unwelcome to you, that so much of the *Annual Report* for this year, as relates to the condition of the Society is almost in parallel words with that of the preceding year. The Association continues to be eminently prosperous and approved; its membership steadily increased; and its financial condition all that can be desired. It appears by the report of the *Hon. William B. Kendall*, the Treasurer, that the balance in the Treasury on the 28th November inst., was \$8,780.43, and by the report of *Albert E. Lamb, Esq.*, the Secretary, that forty-five new members have been elected within the past year, making the total membership four hundred and thirty-one.

The last *Annual Festival* (on the 21st of December, 1881,) was, like that which preceded it, most delightful in its good cheer and good fellowship, and made brilliant and remarkable by the eloquence and wit of the eminent men who were our guests.

Short as the existence of this Society has been, it has been most useful and honorable. Were it to cease and be dissolved to-day, its career would have been one of unbroken good. It has led us, natives and descendants of natives of New England, to recur to, and to regard with increased reverence and devotion the grand, bold characters, and the moral and political principles and teachings of our forefathers; it has led us to contemplate the good and great influence and power exercised, and the results achieved by our race in shaping and perfecting,

defending and maintaining, the free institutions under which we live. We are proud, too, of such representatives, among others of the New England race who, as guests, have assembled at our board, as General Grant, General Sherman, Hon. R. B. Hayes, President of the United States, President Porter of Yale College, President Chadbourne of Williams College, Hon. William M. Evarts, Rev. Mr. Beecher, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Joseph H. Choate, Esq., Governor Long of Massachusetts, General and ex-Governor Chamberlain of Maine, now President of Bowdoin College, and Hon. George B. Loring, U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture; not to speak of our own distinguished fellow-citizens of Brooklyn, of the same stock, who have been with us on the same occasions, and of the other very eminent New England men, whom we are to welcome on the 21st. We are proud, too, in numbering among our friends and guests the other honored persons, who, though of different origin from ourselves, are with us in the desire, aim and determination to promote and protect civil and religious liberty, the reign of law and education, and political equality for all men.

The approaching festival on the 21st of the present month bids fair to be not less interesting and distinguished than those that have preceded it. In this connection, it may be proper to suggest that it has been found necessary to fix the 10th instant as the time, prior to which members of the Society alone are entitled to purchase tickets for the Dinner, and that after that date tickets will be sold to other persons, as well as to members, in the order in which application is made for them. Last year, several members, who had delayed procuring their tickets until after the seats were taken, were annoyed at being unable to attend the Dinner, while persons, not members of the Society, did so. To avoid a recurrence of this difficulty, it seems proper to suggest, that members intending to be present should apply for their tickets on or before the 10th inst.

A general meeting of the Society was held on Monday evening, 4th inst., at the Church of the Saviour, in Pierrepont Street, at which ladies of the families of members attended, and at which a very interesting and valuable address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Porter, President of Yale College, on the subject of "The Old New England Meeting House." As a learned and accurate record, illustrating one of the most important features of New England life and history, and much of the manners and ways of the earlier period, it is well worthy of preservation in our archives, and of being printed by the Society.

To the Rev. Dr. Putnam, as a member of the Committee on invitations, we are indebted for most efficient and untiring aid in the arrangements for our previous festivals, and in much of the preparation for that which is approaching. The members of the Society will be pained to learn, not only that we must lose his services at this time, but still more that we are deprived of them by reason of his impaired health requiring a suspension of labor. It is believed, as well as hoped, that his withdrawal from action will be but temporary.

The sad duty remains of recording the death of nine of our members since the last annual meeting. Mr. Noyes, the Historiographer of the Society, has prepared the following brief sketches of their lives and characters:

JOHN FRANCIS CLAPP was born in Belchertown, Mass., in 1818, and died at his home, 96 First Place, Brooklyn, on the 28th of July, 1882.

Educated in Belchertown and Amherst, Mass., he came to New York at the age of 16. He was a dry goods merchant for several years, and subsequently a successful shipping merchant. He had cultivated tastes, was very fond of good literature, and possessed a good library. He was also much interested in the fine

arts, and being fond of pictures he purchased many valuable paintings, mostly in Europe. Mr. Clapp married Miss Susan Brown, of the City of New York, who died in 1874.

He was a quiet citizen, of sterling worth and marked intelligence, and was very much respected and beloved. He left a considerable estate. He was an enthusiastic member of our Society from the beginning.

ANDREW SMITH WHEELER, son of Zarah D. Wheeler and Betsy L. Smith, was born in New Milford, Conn., Oct. 16, 1820.

His ancestors for nearly two hundred years were natives of New England. Amongst them he numbered Elder John Strong, of Hingham, Taunton and Windsor (1608 to 1699), Thomas Ford and Thomas Dibble, who came over in the Mayflower, and John, who came to Dorchester, Mass., in 1630, and Lieutenant Walter Tyler of Dorchester (1630) and Windsor, Conn. (1635). This last was a lawyer of some note and made the curious provision in his will of leaving one hundred pounds to the next husband of his wife.

Another ancestor, Ebenezer Dibble, was killed by the Indians in King Philip's war, at the great swamp fight, Dec. 19, 1675. Still another contributed one shilling to the sufferers by the said war.

His ancestors removed from Windsor, Conn., in 1703, to Danbury, Conn., and lived there as millers, farmers and shoemakers, to the time of Mr. Wheeler's birth. From his eighth to his fourteenth year he worked in Danbury and vicinity as a farmer's boy, but having become fired with a desire to see the city he worked his passage by stage to Norwalk, and thence by sloop to New York.

After a few months of hand to mouth work as a street boy, he procured a situation in Van Dyk's mustard mill in Johnson Street in this city.

He left this to follow his father's trade of shoe making, and when twenty-five years of age opened a small shoe store on Atlantic Street near the tunnel. He afterward had a large store on Fulton Street, opposite Clinton, and entered into the manufacture of boots in Pearl Street, New York.

In 1863, he left the shoe business and entered the real estate business which he continued to the time of his death.

In 1873, he erected the Wheeler Buildings on Fulton Street near Gallatin Place.

He died April 1, 1882, at Havana, Cuba, whither he had gone to recuperate.

He leaves a wife, two sons and a daughter,

JAMES H. STORRS was born September 10th, 1819, at Pomfret, Conn., and was the third son of the Rev. Samuel Porter Storrs. His early life was spent at Exeter and Cherry Valley in New York, where at school, and under the eye of his father, he prepared for college. In the Fall of 1838 he entered the Sophomore Class of Union College, and in 1841 he was graduated with honors near its head and was enrolled among the members of the F. B. K. Society. Scarcely two years after his graduation he was called upon to mourn the loss of his father, who died at Columbus, Chenango County, N. Y., where he was, at that time, settled as pastor of the local Congregational Church.

After leaving college he studied law with Hon. John J. Taylor, of Owego, Tioga County, N. Y., and was admitted to practice in 1845. In the Fall of 1850 he married Susan Frances, eldest daughter of the Rev. Benjamin I. Lane, who was then settled in Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Storrs continued in the active practice of the law for nearly thirty-eight years, and until the day of his death. He died on the 30th day of October, in the 64th year of his age, leaving a widow and one son.

For many years previous to his death Mr. Storrs had been a great sufferer from heart disease which finally ended his life and his work on earth. An old friend, speaking of him after his death, said: "His life deserves note and remembrance from his absolute fidelity to his duty; he was a man of extraordinary diligence and persistency in his professional work, and devoted to it time which should have been given to relaxation and exercise. His conscientiousness, his exactness, his minute attention to every detail, made his services invaluable to whomsoever his professional life was devoted."

In his youth Mr. Storrs became an earnest Christian; and all through the days of his youth, manhood, and riper years, he was a sincere professor of religion, His home with his family was his chief attraction, and he seldom spent an evening

away from its inner circle. The perfect gentleness of his manner, and his kindly ways, endeared him to all who met him ; while the absolute justice, integrity, and painstaking care which marked his character in all things, brought him the love and honor of all who, whether in social or business life, had the good fortune to know him.

For many years Mr. Storrs was the superintendent of the Sunday School of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, and was intimately connected with many religious and benevolent associations of this city.

At the time of his death, and for many years previous, he had been connected with the Central Pacific Railroad as its counsel, and was also the counsel of the Southern Pacific and of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the many branches and connecting links of those great systems of railroads.

At the last he passed suddenly away, trusted, honored, and beloved by all who had known him. He now rests from his labors, having made the world better by having lived in it and leaving an example that all might well follow.

WALTER OLIVER WOODFORD was born at New York City on February 27th, 1836. He was of New England parentage, his father Oliver W. Woodford (still living in Brooklyn) being a native of Avon, Conn., and his mother Eleanor Phelps (deceased) having been born at Tolland, Mass. His direct ancestors, both paternal and maternal, were natives of Massachusetts or of Connecticut, from before the Revolution. One, Thomas Woodford, was a member of the original company that first settled Hartford, Conn., where descendants of the family still reside.

Mr. Woodford was educated at New York City and was for a time a student in the College of the City of New York. But his tastes were essentially mercantile and he early entered the New York office of William Jessop & Sons, who are among the leading manufacturers of steel at Sheffield, England. Passing through all the grades of the house from office lad up, he became at last the manager and American head of its extensive business throughout the United States, and was such at his death.

In 1861, he married Rebecca Jackson at New York ; she died April 5th, 1864, leaving one son, Walter Emerson Woodford, who is still living.

In 1866 he married again, his second wife being Julia Brainard, of Albany, N. Y. He had previously taken up his residence in Brooklyn, where he continued to live until his death. By this marriage he had four children, two sons and two daughters, all of whom survive him.

In addition to his supervision of the extensive Jessop business, he became the treasurer of the Northampton Cutlery Company, at Northampton, Mass., and was also their business manager at New York City. This connection he also continued until his decease.

He became early a member of our Society.

Mr. Woodford was an energetic business man, who formed broad plans and carried them resolutely to success. Singularly attentive to details, he was brave and wise in the large management of the important interests confided to his care. In business affairs he was scrupulously honest, faithful and truthful, and enjoyed the entire confidence of his associates. He was a director in the Hanover National Bank of New York, and was an active and valuable member of its Board.

His zealous and constant attention to his many and varied business duties finally undermined his constitution and he died literally from overwork. Early in the winter of 1882, he went South in the vain effort to regain his health. Returning, he lingered in great suffering and finally passed away early in the morning of April 3d, 1882.

For some years he and his family attended the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, and subsequently that of Dr. Scudder.

He was a true friend, an affectionate husband and father, an honorable merchant, and a good citizen.

ARTHUR C. IVES, a member of this Society since 1880, was born June 7, 1841, in Meriden, Conn., and died March 7, 1882, in Brooklyn, after a short illness of one week. The greater part of his education was obtained in New Haven and in Brooklyn, he having removed to the latter city in 1847, where he spent the remainder of his life, with the exception of two years in Philadelphia. For some

years, at the outset of his business life, he was engaged in the manufacture of lamps. He then became interested in life insurance, and for many years prior to his death he was general agent in New York of the Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia.

Mr. Ives was married in 1866 to Miss Celestia Adams of Ohio. His wife and two children, one son and one daughter, survive him.

SAMUEL G. BASS was born in Colebrook, Litchfield County, Conn., Oct. 29th, 1836. After receiving a thorough education, he came to Brooklyn in 1858 and entered the employ of J. S. Rockwell & Co. His business ability soon secured him a partnership in the firm, which he retained as an active member until the day of his death.

He married, May 26th, 1864, Miss Kate Lawrence, daughter of the Hon. Luther Lawrence of Pepperell, Mass., who survives him.

A member of Plymouth Church, he was ever a sincere and unostentatious Christian; naturally of a domestic disposition, his home was ever the centre of his affections, while his genial nature and loving heart endeared him to a large circle of friends. In the vigor of life his lamp went suddenly out, and in the bright hope of a blessed immortality he passed away.

MR. EDWIN BULKLEY, a member of this Society since 1880, was born at Mill River (now Southport), Conn., Dec. 2, 1817. He was descended from the Rev. Peter Bulkley, who left England in consequence of the persecution of the Nonconformist clergy by Archbishop Laud, arriving in Cambridge, Mass., in 1634; and as leader founded, with a little company of exiles, the town of Concord, where he was installed as pastor of the First Congregational Church.

In 1644 his son, Thomas Bulkley, came to Fairfield County, Conn., where descendants in the direct line have ever since resided.

Mr. Bulkley, after receiving a substantial education and taking a trip to Europe for business, study and pleasure, came to New York at the age of 21, and commenced the manufacture of paper, forming a copartnership, and establishing the firm of Cross, Bulkley & Gookin. Soon after, on the retirement of two members, the firm became Bulkley Bros. & Co., and eventually by subsequent changes the well known firm of Bulkley, Dunton & Co., of which Mr. Bulkley's two sons are at present members.

In 1846 Mr. Bulkley married Helen Perry, and a short time afterward moved to Brooklyn Heights, where he resided some thirty years and until the time of his death. He died July 7, 1882, leaving six children, two sons and four daughters.

In addition to his large interests in the manufacture of paper, he was identified with several important industrial and financial enterprises, being a director in the John Russell Cutlery Company, the Bank of North America, the Crocker National Bank, the National Bank of Southport, and the Standard Insurance Company.

Mr. Bulkley had a large circle of acquaintances throughout the country, especially in the East, and the position maintained by him during his long and active business life, was one of sterling integrity. He was one of the esteemed representatives of the highest type of the honorable and successful merchant. His ambition turned in no way toward prominence in public life, his home and business being the centre of his thoughts, and the positions he held were the indication of the confidence of his associates.

HENRY COLLINS. The sketch of the life of this gentlemen, which we had hoped to receive in time to read on this occasion, has not come to hand in time for our Annual Report.

EDWARDS S. SANFORD, one of the earliest members of this Society, was born in Medway, Mass., March 15th, 1817. He had excellent advantages of early education and was prepared for college, but his health being at the time inadequate for continued close study he went early into active business.

In September, 1842, he became connected with the Adams Express Company, of which, in 1857, he was appointed Vice-President and General Superintendent, and held the former position until his death, but resigned that of Superintendent in 1866. He was also a director in the Western Union Telegraph Company, and in the International Telegraph Company.

Prominent in New York commercial circles, thirty years ago (says a sketch of his life in the *Brooklyn Eagle*), he was a man of wide knowledge and wide experience, coupled with high social culture.

He was an intimate friend of General Grant and of Secretary Stanton, and when the civil war broke out was appointed by the latter supervisor of telegrams and military censor of newspaper dispatches for the army, with the rank and pay of General, but the pay he never accepted. At the close of the war in 1865, Col. Sanford received the brevet rank of brigadier general for faithful services in the department under his charge.

Mr. Sanford was a permanent member of the Brooklyn Library, a member of the Brooklyn Art Association, and a liberal director and supporter of the Long Island Historical Society, besides being prominently identified with several of our local charitable organizations.

His wife is one of the most active members of the State Charities Association. He and all his family were attendants at the Church of the Pilgrims, with the pastor of which Mr. Sanford was on terms of the most cordial relationship. His generosity and large heartedness were preëminently his distinguishing traits of character, but the good was all in a quiet way, and with manifest desire to escape public attention. He took an active interest in politics, and while never holding office or being particularly prominent in the political sphere, was a close observer and held and expressed pronounced opinions of men and measures. Recently he was selected by the Secretary of the Treasury as one of the Commissioners to locate the proposed new Federal Building in this city. Mr. Sanford was an enthusiastic lover of horses, and owned and delighted in the culture of a stock farm in Gravesend.

He died Sept 9, 1882, aged sixty-six years, of apoplexy, while on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr N. W. T. Hatch, at Glen Olden, Penn. When the news of his death was received, the flags on various public buildings were, in New York and Brooklyn, lowered to half mast in token of respect. The funeral took place from his residence in Brooklyn; Dr. Storrs, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, officiating. Mr. Sanford left a wife and two children, a son and a daughter, both of whom are married. He was a warm generous friend, and was respected and beloved by all who knew him.

On motion, this report was accepted and ordered to be spread upon the minutes, and also to be published in the Annual Report issued by the Society.

The terms of Messrs. Henry W. Slocum, A. S. Barnes, and Ripley Ropes as Directors having expired, the Society proceeded to elect, by ballot, three Directors, to hold office for four years. Messrs. Henry W. Slocum, A. S. Barnes, and Ripley Ropes were re-elected, and their election duly declared by the Chairman.

On motion of Mr. A. W. Tenney, the Chairman was authorized to request President Porter to furnish the Society with a copy of the address delivered by him December 4th, 1882.

Adjourned.

ALBERT E. LAMB,

Recording Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES
AT THE
THIRD ANNUAL FESTIVAL,
HELD

DECEMBER 21ST, 1882,

*In commemoration of the Two Hundred and Sixty-second Anniversary
of the Landing of the Pilgrims.*

The Third Annual Festival of The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, was held in the Assembly Room of the Academy of Music, and in the Art Room adjoining, Thursday evening, December 21, 1882.

The previous festivals of the Society have been given in these rooms, and their admirable appointments and accommodations added not a little to the success of the entertainments.

The Reception was held in the Art Room, and despite the inclemency of the weather two hundred and seventy members of the Society, besides invited guests, assembled, with that punctuality peculiar to New Englanders when the announcement of a banquet has been made.

The Art Room was bright and cheerful and an hour was pleasantly passed in exchanging greetings and in depreciating, as usual, the achievements of the descendants of the Pilgrims. The lovers of art found in the many beautiful paintings which adorned the walls much to gratify an appreciative examination. Conterno's band and orchestra furnished select and popular music.

At six o'clock the Assembly Room was thrown open, and all present entered and took their allotted seats at the tables. This room was tastefully decorated. Large American flags, linked with tricolored streamers running from chandelier to chandelier, were festooned along the walls, where also hung the flag of the City of Brooklyn and the coat-of-arms of each of the thirteen original States. The dinner was furnished by Delmonico and was in quality, variety and service, excellent. The tables were profusely yet tastefully decorated with flowers and by the art of the confectioner expressed in models of churches, school-houses, mills, tunnels and railroads, symbols of the power, progress, and prosperity of New England.

At the guest's table were seated, on the left of the President, Hon. William M. Evarts, Hon. W. T. Davis, Hon. A. Q. Keasbey, Hon. Josiah W. Fiske, Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, John C. McGuire, Esq., and Hon. John W. Hunter; and on the right, Hon. Noah Davis, Col. W. F. Vilas, Henry E. Pierrepont, Esq., Hon. Seth Low, and Hon. Benjamin F. Tracy.

MENU.

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Oysters.

Soups.

Princess.

Craw Fish.

Side-dishes.

Olives.

Timbales à la Périgordine.

Celery.

Fish.

Salmon, with Parsley Sauce.

Smelts à la Tartar.

Entrees.

Boiled Young Turkeys à l'Italienne.

Venison Steak à la Hussarde.

Terrapin in Cases à la Newberg.

Fillet of Beef à la Bayonnaise.

Sherbet.

A la Régence.

Roasts.

Canvasbacks.

Quail.

Salad.

Vegetables.

Green Peas.

Beans.

Spinach.

Sweetmeats.

Paniers Sultane.

Plum Pudding, with Rum Sauce.

Assorted Cakes.

Ices.

Neapolitan.

Macaroon Puffs

Pyramids.

Fruits and Dessert.

Coffee.

ADDRESS BY HON. B. D. SILLIMAN,

PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

Gentlemen of the New England Society: Again we are glad in the recurrence of this anniversary and in welcoming one another around the family table. We greet and welcome our kindred who are with us from other parts of New England—and we greet and welcome the “strangers that are within our gates” and who have come to join with us in honoring the memory of the forefathers from whom it is our blessing and our boast that we are descended.

We are no less proud of our descent from our foremothers. We know that those goodly and godly dames were pre-eminently good, gentle, and refined, and irresistibly beautiful, for such are their daughters. (*Applause.*) It is certain, too, that the Pilgrim Fathers were peerless specimens of the manhood of that day—“for by their fruits ye shall know them”—though, doubtless, the absolute perfection of this splendid assemblage of their sons can only be the result of two hundred and sixty-two years of the most active “evolution.” (*Laughter.*)

But let us not sing all our pæans to the Pilgrim fathers. Let us also remember and honor the Pilgrim mothers. According to accepted tradition it was not a Pilgrim father, but a Pilgrim maiden, fair Mary Chilton, who first sprang from *the Mayflower's* boat as it approached the rock. She married John Winslow, and among her descendants were *Copley*, the great painter, *Lord Lyndhurst*, afterward Lord Chancellor of England, and in later days *Admiral Winslow*, of our Navy, who in the U. S. ship *Kearsarge* during the civil war captured and sunk the rebel frigate *Alabama*, which had been fitted out in England to prey upon our commerce.

But I must refrain from their biographies for the brief hours forbid more than a passing tribute to those heroic women, who made greater sacrifices and suffered greater hardships than did the men, for they were less able to endure them. From Delft to Plymouth, from Plymouth to the days of “green pastures and still waters,” they braved, without a murmur, cold and tempests and famine and savage war. They and their daughters have ever made pure, beautiful, and happy, the homes of New England; and their nursery and fireside teachings and

moral inculcations have done more than all other teachings to guide their sons in the way they should go. (*Applause.*)

Between six and seven years after the Pilgrims landed they were followed by the Puritans, among whom were very many persons of gentle blood, of high education (graduates of Oxford and Cambridge) and of large means. By 1640 they amounted to somewhat over twenty thousand, and the New England people thus originating have so increased and multiplied that their descendants now number (according to the best estimate) some thirteen millions, constituting a quarter part of the population of the United States, over the whole surface of which they have gone forth, and the institutions of which they have so largely created, shaped, and influenced.

History has no record of any little group of men who have ever so indelibly imprinted on succeeding generations, and on millions of people, their own characteristics and their principles, or who have acted so large a part in founding such a vast empire, so powerful, so free, and of such high civilization.

Although the Pilgrims numbered but one hundred and ten (men, women, and children) who came by the *Mayflower*, yet we all aim and contrive to trace our pedigree on the father's or mother's side to them. Who can doubt, for instance, that it was from *Miles Standish* (a warrior of a titled race—by descent, by nature, and by gallant service on the continent), who can doubt that from him our illustrious friend General Grant and the other distinguished generals whom I see before me inherited their military genius? Who can doubt that the Hon. ex-Secretary of State, the learned Judge, the Counsellor, the Mayor, derived their blood, wisdom, eloquence, and their statesmanship, through their mothers, from the other strong men of the *Mayflower*? (*Applause.*)

Well may we all revere the pure, brave, and wise persons who, in the cabin of that little ship, framed that immortal compact which established a republic in America, which provided for equal laws, equal rights, and popular suffrage. They, and the Puritans who followed them, so soon as they had built their rude dwellings, built also their churches and their common school-houses. They believed in God and sought to establish a government in accordance with His laws. How fully, how wonderfully, is their aim accomplished in this mighty

Republic, where the people are absolutely free—restrained only by such laws as they themselves ordain. Then, too, with unlimited freedom of opinion and of sect, with entire tolerance of atheism, infidelity, and of every kind of false doctrine, heresy, and schism, with no connection of church and state, with no aid from government, we yet find that while, since the beginning of the Revolutionary War, the increase of population of the United States has been a little over eleven-fold, the increase of churches has been thirty-seven-fold; that the members of these churches were then as one to seventeen hundred of the people, while now they are as one to six hundred; that six houses of Christian worship are finished somewhere in the United States each working day of the year; that \$50,000,000 are spent yearly on objects connected with them; and that thirty-two millions of Bibles are printed and distributed annually.*

Such is the great political and moral aspect of this nation at this day. (*Applause.*)

We cannot overrate or overvalue the forecast of our New England ancestors in providing for the due education of the people, and making them competent for self-government.

Very opposite views prevailed at that time as to the wisdom of popular education. Thus in 1670 the Commissioners of Plantations addressed to the Governors of Colonies several questions relative to their condition. To one respecting the means of education the Governor of Connecticut replied, "One-fourth of the annual revenue of the Colony is laid out in maintaining free schools for the education of our children." To the same question Governor Berkeley, of Virginia, replied, "I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years."† But with years came change, and Virginia now cherishes her admirable college, and provides for her free schools.

The light that illuminates all parts of this land, and which is vital to our national existence, emanates from the *common schools*—the legacy of the Pilgrims and the Puritans. In our government the people are the jurors who record their verdict annually at the ballot-box. For the integrity of their verdicts we must rely on their moral training—for the intelligence

* Bishop Huntington.

† Amer. Cyclop.

of their verdicts we must rely on their education in those schools.

This New England institution of Common Schools has been adopted by all the Northern and Northwestern States, and since the rebellion most, if not all, of the Southern and Southwestern States, which before had no such system, have in their new constitutions provided for it, and such schools are now established on the shores of the Gulf and of the Pacific Ocean—in Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. California expended last year in support of her's no less than \$3,010,907.

It is a fact, over which we may well exult, that New York, with her population of 5,083,810, expended in the last year for the support of her common schools \$10,464,010, instructing 1,662,120 children, and that the New England States, with their population of 4,013,438, expended in support of their's \$9,158,899. (*Applause.*)

It is this "leveling up" of the masses that constitutes the strength and safety of the nation. We have no lazzaroni, no serfs, no peasants, no "dangerous classes." The Pilgrim and Puritan doctrine of equality of all men before the law, of elementary education for all men, and of popular suffrage, is the safety-valve which renders the dynamite harmless, and puts an end to all such classes. It has made this the safest, as it will be the most enduring of governments, if the moral and mental training inculcated by the Fathers is faithfully continued. This done, it will be as impossible to enslave this people as it would be to enchain the waves of the ocean. We need no revolutions of violence. The only cause for civil war is at an end. We may hope that the ballot-box will henceforth suffice to right all wrongs. No misgovernment can gain great headway. The evil and the correcting ballot-box are never far apart. November soon comes to set it right. (*Applause.*)

Those who bode evil tell us that "history repeats itself"—that "history is philosophy teaching by example"—and that "like causes produce like effects"—and hence that the power of vast accumulated wealth, and the unbridled ambition of great leaders, may destroy our government. But with us these maxims have no force, for like causes cannot here "produce like effects." The conditions will be radically different. At

no time on the other side the sea have such causes acted on people who exercised universal suffrage, and who had, as with us, been made by early, systematic education, competent for it. There, too, the people were governed, while here the people govern.

But to return from this digression. New Englanders wherever they have gone have carried New England, her institutions and usages, with them. Not only school-houses and churches, but laws (substantially alike) prohibiting business, labor, and amusements, on Sunday, exist in most, if not in all the States, and among them in Texas, Alabama, Arkansas, California, Georgia, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska and Nevada, as well as in the older States. The New England "Thanksgiving Day" has been everywhere adopted (and, of late years, by the National Government). Her "Fast Days," it must be confessed, did not take so well, and I fear that latterly she has herself become somewhat remiss in their observance. (*Laughter.*)

A favorite and grave imputation made by her enemies—strange that she should have enemies—is that in early days the Puritans were intolerant in matters of religion, that they persecuted the Quakers, and hung witches at Salem and in neighboring towns. Let us for a moment consider these charges.

These worthy critics and cynics read history backward. They denounce the generations who are gone as though their actions should be judged, not by the lights which they had, but by the lights of the present. Their censure results, too, from ignorance of history and of the state of the world at that time. The Puritans came from a land where toleration was then unknown. They had been reared in persecution. They were oppressed in every way. They could only oppose to it their high principle, indomitable courage, will, tenacity, and determination to maintain among themselves their own religious principles and convictions. They were unavoidably "the church militant." Their austere life, and their creed, were the natural recoil from the opposite errors which they denounced. It was not strange, certainly, at that time, that they should, at first, repel those who came among them to subvert the worship and the principles for which they had left their homes forever,

crossed the sea, and taken up their abode in the wilderness. But the portion of the so-called "Quakers" of that day, with whom the trouble arose, were in no respect like the pure, peaceful, and honored denomination of that name which exists among us. It would be impossible to state a greater contrast. Many of them were the craziest of fanatics, and were they here to-day acting as they then did, would be at once in the hands of the police as disturbers of the public peace. Such acts as invading and breaking up religious meetings by persons with blackened faces, or in grotesque costume, and exhibiting themselves in the public streets without clothing, as a matter of religion, would provoke rough treatment from a more tolerant race than the Puritans then were. That the latter may have erred in their severity is both natural and probable.

Those who acrimoniously denounce the Puritans for hanging witches, probably suppose that they were the first people who did so. They do not know that a belief in witchcraft then, and for very many years before, prevailed in England as well as on the Continent. They probably do not know that the mandate of Moses "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" was early, and long, and faithfully, obeyed, and that in the later years, under the bulls of Pope Innocent VIII and several of his successors, it is estimated that one hundred thousand were put to death (mostly by burning) in Germany alone; vast numbers in France, Switzerland and other parts of Europe; and that in England, including those executed under acts of Parliament, no fewer than thirty thousand perished before. They, probably, do not know that the statutes against witches which had been enacted by Parliament, were not repealed until 1736, nearly half a century after the Salem trials, which were in 1692. The latest of these statutes was in the time of James I, in whose reign the Pilgrims and Puritans came to this country. In England the great Sir Matthew Hale, in 1665, sentenced Rose Callender and Amy Drury, two widows, for bewitching seven people, two carts, and a chimney, and for turning themselves into bees and mice, and on the next Sunday after they were hung he wrote a "meditation on the mercy of God in preserving us from the malice and power of evil angels," and cited these two cases as proofs of such

mercy.* Many trials for witchcraft were had in England long after those in Salem; and in 1716 Mrs. Hicks and her daughter nine years old were hanged for selling their souls to the devil and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings. In Scotland a woman was hanged in 1722 for transforming her daughter into a pony and having her shod by the devil; another was hanged in Scotland as late as 1792.

In Princess Anne County, in Virginia, Grace Sherwood was tried for witchcraft in 1706—fourteen years after the Salem trials. In 1684 a woman was tried in Philadelphia before William Penn for bewitching cows—and in South Carolina as late as 1712, the law against conjuration, witchcraft and dealing with evil and wicked spirits was declared to be in force. No doubt the Puritans prosecuted their culprits with energy (as they did everything else), but their action was “according to law,” and required by law, and in accordance with the general belief of the period among enlightened nations.

There was certainly scriptural authority enough for the belief in witches on which the edicts of the church against them were based. The creed was good law in England, not only under acts of Parliament, but at Common law, for we find that *Sir William Blackstone* in his famous *Commentaries* (*Book IV.*, Ch. 4, Sec. 6) says:

“To deny the possibility, nay, the actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages both of the Old and New Testament; and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath in its turn borne testimony, either by examples seemingly well attested, or by prohibiting laws which at least suppose the possibility of a commerce with evil spirits.”

Now be it remembered that these words of the great commentator were seventy-three years after the Salem trials.

I believe no men were accused of witchcraft. It was practised exclusively by women—and a great many of them still bewitch, though anything but punishment is awarded to them now-a-days for so doing. (*Laughter.*)

Doubtless there are to-day some who, holding that every word in the scripture is to be taken literally, still believe in witchcraft. Their faith is aided by that lingering belief in the

* AMOS.—“Ruins of Time.”

supernatural which is common to almost all men, and which was illustrated by a most gallant officer of our navy whom I once asked if he believed in ghosts. He replied: "Not at all in the day-time, but at night I have my doubts." (*Laughter.*)

It certainly is not strange that the Puritans in 1692, with the Bible in its letter as their creed, basing their government on its words, in accordance with the prevailing belief in England and on the Continent, and in conformity to her then existing statutes—it is not strange that they prosecuted the reputed witches as they did other reputed malefactors.

Later years brought with them their enlightenment, and nowhere did they bring it sooner, or more largely, and nowhere was it always more welcomed than in New England. Her course, moral and material alike, has always been actively progressive. Nowhere has there been bolder or freer inquiry. Nowhere were old errors of doctrine, whether in philosophy or religion, sooner discarded, and nowhere on the face of the earth is there at this day more untrammelled opinion on every subject than there. Her sons are not a sluggish race in thought or act. In letters, in art, in philosophy, in industry, in statesmanship, in peace, in war, they have ever been in the front. (*Applause.*)

So far from being narrow in their notions it is doubtful whether the Pilgrims of 1620 would be thought rigid enough for 1882. Now, "Confession is good for the soul" and on this point I may state, in strictest confidence, to this assemblage, that it appears by the records that when our venerated Pilgrim Fathers fitted out *The Mayflower* for their voyage they provided "a plentiful allowance of beer, wine and spirits," and that after they arrived here Gov. Winslow, in a letter to a friend who was to follow them, advises him, among other things, to see that his *beer casks* are well hooped with iron; and more than all, the great and good John Robinson, the pastor of the Pilgrims in Holland, was for his virtues and learning, admitted a member of the University of Leyden, and thereby became entitled to half a tun of beer every month, and ten gallons of wine every three months. Let us assume that these sinful supplies were used only for "medicinal purposes." (*Laughter.*)

Gentlemen—I am taking more than my share of the scanty hours. In what I have said I have mainly fallen into a

a graver vein that befits this glad festival, but our friends who follow me will, I doubt not, restore you to a better frame. They have in "New England" a goodly, and exhaustless theme. Her area is becoming yearly less and less in proportion to the immense increase of our national territory, but she becomes yearly more and more powerful through the spread of her principles and examples, while over the remotest regions and wastest places of the continent her magnificent universities shed their electric light.

The Chairman :—We had expected that the President of the United States would be with us this evening, but unhappily for us, official duties detain him in Washington. A letter has been received which we will read.

A. E. Lamb, Esq., the Secretary of the Society, thereupon read the following letter:

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, D. C., Dec. 14, 1882.

My dear Mr. Silliman :

I am again so unfortunate as to be prevented by official engagements here from attending the Dinner of the New England Society of Brooklyn. It would be very gratifying to me to be able to accept the hospitalities of the Society, but it seems quite certain now that my duties here will prevent my leaving Washington at that time.

I beg that, as President of the Society, you will express my cordial thanks for their kind invitation and my regret that I cannot accept it.

Thanking you for your own kind personal expressions and good wishes, I am,

Very faithfully yours,

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN, Esq.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Chairman.:—Gentlemen, fill your glasses for a toast,

“THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.”

This toast was received with most cordial greeting and with great applause.

The Chairman.:—We are, I fear, to suffer a grievous disappointment. GENERAL GRANT was to be here. An unaccountable mistake has occurred in the arrangements for his presence, but if telegrams, expresses, and messengers, can avail, we will not despair of his coming before our feast is at an end.

Meantime, gentlemen, let us proceed to the next toast. It is in two words. What a history do those words embody! Ah! how well do we remember when, in the darkest hour, that name came forth and brought us light; when the wisdom, firmness, coolness, vigor, valor, of him who bears it, brought to us victory and peace, and saved the nation. Let us drink as our toast,

“GENERAL GRANT.”

The toast was received with the greatest enthusiasm and long-continued applause, the assemblage rising, and cheering it to the echo.

The Chairman.:—Though General Grant is not here himself I am glad to mention that we are favored with the presence of COL. VILAS, who served under him in the Western Army. Perhaps it is hardly fair to draw upon a guest at sight without previous advice of the draft, but I venture to say to him that we shall listen with eager welcome if he will favor us with a few words in the stead of his great commander.

SPEECH OF COL. W. F. VILAS.

Mr. President and Gentlemen.: I sacrifice the timorous strength of my judgment before the weak courage of my inclinations, when I rise to answer the call of your distinguished President, for I cannot but be conscious that I am before men who have descended from New England parentage, and who have been bred in New England education. But I

am here charged with this duty under the call, and a double trust—first, because every guest (and especially one who is so honored as I am by the call) must obey the command of the President; and second, because I am called upon as a comrade to respond to the honor of one who was a soldier—with me, more than a soldier, the general whose star I followed. (*Applause.*) And we cannot forget—none of us of this generation ever will forget—that when the heavy cloud hung darkest over our horizon, the first flash that rent it and opened the gap through which the light of coming victory shone flashed from the guns of Grant at Fort Donelson. (*Loud applause.*) And we cannot forget that by and by, after renewed struggles, and greater efforts, when at last he was placed in that great command, where so many had gone down before him—not for lack of military education, not for want of patriotism, not for want of every quality of soldierly courage, but for something which God gives to but few—that then, upon his shoulders our free world rested, as of old the ancients pictured Atlas, carrying the globe we inhabit; and that by and by, when at last he stood before the great hero of the Rebellion and received his sword, he held in his left hand the first victory, and in his right hand the last, which was the chain within which he bound and strangled the rebellion against this country. (*Cheers.*) And we who were soldiers remember that it was his hand in which was placed the holy chalice from the sacred altar of our country, filled with the blood of the noblest hearts of this land; that it was his hand which poured that blood upon the flame of rebellion to extinguish it—not to waste it on the ground. (*Applause.*) And we remember other things in his history which I cannot stop to discuss or pass upon, but I will pass on to the one title which does him the greatest honor. We see across the ocean the great Duke of Wellington heaped with honors and with riches, brought near to the royal family if not put almost within it. We see the recent victorious hero of England's army over the Egyptians made a peer, ennobled as they ennobled men, and enriched with abundance of riches. *Our* General, after having achieved his title of distinction, after having been President of the United States, has now surmounted the apex of the pyramid, and is a citizen of the United States. (*Great cheering.*) Let it not be said against

us that we are ungrateful. We are not! We hold that that title which we have bestowed upon him is the greatest of all he has earned, and he stands to-day richer in the possession of that title than he would be with all the titles that governments or places of power could offer; for by that title he is entitled to the grateful love of his fellow-countrymen, which is poured out upon him. (*Applause.*) I have said enough to give a brief expression to the sentiments which fill the hearts of all soldiers who fought under him. I can neither trust myself to add more, nor does the occasion demand it. I thank you for your kind attention. (*Great cheering.*)

The Chairman :—Gentlemen, fill your glasses for a toast,

“THE PILGRIMS IN HOLLAND.”

We shall have the great pleasure of listening on this theme to a learned gentleman whose birth-place and home are *Plymouth*, hard by the “Rock.” I do not know that he was personally intimate with Winslow, and Carver, and Brewster, and Standish (*laughter*), but his ancestors came in the *Mayflower* with them, and with full knowledge and filial impulse, he will discourse of their home in Holland.

I have the pleasure of introducing the HON. WILLIAM T. DAVIS, of Plymouth, Massachusetts.

SPEECH OF HON. WILLIAM T. DAVIS.

Mr. President :—I remember to have heard at one of our local celebrations the toast “Plymouth Rock—not valuable as a rock but invaluable as a relic.” I suppose the same sort of value attaches to myself to-night, and that I owe my invitation only to the fact that I come from Plymouth, the home of the Pilgrims. I beg to assure you that I left Messrs. Bradford and Brewster, and Captain Standish, as well as could be expected, and that they wish to be remembered to their children here and everywhere. (*Laughter.*) They have given me a sort of roving commission to inquire into certain things which they do not quite understand. They know about the city on the other side of the river, because they captured it from the Dutch and

made Thomas Willet, one of their number, its mayor. They say, too, that they did not exhaust the Willet stock, as Marinus Willet, a descendant, held the same position a century and a quarter later. They do not comprehend, however, the meaning of the City of Churches. They know what the church is, for if they remember aright, they once had a little unpleasantness with it. They know, too, what a meeting-house is; but a city of churches puzzles them exceedingly. (*Laughter.*) They have heard about your Cleopatra's Needle, and wonder whether, now that you are importing all the curiosities of the Old World, the great bridge they read so much about is the Bridge of Sighs. (*Laughter.*) And the blowing up of Hell Gate, too—for so they hear it called—is a matter of some interest. They thought it was blown up some time ago, and have an impression that they furnished some of the powder. They have a suspicion that the City of Churches may have had something to with its revival. And, finally, they are anxious to learn whether your mayor is their old friend, "Lo, the poor Indian." (*Laughter.*) But you and I know sir, that he is not a man of "untutored mind." I am making diligent inquiries into all these things, and probably my report will be acted upon simultaneously with the reports to Congress on the revision of the tariff and the French claims.

Your toast, sir, opens a field as yet inadequately explored. I have groped in it with others by the aid of feeble lights, but my explorations have been sufficient to reveal to me the source of those traits in the character of the Pilgrims, which side by side with their religious faith made their efforts at colonization effective and successful. I remember that when I was a boy it was for a time the common answer to an inquiry for the news that the Dutch had taken Holland. It was not until I had reached mature years, and learned something of that nation and its people, that I comprehended the transcendental meaning of that reply. The Dutch have taken Holland, and in a sense applicable to no other nation on the face of the earth. By neither purchase nor arms, by neither conquest nor treaty, by no usual means and against no ordinary foe, they have made it their own. With the weapons of a resolute spirit, a sublime patience, an indomitable perseverance, they have fought against nature herself, and the batteries hurled against them were the

waves of the ocean and the waters of the Rhine. Against these they have conquered, and as their enemy still lurks along their dikes seeking some cranny or crevasse by which it may enter and overpower them, they repeat the Divine command, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Like a huge coffer dam, its very name signifying hollow land, Holland stands to-day a castle in the sea, as much the creation of man as those mighty coral reefs which rise in mid-ocean and in process of time become islands, and perhaps continents, are the handiwork of the insect whose name they bear. (*Applause.*)

These were the people among whom, by the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, the Pilgrims were sent to serve their twelve years' probation before the great work of their lives began. They left England simply religious devotees; they left Holland trained, disciplined, practical men. They crossed the German Ocean in 1608, full of religious faith and trust in God; they crossed the Atlantic in 1620 equally full of self-reliance and trust in themselves. They left their English homes bound together, it is true, by the bond of Christian sympathy and love, but still recognising the distinctions of social and civil rank. Their life in Holland under the pressure of common necessities, of common burdens, and at last of a common destiny, moulded them into a community in which equality of rights and power became the recognized law. Without this period of probation their efforts at colonization would have been a failure, or if not a failure would have planted the seed of an autocratic government on these shores, from which it is hardly possible that the majestic tree could have sprung under which are now gathered in our land fifty millions of liberty-loving and liberty-enjoying men. (*Applause.*) In illustration of this statement, look at the different methods of the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies. The one was simple and democratic from the start, the whole body having a voice in the election of the governor and assistants and in the enactment of the laws; the other was fresh from the ways of royalty, a colony composed of a few active, intelligent, cultured men, with a larger number of laborers and artisans recruited for the service, the whole wanting in homogeneity, unequal in rank and station, choosing their assistants only by a popular vote, while the assist-

ants chose the governor, and the governor and the assistants made the laws. Let it be remembered to the everlasting honor and glory of the Pilgrims, that when the colony of Winthrop landed at Boston 1500 strong, with every probability, according to the ordinary judgments of men, of absorbing and overwhelming that weak and feeble settlement which during ten years had been struggling for existence against privation and hardship and disease and death in the wilderness of Plymouth, only forty miles away, they not only preserved their identity but impregnated their sister colony with liberal ideas of self-government, and leavened the whole lump with the leaven of equal rights and equal laws. (*Applause.*)

But, sir, I can do no more than hint at those practical elements of the Pilgrim character which a residence in Holland developed and matured. Let me suggest only a single further illustration. At the expiration of the seven years' term of their contract with the merchant adventurers of London, under whose auspices and by whose aid their emigration was accomplished, the Pilgrims found themselves in debt to the adventurers and others to the amount of £2,400. Picture if you can this feeble colony of men, women, and children, less than 300 strong, surrounded by savages and the forest, sheltered by thatched huts from the winter's cold, insufficiently clothed and fed, mourning over the graves of their husbands and wives and parents and children, with crops inadequate to their support, borrowing money in England at fifty per cent. interest for the purchase of the necessities of life, and burdened with a debt larger per capita than our national debt at the close of the war. Tell me, how soon did dread despair settle down on their hearts? How soon did they yield to the menace of starvation and death? In how many months or weeks or days was the settlement of New England abandoned, and the wilderness which had been cheered for a season by the light of civilization, again overshadowed by the cloud of barbarism? Open the book of history and learn how different was their fate. In this critical period, the very turning point of their enterprise, when merely worldly men would have faltered, and merely religious men would have abandoned themselves to the efficacy of prayer, eight of the leading men of the colony, Bradford, Brewster, Winslow, Standish, Howland, Alden, Allerton and Prince, im-

bued with a trust in God and a trust in themselves, joined with Beauchamp, Shirley, Andrews and Hatherly, four of their friends in England, and assumed the debt, giving their notes payable in nine annual installments. (*Applause.*) But do you ask how they could pay their notes without wealth or surplus products of their labor? Their Dutch ingenuity and shrewdness were not at fault; they took from the colony its trading rights with the Indians as security. But do you ask again how they could trade without some circulating medium for their barter and sale? They were still masters of the situation. They taught the natives the use of wampum, then only known to a few, and from the shell of the quahaug on the shore they manufactured their currency, and by its use carried on so successful a trade with the Indians in the purchase of furs and other commodities as within the prescribed time to liquidate the debt and secure to the colony its houses and lands. No legal-tender scheme of our day has been so bold in conception and so effective in operation as that devised by our fathers, which with the shells of the shore paid off our first national debt and established on a permanent basis the material prosperity of New England. (*Applause.*) I hold in my hand a specimen of this Pilgrim currency, strung precisely as it was used 250 years ago, the purple alternating with the white and double its value, the whole rated at five shillings per yard. Modern financiers, raking only beneath the surface of history, talk glibly of gold as the traditional money of our fathers; but if they dig deeper they will find the wampum of the Pilgrims lying at the very foundation of our national wealth. The Pilgrim mint is not yet exhausted, and if in some future war the sensibilities of these worshippers of tradition and precedent are likely to be disturbed by the reproduction of stamped legal-tender paper, our mills can easily be put in operation and furnish them with all the traditional money they need.

I have in these few words suggested that the Pilgrims were something more than merely religious men. A religious spirit was the foundation of their character, but they built on it during their residence in Holland a structure as marked as the foundation itself. At every step in their history the hand of Providence seems to have guided them, but at no stage of their career do we see that guiding hand more conspicuously shown

than in their emigration to Holland and in the training and discipline they underwent during their twelve years' residence among its people. Let me give as a supplement to your sentiment, "Holland, the school of the Pilgrims." (*Applause.*)

The Chairman:—Our next regular toast is,

"THE NEW ENGLAND CREED.—HER DOCTRINES ARE
KNOWN BY HER DEEDS."

I have no need to introduce to you our silver-tongued friend, who will speak to this toast. A descendant of New England, he is imbued with her doctrines, and has, alike in peace and war, borne a brave part in her deeds. We shall gladly listen to GENERAL WOODFORD.

SPEECH OF HON. STEWART L. WOODFORD.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the New England Society: It is just possible that, speaking in your behalf, I may give our friend from Plymouth Rock some of the information that he seeks. Our Mayor is *not* Lo, the *poor Indian*, but Low, the son of the *rich Chinee*. (*Laughter.*) And as to the suggestion of the wampum, our New England friends may still keep their belief in hard money, for the same thing followed the wampum then, that would follow the fiat currency now. The Indians who knew nothing, took it, and the Yankees who knew all, parted with it; and when the trade was completed, the Indians had all the wampum, and the Yankees had all the furs. (*Laughter.*)

The New England creed, and the New England doctrine! Creed is belief, doctrine is teaching. What New England believed, New England bravely taught, and what New England taught, New England has always loyally lived up to.

In what did New England believe?

First and foremost she believed in men. She recognized that it was for man that labor had wrought, that science had taught, that art had cultured, and that Christ had died. When the Puritan stood covered before the king, it was because he believed that the Puritan hat covered an embryo State, and that man was greater than king or throne.

New England believing in man, believed in liberty for man. True, she passed her blue laws; true, she burned her witches; but through all her doings there ran this current of her better thought; and just as the stream, muddy at its source, grows brighter and fresher in its course, so New England thought at last ran clear, so her thought is free to-day, and man is free among New England hills, and under New England laws, as he is free nowhere else on earth. New England believed in men and liberty at Plymouth Rock, and when on the shore of that far island on the southern coast, one of New England's sons lay buried with the dusky men he led—for they “buried Shaw with his niggers” at Fort Wagner—Shaw still represented New England, and the New England idea of manhood and liberty. (*Applause.*)

But New England not only believed in men—she not only believed in liberty for men, but she believed in liberty that was regulated by law. She recognized the doctrine of responsibility. She recognizes forever the doctrine of penalty. She teaches that, saint or sinner, if a man puts his finger in the fire it will be burned; that free or slave, if the State err against justice, the State will suffer. Thus she taught this final truth that penalty follows the violation of law, and that the truest liberty, is the liberty that recognizes the rights of others, and bows to the sanctity of law. (*Applause.*)

And so New England logically believed in work. Her founders came and they built the new State in the shadow of the old New England forest, and on the hard soil of old New England rock. But with work of brain and hand, New England has made an Eden out of rock and wilderness.

More than this she believed in education. The clergymen, who gathered their poor three hundred books, and founded Yale College, and those who founded Harvard, were the same men that built the common school. Thus she educated her children through and through.

More than this, recognizing manhood, recognizing liberty, recognizing responsibility, believing in work, believing in education, New England believed in self government, and she laid the Town meeting, as the very corner-stone of our free institutions. The pendulum has swung far, but I believe, gentlemen, that this original New England idea is the only seed corn from

which good government can come in a free State—the Town meeting. I would that we could go back here in our own loved city of Brooklyn to the idea of the Town meeting, and have just what government, and no better government than we are fit for and capable of giving to ourselves. (*Applause.*)

New England believed that the public service is for the public good, and not for the party, or for the politician.

She believed, and this crowned New England belief—New England believed earnestly, manfully, loyally, in the *divine duty of believing*. She recognized that faith underlies human effort. She recognized that there is a Divine Power above; she recognized that there is an eternal hereafter. She believed that no man does a great work unless he is energized and impelled by the tremendous power of an absolute belief; and so New England crowned all her creed with that sublime, that holiest, that highest attitude of man, belief in what is above, belief in what is beyond, and in this belief New England has gone forth and conquered the thought and culture, and compelled the progress of our people. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman :—Let us fill our glasses for the next regular toast,

“THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AN IMPORTANT STEP IN THE EVOLUTION OF MAN.”

Our honored friend who is to expound this text, is at once, witness and advocate. He is a strong case of individual evolution. It seems the other day that my young friend, with *Excelsior* as his motto, was admitted to the bar,—he was quickly at its head; thence he marched to Washington, and became the Attorney General of the United States; soon he conducted the defense on the famed impeachment of President Johnson; we next behold him representing our government at Geneva before the council which determined the relations of this country with Great Britain growing out of the rebellion; again, he led in the great and vital case which was to determine by the Electoral Commission as to the election of President of the United States; and soon thereafter he became the Secretary

of State. These would seem pinnacles enough—and high enough but—still *Excelsior*, soaring above the highest peak to a higher peak, he now appears before this august assembly, and will discourse to us to-night, not on individual evolution, but on the evolution of the race of man. Gentlemen, I need not introduce to you our friend, the HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

SPEECH OF HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of The New England Society in Brooklyn: The first, perhaps the necessary, emotion of a citizen of New York, your neighbor across the river, who has had opportunities of eating New England dinners there, and hearing and making New England dinner speeches there, is to compare in his own mind, and if he find that the result of that comparison is consonant with politeness, to declare to you how, in this comparison, you stand. In the first place you surpass us always in the breadth and the splendor of your accommodations in this hall, in the numbers that you collect, and in the individual superiority of every one of you (*laughter*)—and in the individual superiority of every one of you—to each other. (*Laughter.*) And then as we seek from your citizens our favorite speakers, and you from ours your favorite speakers, it goes without saying that you have better speeches than we have. (*Laughter.*) When Milton, the great Puritan poet, the greatest epic poet of the English tongue, according to the fashion of those days, sought inspiration from his muse, among his invocations was this: “What is low, raise and support.” (*Great laughter.*) That, without being poets, simply by being Puritans, you have done here in Brooklyn. (*Laughter.*) But I ought to warn you that though the muse answered this prayer, the result was “Paradise Lost.” (*Great laughter.*) God forbid that any such sad disaster should come from your magnificent experiment. (*Applause.*)

This, your toast, has a tinge of the new philosophy in it, and to that it owes its modesty. I have never known before the landing of the Pilgrims, and the Pilgrims themselves, and the Pilgrims’ descendants put only as a step in the evolution of the human race. We have always thought that they were, and were ever to continue to be, the culmination of the human

race. (*Laughter.*) Neither is there, it seem to me, in this side glance at the doctrine of the evolution of our race, anything to encourage ancestral pride, or the worship of ancestors, which is the principal business of the New England Society. (*Laughter.*) Humility in regard to our ancestors, pride in ourselves, and hope in our posterity, is the gospel of the science of evolution. (*Laughter.*) It was fortunate Mr. President, as I think, for us, that this work of art before me which is intended to contrast the day of the landing, and the growth of our magnificent progress, was not strictly true; because if, when they had built their block house at the top of the hill, there had been a train with steam up at the bottom, they would have all taken the first train. (*Laughter.*) This teaches us that man is greater than his circumstances, and that the New England people, having no circumstances at all, were greater proportionally than any men that ever lived. (*Laughter.*)

Now, undoubtedly, the landing of the Pilgrims, the motives, the acts, and the consequences were, and are and always will be so rated and admired, an important step in the evolution of our race; and what was that step looked at in this serious, philosophical and historical aspect? it was precisely this: that, from motives of moral and intellectual superiority, in the highest civilization that Europe and England had reached, they deliberately determined that when the institutions which had brought up the race to that degree of refinement and of power, were now trampling upon and oppressing the manhood, the religion, the conscience, and the duty of the people, they would do what never had been done before under like impulse—they would leave behind everything that was desirable in the circumstances of life, and would see what they could do across the sea, alone with God and nature. This was a sublime transaction. Many derided it as the mere wildness of fanaticism, and expected it to go out as a candle in the desert without hope, leaving nothing but a warning against these extravagant pretensions that man was greater than kings and than churches, and that if a new community could once be built up, and emancipated from these oppressions, it would be an example that the world would never let die. It would be that prime and great experiment, never before capable of trial; and, if they had but the strong wills, and stout hearts, and the sublime faith,

that they could cross the sea, and upon the desert and unpeopled shores could build up such a community, it would indeed be a step in the evolution of the race. (*Applause.*)

One of the first pieces of political wisdom our ancestors learned was this—that as numbers were to increase, as territory was to enlarge, as vast and varied interests were to show themselves in different communities dispersed over this continent, they would take care that the original and principal idea—that is manhood and its independence—should never be choked or overgrown by extensive power, and to that defence of manhood as superior to every form of government, do we owe this great conception of a nation—that, in its structure, there shall be concert in what is common, without confusion of what is local and separate. (*Applause.*) And to that one idea which is the next political step in evolution from the defence of manhood—that is, the defence of local communities—we owe it that this government is the greatest and the strongest in the world, and at the same time the safest against its own aggregate powers in their tendency to crush individual independence under the guise of national strength. (*Applause.*) We are told that in the cabin of the Mayflower was composed the first written constitution of a political State. Now it is my duty to say, in the truth of history, that that first meeting had something at least of the notion of a packed convention, for nobody was allowed to go ashore until he had signed the constitution. (*Laughter.*)

Well, there was another thing that the Pilgrims did not mean to have quenched or put out of sight or out of mind of this country, and that was the liberty, not of emigration, but of migration over this continent. They had found that that was their step to begin their new fabric of human institutions, by laying aside all that would check or hinder their growth, and starting afresh; they determined that there should be that liberty to themselves and their descendants for all time by securing this continent for the liberty of removal to any part they thought fit. See what a wonderful result has come from this. I have traced the liberty of the citizen; I have traced the magnificent proportions of our government, which Mr. Gladstone, the greatest statesman of his age in England (*applause*), has pronounced the greatest fabric of government that ever was struck out at a blow by the human mind. Now let

me ask your attention to the happy circumstances that have brought out in great relief the working of this liberty of migration. As the necessity of our success was that we should be planted in a sterile soil, and in a rigorous climate, where, though vegetables would not grow and be hardy, men would, it was necessary that we should have some way higher than ours that should keep us from settling down into the softer climate of the South; and that was a moral element. There was no power that could stop us; we could not but be influenced by the seductive attractions, the rich soil, and genial clime. But Providence introduced upon this continent a moral element that should operate upon us with what the philosophers call the attraction of repulsion. Slavery manned the coast from New York City down to the Gulf, and kept our liberty loving men from venturing within its precincts; and then *our* path shot across it, in the line of energy and activity, of the extension of New England influences, of climate, if not of soil. And mark the wonderful Providence, that just as soon as this line of New England settlement had reached the Pacific Ocean, slavery was destroyed, and all the country is now open, without any attraction of repulsion, and safely open to be occupied by New England men, New England institutions, and New England ideas. (*Applause.*) When we came to the great struggle by which our institutions were to be tried, were these New England ideas sufficient for us? It is said by philosophers that at every critical stage of a nation's growth a resort must be had for vigor and for strength, to the original principles on which the nation is founded. And why? Because in growth only the strength that comes from the roots will make the structure stronger. We may have props from outside that hold up and guard and defend, but they are but temporary, and they may be destructive. When we came to this great struggle and the question was raised of manhood, although it was over abject and feeble masses of humanity, that were foreign to us in race, separated from us by the width of the world in their character and in their conduct, race, color and servile condition, and were, nevertheless, now made the battle field for man against institutions, New England people, and their successors, in race, in blood, in influence, were ready to fight that battle over the black slave, and fight it once for all. (*Applause.*) So to, on this

question of a national government—that should have accorded to it only what belonged to the common interest, and should leave domestic institutions in care of the population that were affected by them—that idea we understood and seized; and when the pretence was, that a nation thus constituted could not meet the stress and trial of civil war, we dared to try that conclusion, and allowed no man to say that this great principle of government was not capable of extension over as large an area of the earth's surface as the Providence of God should give to our keeping. (*Applause.*)

Now, gentlemen, the blood of the New England fathers, still flowing in their descendants, has before it the problem of our day, and that is whether these great ideas of man and of government, for our protection and growth, are capable of adjustment to the condition of things about us. They were framed, they were strengthened in a sparse population, in a poor country, among a frugal people; and we now have a vast domain, an immense population, great wealth, and a most strenuous and widely dispersed personal strength and manhood, with all its ambitions and all its strifes; and the question is whether we can apply these great principles and maintain them, against not only kings and priests and churches—for that we have proved—but against all the usurpations of banded power that the circumstances of political organization may create in our midst. (*Applause.*) It is nothing for us if we have emancipated ourselves, and have reaped these great fruits of our freedom by ridding ourselves of the ancient institutions of the world, if we are to breed in ourselves, under the invariable elements of human nature, combinations that are really to defeat, and to defraud the freedom of the citizen, and merely prove that prosperity, and power, and wealth, and numbers have provided for us a danger and a foe, to cope with which we are unequal.

I remember a famous platform orator in early Republican times, used to amuse his audience with an anecdote which he told of his own early experience. He was a poor lad living some twelve or fifteen miles from Utica, then a great city, since a greater one (*applause*), and he used to trudge in when he had occasion this weary way. A benevolent gentleman riding alone in his sleigh invited him to ride, and the boy of fifteen had great satisfaction in accepting the invitation. Familiar

himself with the management of horses, and the driving of sleighs, it struck him that this old gentlemen did not get along with his team as well as he might, and after a while he intimated to him that if he were fatigued he would relieve him, and drive into Utica. "Young man," said his mentor, "there is one lesson that you might as well learn thus early in life, as it will save you a great deal of trouble, and that is that a permission to ride, is not an invitation to drive." (*Laughter.*) And now in the vast structure of the civil government of this great nation it should be understood that a permission to ride in the custom house or in the post office, at the public expense, is not an invitation to drive the car of the Government, or steer the ship of State. (*Great applause.*)

The Chairman :—Our next toast is,

"THE COMPACT ON 'THE MAYFLOWER.'—A GOOD BEGINNING
FOR LAW, ORDER AND LIBERTY."

The administration of law, the preservation of order, and thereby of liberty, have long been largely confided by the people to the eminent judge who will speak to-night, of the compact made by the Pilgrims before they landed from the *Mayflower*. We shall listen with profound respect and deep interest to what he may say on the subject. I have honor of introducing the HON. NOAH DAVIS.

SPEECH OF HON. NOAH DAVIS.

Mr. President and Gentlemen : It was an act of hardihood on my part to accept an invitation, unaccustomed as I am to the making of public speeches, to speak at all in Brooklyn—a city where oratory is indigenous to the soil, where eloquence of unsurpassed power is found in the pulpit, and the bar, and in public life, and is kept in its most variegated and beautiful form in your *Storrs*, as well as in your Beechers and your Woodfords. But it is absolute hardship to find myself placed next after the great and distinguished orator who has just taken his seat (*Mr. Evarts*). As I once had occasion to say under similar circumstances, it needs a new dictionary of words

and a new encyclopedia of ideas to follow him, and I will add now that it needs also a substantial change in the statutes of the State, so that a judge may be permitted to pronounce longer sentences. (*Laughter.*) A year ago I was invited to attend your New England dinner, but was unfortunately prevented by the death of a friend. I then congratulated myself that if, perchance, I should be invited to this dinner, I could happily cross upon your bridge, and reach this building on your elevated roads. But when I came to the ferry to-night I found myself compelled by the stream of teams to dismount from the carriage at the ferry and come here on foot and by horse-cars. You may judge how strongly my sympathies for you were aroused, when I crossed the river on the ferry-boat and saw the bridge yet unfinished, that iron kiss which New York is still stretching toward her sister city, and which still remains a poet's dream of "Linked sweetness long drawn out." I recall what the elevated roads and the abolition of the duty on quinine have done for Harlem, and all the regions thereabout, and I truly wish that a similar Providence may fall to your lot, so that, with a finished bridge, leading to the plateau of beautiful lands in your rear, you may be ready to receive in the lap of Brooklyn the wealth of population which New York aches to pour upon you.

But I am asked to speak to the toast which your President has just read, "The Compact on the 'Mayflower'—a good beginning for Law, Order, and Liberty."

Mr. President: The toast you have assigned to me awakens, on an occasion like this, in every New England heart, feelings of joy and gratitude and pride. "The compact on the Mayflower" was indeed "a good beginning for law, order and liberty." It was, says one historian, "the first instrument probably that the world ever saw, recognizing true republican principles and intrusting all power in the hands of the majority." The Pilgrims faced the coast of New England as a church with an accepted faith and an established order. But in civil polity their condition was chaos. As they first lay under the sheltering arm of Cape Cod, their only civil government was one of might—not of right. Doubtless on their voyage they had yielded obedience to the clearer brain, or the stronger will, or the higher rank in the order of their church. But these were elements of

aristocracy and not of popular liberty. There was among them no great lawgiver, no exalted statesman, no experienced judge, no trained lawyer, no tried and skillful ruler, and no philosopher expert in the theories of governmental science. But, better than all these, there was a spirit of love of each other, begotten by common sacrifices for a holy faith, born and reared to sturdy manhood amidst common perils and sufferings. It was this spirit, by the grace of God, that brooded over their civil chaos, and evolved the pure lucidity of their compact.

For a few moments let us analyze that instrument. It commences with that solemn form with which men often begin their last wills and testaments, "In the name of God, amen!" Thus it invoked the sanction and blessing, and piously acknowledged the relation of God to the creation and existence of human government. It then proceeds in fit language to avow their loyalty as subjects to the reigning king of England; and to affirm that they had undertaken their voyage to plant a first colony in a new country "for the glory of God, the advancement of the Christian faith, and the honor of their king and country." These words were no empty form of idle utterance. They were the consummate expression of sentiments to which their lives had been wholly consecrated. For them they had accepted the disabilities of separation from the church of their country. For God's glory, and a simpler and severer Christian faith, they had borne the odium of fanaticism and the persecutions of intolerance. Driven by the rigor of law, they first sought a foreign home, where conscience could worship in peace. But an Englishman's love of England still burned in their hearts. They could not bear that themselves and their children must become aliens to her institutions and her glories; and so, under the inspiration of such a faith and such a patriotism, they set out to found a home where they could have freedom to worship God, and still be Englishmen. Therefore it was that every word in this sublime compact is weighty in devotion, both to faith and to country. (*Applause.*)

With this brief preface they proceed to create their government by a few pregnant words. We "do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better enduring and preservation, and further-

ance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws and measures, acts, constitutions and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we all promise due obedience."

No element of republican government is lacking in this brief epitome. A hundred and fifty years later, the Declaration of Independence proclaimed the truth that all just government derives its powers from the consent of the governed. But the very genius of that pivotal truth is not merely embodied in the language but illustrated by the acts of these men.

They covenant and combine themselves together "into a body politic." Each stands on a plane of perfect equality and grants the same measure of potency to the new body politic; and each secures to himself thereunder equal recognition and protection. Here is no distinction of persons—no gradations of rank—neither kings, lords, nor commons—but "men, high-minded men," bringing an equal manhood into a common fund to give energy to a government voluntarily created by and for themselves.

And mark how clearly these men discern and announce the true ends of civil government. "By virtue hereof, to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws and measures, acts, constitutions and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good." No more expressive phrase is found in the constitution of any State. "By virtue *hereof*, to enact," etc. Thus all power is limited by and to be derived from the written charter. All beyond is withheld; and whoever seeks to exercise authority must show his warrant in the written instrument. Under it, all "laws, measures, acts, constitutions and offices" must be "just and equal," and "convenient for the general good." These words admit of no doubtful construction. They empower, but they restrain; they consent, but they forbid. Whatever laws, measures, acts, constitutions and offices, are deemed for the public good may be enacted or created, but justice and equality must pervade them, and the common good must be their aim. But what is most remarkable for the age in which they lived, this compact seeks to establish no form or creed of State religion. It recognizes the duty of doing all things for the glory of God

and the advancement of the Christian faith, but there is no syllable that interferes with freedom of conscience. It dictates no creed. It prescribes no form of worship. It does not even recognize "the church" which they brought fully organized from Holland. One cannot tell from the reading of the instrument whether its framers were Separatists, Dissenters, Pilgrims, or of any other sect of religionists. On this subject its abnegation by silence is sublime.

That the compact meant all that it said or omitted to say, was proved by after deeds. The body politic was set in motion by a free and equal election, each man casting one vote which was counted as cast; and the Pilgrims disembarked with a government simple, but vigorous, to which all men owed and paid "due obedience." In the coming years for more than a generation, that government maintained all its original power, simplicity, and purity. It made laws and enforced them. It imposed taxes and collected them. It kept the peace and punished crime. It levied war, and raised and maintained armies. And whatever otherwise may be said or believed, it secured equal rights, preserved freedom of conscience, and administered justice. (*Hearty applause.*)

We are apt to forget that Plymouth Colony was for many years an independent body politic, living under its own laws, and exercising its own functions. We confound the Pilgrims with the Puritans and other immigrants who settled Boston and other portions of Massachusetts, and lived under their own governments or charters. For them and their acts, the Pilgrims had no responsibility. I affirm against all comers, that in Plymouth Colony, while it maintained its government under the compact of the Mayflower, no witch was ever hanged, but complaints of witchcraft were rejected and condemned; and no Quaker was ever executed. For many years after Roger Williams was driven for conscience sake from the other colonies of Massachusetts, he found refuge and protection in Plymouth. The Pilgrims treated the Indian tribes justly, but when wars were brought upon them by the wrongs done by other settlers, they fought heroically. Through war, pestilence, famine, the storms of winter, the heats of summer, through the hates and contests of religious zeal, and the cruelties of superstition which raged around them, the Pilgrims of Plymouth

Colony walked the narrow path of their own religious faith; but they kept unbroken the covenants of their compact, and held the body politic it created, pure but severe, in equal laws and even-handed justice to all.

To this distinction they are entitled, as well as to the glory of having framed and formed a constitution and a government higher and purer in its republicanism than the world to that hour had ever known. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman :—Let us fill our glasses for the next toast,

“THE PILGRIM FATHERS,—WHAT IF THEY HAD LANDED
ON THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY, AS TRADITION
SAYS THEY INTENDED?”

The eloquent gentleman who will respond to this toast, had a narrow escape from being even better and greater than he is. Had the *Mayflower* put in at Amboy instead of Plymouth, he would have been past praise. As it is, I am sure he has some Pilgrim blood in his veins, else he could not be what he is—though that *may* be accounted for by the fact that he was early sent from New Jersey to New England for education. We warmly welcome, and shall most gladly listen to, the HON. A. Q. KEASBEY.

SPEECH OF HON. A. Q. KEASBEY.

When my valued friend, the President of the New England Society of Brooklyn, wrote to me, a few days ago, that there would be here to-night an assembly of high, mighty, and renowned statesmen, warriors, counsellors, scholars, and priests, of New England blood, and affectionately invited me to come among them, I could scarcely believe that he was in earnest. He knew that I was a descendant of the South Jersey Quakers. It was as if a poor mortal had by mistake received a ticket for a banquet of the gods. (*Laughter.*) I protested that I did not belong to the celestial family. He insisted that I had New England blood in my veins, although I did not know it. I assured him that I hadn't a drop. But he pressed the matter so

earnestly that he reminded me of an affecting incident I read the other day, of a Dutchman who had lost his child, and related his experience in finding him. "I lose my poy, and I go out and find him sitting on the curbstone. I tell him come home. He say he von't. He look at me; I look at him. He begin to cry; I begin to cry. He feel very bad; I feel very bad. I tole him stood up, an' he stand up. I put my arms aroun' his neck—and it vasn't him!" (*Laughter.*)

I began to think that my partial friend had made some such absurd mistake about my family relations. But yesterday, the matter was all cleared up. He wrote me that I was expected to respond to this toast. This august assembly wanted to be informed what would have happened if the Mayflower had headed to New Jersey instead of landing upon Plymouth Rock. Of course nobody but a native Jerseyman could tell you that; and no one could do it better than a descendant of the South Jersey Quakers. (*Laughter.*) I readily undertook the task. I am sorry that a long trial in which I am engaged, and which I must sum up to-morrow morning, has prevented me from giving the matter that careful consideration which the intricacy of the question demands. It is a very important question. It is one of that class of questions upon which the course of human history has often turned—like the question, What would have happened if Columbus had not discovered America;—or, what if William the Conqueror had struck Iceland or Norway instead of the British Isles;—or, what if Grouchy had come up sooner at Waterloo;—or, if Romulus and Remus had been starved on the site of Rome instead of having been suckled by a kindly wolf? (*Laughter.*)

It involves considerations of physiology, sociology, biology, ethnic and climatic conditions, and all the wonderful ologies of modern science, and perhaps a little ancient astrology. Indeed, it would have been better to have asked me to look up the subject before Herbert Spencer went home. But I have devoted all the time I have had since the adjournment of court this afternoon to its investigation, and I will give you the results.

I could more readily tell you some things that would *not* have happened if the Pilgrim Fathers, instead of landing on Plymouth Rock, had put in at Barnegat Bay. One thing—en-

tirely unimportant, to be sure, to any but myself and my descendants—I can speak of pretty certainly: *I* would not have happened, as a unit of the human family. (*Laughter.*) My ancestors were Quakers, and in their flight across the ocean, about two centuries ago, they deliberately headed for New Jersey and struck into the Delaware Bay, and settled in a town called Salem, in South Jersey. Now they were hanging Quakers in Boston about that time, and if my forefathers had found the Pilgrims in the Salem which they struck, they would have been hanged and the race would have died out—"no son of their's succeeding." (*Laughter.*)

Another thing would not have happened—General Butler would not have been Governor of Massachusetts. Perhaps he would have been Governor of New Jersey, as a successor of General McClellan. (*Laughter.*)

Another thing: There would have been no Bunker Hill Monument;—at any rate, it would probably have been erected on Snake Hill, where we have built the Hudson County Poor-house.

Another thing—of much more national importance and significance: Our great system of representative government, with a law-making body in two branches, would probably have never existed, or in a profoundly modified form. This may seem strange, but in that minute investigation which I made this afternoon, I ascertained that in 1642—only two decades after the famous landing—a contest arose among the Pilgrims about a stray pig, which soon grew into a great controversy as to the powers of Deputies and Assistants, which led to the division of the Legislature into two branches. Now it is obvious that if the Mayflower had landed in New Jersey, this could not have happened. In the exuberant soil and teeming forests of that favored State there could have been no contest over a stray pig. All pigs were stray—wandering in wild profusion "at their own sweet will." But on the bleak and barren rocks which the Pilgrim Fathers unfortunately struck, a stray pig speedily became a national question.

Another thing: With the descendants and successors of the Pilgrim Fathers in New Jersey, William Penn could never have set foot upon the soil—or if he did he would have been banished as Roger Williams and Mrs. Hutchinson were. And

then, what would have become of Pennsylvania? That great star would never have appeared in our galaxy—or, rather, with the Pilgrim Fathers and their outcome holding this commanding point of the continent, Massachusetts would have become the central sun of the system, with New York, Virginia and the rest as her satellites.

But I am to tell you what *would* have happened if your ancestral craft had headed for *New Jersey* instead of Plymouth Rock, as tradition says they intended, and as the extract from their sailing instructions read by Judge Davis—directing them to the north parts of Virginia—then extending to Sandy Hook, show that they did intend. It is difficult to conceive the far-reaching consequences that would have flowed from this change, when we consider the immense advantages of Perth Amboy or Barnegat Bay, or even Salem Creek, over Plymouth Rock, as a landing place for pilgrims.

I must not ask you to trust the testimony of a modern Jerseyman on this subject. I must refer you to the words of some of your own original observers. You know that in 1664 King Charles granted to the Duke of York all the land from the Delaware to Canada eastward to the ocean. The description in the grant was somewhat vague in reference to our present knowledge of geography. It was this: "All that part of the main land of New England beginning at a certain place called or known by the name of St. Croix next adjoining to New Scotland in America, and from thence extending along the sea coast unto a certain place called Pemaquie or Pemaquid, and soe upp the River thereof to the furthest head of the same as it tendeth Northwards, and extending from thence to the River of Kenibequa and soe upwards by the shortest course to the River Canada Northwards. And also all that Island or Islands comonly called by the Severall name or names of Mattowacks or Long Island Scituate lying and being towards the West of Cape Cod and the Narrow Higansetts abutting upon the maine land betweene the two Rivers there called or knowne by the severall names of Connecticutte & Hudsons River and all the land from the West side of Connecticutte River to the East side of Delaware Bay, and alsoe all those several islands called or knowne by the names of Martin's Vinyards & Nantukes otherwise Nantucket."

Now we can see from these familiar names how important an area this grant embraced. But out of it the Duke of York granted in the same year, this small part, to Berkeley and Carteret "all that tract of land adjacent to New England and lying and being to the westward of Long Island and Manhitas Island, and bounded on the east part by the main sea and part by Hudsons River, and hath upon the west Delaware Bay or River, extendeth southward to the main ocean as farre as Cape May, at the mouth of Delaware Bay, and to the northward as farre as ye northwest branch of said Bay or River of Delaware, which is in forty-one degrees and forty minutes of latitude and crosseth over thence in a straight line to Hudsons River in forty-one degrees of lathitude, which said tract of land is hereafter to be called by the name or names of Nova Cesarea or New Jersey."

Though this grant of New Jersey was so small compared with the Duke's great domain, Colonel Nicholas, one of the Royal Commissioners to New England, when he came in 1665, and saw the country, at once wrote to the Duke protesting against the grant. He said, "in this grant is comprehended all the improveable part of your Royal Highness's Patent, and capable to receive twenty times more people than Long Island and all the remaining tracts in your Royal Highness's Patent, in respect not only to the quantity of land but to the sea coast and Delaware River, the fertility of the soyle, the neighborhood to Hudsons River, and lastly, the fair hopes of rich mines, and to the utter discouragement of any that shall desire to live under your Royal Highness's protection."

And Samuel Maverick, another of the commissioners, wrote in the same strain to Lord Arlington. He said, "their bounds reach from the east side of Delaware River to the west side of Hudsons River including a vast tract of the improveable land within His Royal Highness's Patent. The Duke hath left of his Patent nothing to the west of New Yorke, and to the east upon the mayne about sixteen miles only from Hudsons River whereon is but one poore village; Long Island is very poore and inconsiderable, and besides the city there are but two Dutch towns more, Sopus and Albany which lye up the north on Hudsons River; I suppose when ye Lord Berkely had that grant, it was not thought he should come so

near this place, nor were ye inconveniences of it known or considered."

In view of this early testimony as to the vast advantages squandered by the prodigal duke upon the proprietors of New Jersey we can imagine the feelings entertained in early days as to the disaster of the landing of the Mayflower upon that desolate coast. But who can conceive the sublime heights of prosperity and civilization to which the sturdy descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers would have attained, if, instead of having been cast upon that barren and inhospitable rock, they had been borne by favoring gales into Perth Amboy, Sandy Hook or Barnegat Bay, or even to the Salem where I was born! (*Laughter.*)

Under the changed conditions of the climate and soil which would then have surrounded them—by virtue of those principles of social and individual evolution which have been so eloquently expounded here to-night—who can tell but that the whole course of human history would have been changed? With no Indians to fight—with the stimulus of successful farming and mining to keep them from quarelling over grace and works, and fighting about "fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute"—and hanging Quakers and burning witches—who can place a limit to the progress of the human race that would have been the result? Holding this vantage ground, the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers would have practically absorbed the whole country, and been able to exclaim with truth, "The whole unbounded continent is ours." What a glorious thing a New England Society Dinner would have been then! How much more gushing our bursts of mutual admiration. (*Laughter.*)

I would be glad to pursue this inspiring theme more fully if time allowed. I will only say that while I by no means agree with an irreverent friend who said, "What a pity that instead of the Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock had not landed on the Pilgrim Fathers." I can exclaim—as a native Jerseyman who knows whereof he speaks—what a thousand pities that the Mayflower instead of having been cast upon Plymouth Rock, had not been wafted to Perth Amboy or Barnegat Bay, as Parson Robinson intended. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman :—The next regular toast is,

“THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.”

We expected the privilege of listening on this topic, which has our deepest reverence and affection, to the REV. DR. NEWMAN of New York. The same accident which withholds from us the presence of General Grant deprives us also of that of Dr. Newman.

The Chairman :—Let us fill our glasses to

“THE CITY OF BROOKLYN—SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG.”

In the earlier part of the evening I intimated the belief that our worthy young mayor was descended from one of the Pilgrim Fathers. As matter of fact, I believe that he has, also, in his veins the Dutch blood of the gallant old Admiral Van Tromp, who swept the seas with a broom at the mast-head of his frigate. Our mayor “shows his blood” by wielding the broom with like vigor.

SPEECH OF HON. SETH LOW.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the New England Society : I am a Pilgrim, and in view of the different theories that have been propounded to-night I ask you if I am not justified in saying I am a stranger?

It seems to me that it has scarcely ever been my lot to listen, in one evening, to so many wild statements, and at the same time to have so many historical inquiries suggested. For instance, it has been asked by the gentleman from Plymouth whether I am the representative of those genial gentlemen upon whom they palmed off these shells for good money of the realm. I think I have the first requisite for being a “poor Indian” in being as I suppose a white man. And the same gentlemen suggested a historical inquiry, or rather the answer to one, in

connection with the country of Holland. I had often wondered, as perhaps others had, how they happened to hit upon the curious names of their cities, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam. I think he explained it when he said that the whole country was a coffer dam. (*Laughter.*)

Then we have had some allusions to the Bridge. I think the difficulty that strangers have in understanding that bridge is that they don't realize what kind of a bridge it is. It is not only "linked sweetness long drawn out," but it is also "the unsubstantial fabric of a dream;" and beyond everything else it claims to be, I think, a suspension bridge. It has established this claim by suspending operations whenever it could get a chance. (*Laughter.*) I think that ultimately it will suspend the roadway, and then we shall begin to go over it; but then that has not been the kind of suspension in practice hitherto. However, I do not think—whatever its cost—that it will lead to a suspension of payments. Then allusion has been made to the utterance of the poet, and the warning suggested that in raising Low there might be a Paradise lost. Now it makes a great difference, or some difference, I venture to hope, whose Paradise is lost; which I can illustrate by a fact in the practice of the West in their treatment of hogs. Wherever there is an abundance of woods with acorns mast under the trees, they are in the habit of turning their hogs to roam and feed. When it comes to be cold weather the hogs begin crowding up together; and the gentleman who informed me of this practice said that he never found an inside row yet disconcerted, and never found an outside row yet that didn't want to get in. (*Laughter.*)

Then another gentlemen who spoke was very particular to draw a distinction, that as a matter of history I have no doubt would stand the test, between the Pilgrims and Puritans. It only constrained me to ask one question in connection with the present Governor of Massachusetts, who, I believe, comes from the county in which Salem stands—Essex County, if indeed he does not come from Salem itself—as to whether he is a descendant of the Pilgrim or the Puritan. Is he a Salem witch? (*Laughter.*)

Then it seems to me that the last speaker utterly demolished for himself the fabric he had been building, when he appealed

to the excellent testimony of gentlemen on the spot at the time as to the superiority of New Jersey over Long Island, by telling how many more people it could support. As I look at the toast attached—the sentiment attached to my text, that Brooklyn is a city six hundred thousand strong, and only a small part of Long Island, I have wondered to myself how many New Jerseys we could comfortably house. And yet I am free to concede this to him, that it is not safe to form conclusions based altogether upon numbers rather than size, for so far as number is concerned it is possible to make a mistake in the count. I don't think that has happened in Brooklyn, however, though it happened to a wealthy Dutch farmer up the river who was asked how many pigs he had; he replied nine, and one little one that ran round so fast he couldn't count him. Then, if you leave numbers and go to the question of size, you are familiar with the answer of the gentleman in regard to the size of his wife; he said, "She's small, but Oh! My!" And I feel rather inclined to say that of New Jersey—"Oh, My!" (*Laughter.*)

But, gentlemen, if you will allow me a serious word underneath all this pleasantry, it does remain that the glory and the strength of a city are not in its numbers but in the character of those who live in it. I remember that a year ago to-night the Mayor-elect of Brooklyn was also the guest of this Society, and he took that occasion to remind those present that the work he was called upon to do he could not do alone. And he ventured to say—to express the hope—that if he called upon any within the hearing of his voice to help him, that that help would not be withheld. There are in this room with us to-night two gentlemen, who, at great sacrifice of personal convenience and inclination responded to that call and have nobly served this city. There are others, not here, who have done the same thing. And it goes without saying that whatever you have found in the course of that gentleman's administration to commend has been largely, if not entirely, due to the quality of the help that has been given to him so generously. I know that both of these gentlemen accepted the positions which they hold because of the words that were spoken then, and I want to speak one other word, with as distinct a voice as that, to-night. If this city, or any city, is to be permanently well

governed it must be able to command, at all times, the services of some of its best men. It will not ask for them all at once, it will not need them all at once, but unless you put the best material into your offices I don't think you can expect the best results. I know that for some important offices this fall, efforts were made by those representing opinion on either side of the political house to induce gentlemen to accept nominations, that failed. I know that in some cases it was impossible for the gentlemen to accept, but tenders of that kind were held out in more than one direction, and I could have hoped that somewhere the invitation would have been accepted. Personally when I have asked I have almost always had a willing response, but in every instance when the invitation came to accept a nomination, the response was uniformly, or almost uniformly, in the negative.

Now, gentlemen, there is one point where, if you want good government, you have got to make a sacrifice. If such men as are here will do that, if they will give up their business when they have enough, and submit to personal inconvenience, and stand, in the face of criticism, or even defeat, I think the future of Brooklyn is perfectly safe; but it is in the hands of the six hundred thousand people of Brooklyn, and not in the hands of any one or any handful of her men. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman :—Our closing toast is, with warm cordiality,

“OUR SISTER SOCIETIES.”

This ancient Society hails with affection its beloved branch Society of New York (*laughter*), the honored president of which, Mr. Fiske, has been with us this evening. Love and fraternity, as becometh near kindred, are and ever will be warm and cordial between the two societies. They may ever rely on us, as we know we may always rely on them.

Our early and life-long friends, the Sons of *St. Nicholas*, are represented here to-night by his Honor, the former MAYOR HUNTER, whose peaceful but vigorous reign did so much toward making our beautiful city what it is. We will gladly hear his voice.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN W. HUNTER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I have to thank you for the kind and cordial recognition of the society which I have the honor to represent. One thing may be said of this New England Society, it ought never to die while it dines so well. (*Applause.*) And it is right and proper to keep up these occasions, for that excessive modesty which so much afflicts us seldom or never gets an opportunity to overcome or assert itself except at gatherings of this kind, when all the cardinal virtues are found to be resident in one nationality. While it is not claimed that the Dutch had an ark of their own, it might be said that they came in with the flood. Certainly no people ever managed to get along with the waters of the sea in better fashion. The ancients doubted whether this locality was land or water. The country had literally to be damned to be saved (*laughter*), and they were the people to do it. The Dutch had, indeed, taken Holland. They were doers, not talkers. They had famous talent for silence and sturdy resistance to oppression, and when the invader had been driven or drowned out, their country was open to all oppressed and dissatisfied peoples. The Half Moon was of an earlier date than the Mayflower. The Dutch came here to establish trade with the natives. They were successful. They were just in their dealings. They bought land and paid for it, but not in clamshells. Their treaties of friendship with the Indian nations could not be broken or disturbed. The documentary history of this State will prove how great a barrier the kindly friendship of these natives was in preventing the overthrow of the English (who had succeeded the Dutch) in the fierce wars of the French and of the Latin church who sought to get possession of the whole country. An eminent clergyman of this city has published a most interesting pamphlet, claiming that "there was a manifest Providence in the fact that the Dutch rather than the English first came into possession of the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk Rivers, and thus into friendly relations with the peaceful Six Nations, who held the key of the position in this great contest." The Dutch were tolerant. Governor Stuyvesant, I think, did punish and imprison one Quaker, but he was soon reminded by the home government that that was no part

of his business, and there was no more of it. It is superfluous to paint the lily or gild refined gold (the Dutch were content with tulips and guilders) or to tell you that all the Pilgrims ever knew of religious liberty they learned during their stay in Holland, and of how soon they forgot all about it after they landed on Plymouth Rock. But I was to speak only of the virtues of the Dutch and of their friendship for the New England Society and to say in hearty language of congratulation, "May you go on and prosper."

The Chairman:—Our hearts warm toward *St. Patrick*, for he has a warm heart, as well as a clear head and strong arm. He and his brother Jonathan are closely, indissolubly allied. Their interests, and sympathies, and destiny on this side the sea, are one. Let us listen to the words of his honored son who is with us to-night—MR. JOHN C. MCGUIRE.

SPEECH OF JOHN C. MCGUIRE, ESQ.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society: I am very much pleased to acknowledge and thank you for the friendly courtesy by which I am your guest this evening, representing the St. Patrick Society of Brooklyn.

Taking the object of the New England Society as stated by Mr. Evarts to be the worship of your ancestors and mutual admiration, your Society, for a three year old baby, has made great progress in the objects of its existence. I listened with a great deal of delight, and some profit, I hope, to the eloquent tributes that were paid to the genius of New England and the virtues of New Englanders, and have no doubt that a careful investigation would disclose some good qualities in the New England character; and I bear testimony to the fact that the most has been made of them. But I think it is well for the orators of the evening that the sister societies are so modestly represented here. It is owing to that fact, and to the additional fact that the Dutch courage of my venerable friend Mr. Hunter, on behalf of the St. Nicholas Society, must have oozed out, like Bob Acres' courage, through the palms of his hands while he was

getting to his feet—that the position of preëminence claimed by some of your speakers is not more vigorously assailed. During the delivery of the brilliant eulogies we have heard, it was with difficulty that I could keep my old friend in his seat and prevent him from remonstrating, he labored under such strong emotion; and in fact the mildness of his manner in responding on behalf of the St. Nicholas Society was an edifying surprise to me, although characteristic of him. (*Applause.*) But seriously, Mr. President, it is a good thing that the virtues of our ancestors should remain with us, and that we should suffer their faults to die and be buried with them; and that the great characters and achievements of the people who have gone before us should be held up for the study and emulation of their posterity. But I take it to be an historical truth, and even a Providential fact, that in this country from the foundation of our institutions, through all the struggles and vicissitudes of war, and commercial enterprise, and industry, which have resulted in making her the premier nation of the earth, that there is no man who can claim for any race or class that it was they who did it; that this nation to-day is the result of the virtue and the energy of a variety of races and peoples; and no man, who properly appreciates the mission of this country in the world, and to humanity, and who loves the country as he ought, will fail to thank God that it is so. (*Great applause.*)

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

FOURTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL

OF

THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN,

INCLUDING A PAPER READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY, NOVEMBER 4, 1882, BY NOAH
PORTER, D.D., LL.D., ON "THE NEW ENGLAND MEETING HOUSE;" AND
A PAPER READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY, NOVEMBER 13, 1883, BY JUDGE
CALVIN E. PRATT ON "THE OLD DISTRICT SCHOOL HOUSE."

OFFICERS, DIRECTORS. COUNCIL. MEMBERS.

STANDING COMMITTEES,

AND

BY-LAWS OF THE SOCIETY.

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OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn is incorporated and organized, to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers ; to encourage the study of New England history ; to establish a library, and to promote charity, good fellowship and social intercourse among its members.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

ADMISSION FEE,	\$10.00
ANNUAL DUES,	5.00
LIFE MEMBERSHIP, <i>besides Admission Fee</i> ,	50.00


Payable at Election, except Annual Dues, which are payable in January of each year.

Any member of the Society in good standing may become a Life Member on paying to the Treasurer the sum of fifty dollars ; or on paying a sum which in addition to dues previously paid by him shall amount to fifty dollars, and thereafter such member shall be exempt from further payment of dues.

Any male person of good moral character, who is a native or descendant of a native of any of the New England States, and who is eighteen years old or more is eligible.

If in the judgment of the Board of Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society, a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society.

The friends of a deceased member are requested to give to the Historiographer early information of the time and place of his birth and death, with brief incidents of his life for publication in our annual report. Members who change their address should give the Secretary early notice.

 It is desirable to have all worthy gentlemen of New England descent residing in Brooklyn, become members of the Society. Members are requested to send applications of their friends for membership to the Secretary.

Address,

STEPHEN B. NOYES, *Recording Secretary.*

199 Montague Street, Brooklyn.

OFFICERS.

1883-1884.

President :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN.

First Vice-President :

JOHN WINSLOW.

Second Vice-President :

CHARLES STORRS.

Treasurer :

WILLIAM B. KENDALL.

Recording Secretary :

STEPHEN B. NOYES.

Corresponding Secretary :

REV. A. P. PUTNAM.

Historiographer :

STEPHEN B. NOYES.

Librarian :

REV. W. H. WHITTEMORE.

DIRECTORS.

For One Year :

WILLIAM H. LYON,

WILLIAM B. KENDALL,

CHARLES STORRS.

For Two Years :

JOHN WINSLOW,

CALVIN E. PRATT,

ASA W. TENNEY.

For Three Years :

RIPLEY ROPES,

A. S. BARNES,

HENRY W. SLOCUM.

For Four Years :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

HIRAM W. HUNT,

GEORGE H. FISHER.

COUNCIL.

A. A. LOW,
ALEXANDER M. WHITE,
S. B. CHITTENDEN,
E. H. R. LYMAN,
STEWART L. WOODFORD,
BENJ. F. TRACY,
CHARLES PRATT,
JOSHUA M. VAN COTT,
HENRY E. PIERREPONT,
CHARLES L. BENEDICT,

ALBERT E. LAMB,
CHARLES E. WEST,
THOMAS H. RODMAN,
AUGUSTUS STORRS,
ARTHUR MATHEWSON,
D. L. NORTHRUP,
HENRY SANGER,
W. B. DICKERMAN.
H. W. MAXWELL,
SETH LOW,

A. T. PLUMMER,
ISAAC H. CARY, Jr.,
WM. AUG. WHITE,
THOMAS S. MOORE,
W. R. BUNKER,
DARWIN R. JAMES,
JAMES R. COWING,
A. C. BARNES,
FREDERIC CROMWELL,
H. E. DODGE.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Finance.

CHARLES STORRS,

WILLIAM H. LYON,

GEORGE H. FISHER.

Charity:

RIPLEY ROPES,

HENRY W. SLOCUM,

ASA W. TENNEY.

Invitations:

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM,

JOHN WINSLOW.

Annual Festival:

HIRAM W. HUNT,

W. B. DICKERMAN,

ALBERT E. LAMB.

Publications:

JOHN WINSLOW,

A. S. BARNES,

CHARLES STORRS.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn was held in the Directors' Room in the Academy of Music, Wednesday Evening, December 5th, 1883.

Mr. John Winslow, first Vice-President of the Society, called the meeting to order and officiated as Chairman.

The Minutes of the Third Annual Meeting, held December 6th, 1882, were read and approved.

On motion, Mr. Nelson G. Carman and Mr. Henry Pratt were elected members of the Society.

Mr. William B. Kendall, Treasurer of the Society, presented his annual report, showing a balance on hand of \$9,879.11, which was, on motion, approved and ordered to be placed on file. There was appended to the Treasurer's report a certificate signed by the Finance Committee, that the same had been examined and found correct.

In the absence of the President, his Annual Report was presented which was as follows:

PRESIDENT'S FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT.

Gentlemen of The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn: In complying with the Sixth Article of the By-Laws, which requires that at each annual meeting the President shall make a report stating such matters as he may deem of interest or importance to the Society, little more need be done than to reiterate what has been said at the previous annual meetings respecting its good condition, and its present, and the prospect of its continued, usefulness.

Our financial condition is entirely satisfactory. The report last year of the Hon. William B. Kendall, the Treasurer, showed that on the 28th of November, 1882, the balance in the Treasury was \$8,780.43. His report for the present year states the balance on the 28th of November, 1883, to be \$9,879.11.

By Article XXIV of the By-Laws it is provided that, if in the judgment of the Board of Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society, a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society; such sum to be paid in equal annual payments for five successive years after the decease of such member. The said annuity shall not be paid to any such widow after she shall have married again, but shall be paid to such of the children as are not able to earn their subsistence.

The good state of the fund already accumulated, and its increase which we may confidently expect, will render this clause one of some benefit in future years to the families of such members, if any, as may meet with pecuniary reverses. Each succeeding year of their membership will increase the value of this provision by increasing the amount on which, in case of disaster, their families may rely.

The membership of the Society is steadily extending, as will be seen by the report of the Recording Secretary, Albert E. Lamb, Esq., by which it appears that the number of members at this time is four hundred and thirty.

The Annual Festival of December 21st, 1882, was, like those of preceding years, not only sumptuous and elegant in all its provisions and appointments, but an intellectual feast not to be forgotten by those who were present.

Among our guests to whose addresses all listened with very great satisfaction were Col. W. T. Vilas of Wisconsin, Hon. William F. Davis of Plymouth, Massachusetts, General Stewart L. Woodford of Brooklyn, Hon. William M. Evarts and Hon. Noah Davis of New York, Hon. A. Q. Keasbey of New Jersey, Hon. Seth Low, Hon. John W. Hunter, and Hon. John C. Maguire,—the two last gentlemen representing respectively the St. Nicholas and St. Patrick Societies of this City.

We have good reason for believing that the approaching Festival, to be held on the 21st of the present month, will be most attractive. Very eminent and eloquent persons have accepted invitations to be present, and the preparations for the feast make it certain that none will go away hungered or athirst.

At the time of each of the previous festivals there has been some dissatisfaction because of the inability of members, at the last hour, to obtain tickets. But it is obviously and absolutely necessary that the committee having the subject in charge should seasonably know how many, and who, are to be present, and to make arrangements accordingly. They, therefore, give notice that tickets can be obtained, by members only, until the 10th of December,—that up to that time members can, and no others can, procure them, and that after that date, such tickets, if any, as may then be undisposed of, will be furnished to applicants, whether members or not, in the order in which they may be called for. It is indispensable, therefore, that such members as design to attend the Dinner, and wish to be certain of doing so, shall apply for their tickets by or before the 10th. A large number have already made such application, and those who would be sure to avoid disappointment should not omit doing so beyond the date named.

In this connection, I cannot refrain from saying that the Society is under special obligation to Messrs. Putnam and Winslow of the Committee on Invitations; and to Messrs. Kendall, Hunt and Pratt, of the Committee on the Annual Festival. Members generally have little idea of the amount of time, and of the amount of labor, necessarily bestowed by those gentlemen in the preparations requisite to secure the great success which has attended these banquets.

The Directors have reluctantly accepted the resignation of Mr. Hunt from the latter Committee, for his services were invaluable, but the state of his health left no alternative. Mr. W. B. Dickerman has consented, and been appointed, to take his place.

On the 13th November, the Society held a general meeting, which was largely attended by the members and their families, in the Art Gallery. An address was delivered by General Calvin E. Pratt on the subject of "The old New England School House." It need not be added that it was full of interest, and that the

theme was made the text for graphic descriptions of times, and scenes, and characters peculiar to New England in the days that are past. The report of the next Annual Festival will be enriched by the insertion in it of the address by Judge Pratt, and of that on "The New England Meeting House" delivered by the Rev. President Porter of Yale College, at the meeting of the Society held on the 4th of November, 1882.

A suggestion has been made by Mr. Noyes, the Historiographer of the Society, and approved by the Board of Directors, which it is believed will be favored by the members of the Society generally, that a circular be sent to each, inviting him to furnish for record in the books of the Society a note stating the country from which his ancestors came to New England, the period of their arrival, the places of their residence, and such other particulars of their history, and the history of their descendants as may perpetuate a record of the family of each. It is expected that many will furnish such particulars, and so far as they may be received, they will add to the materials for New England History.

It will be a welcome statement to the Society that the deaths among our members during the past year have been very few. But two are reported by Mr. Noyes—they were Mr. Daniel A. Sanborn and Mr. Nathaniel Harris Cary. The Historiographer furnishes sketches of them, and also one of Mr. Samuel Putnam Pope, who died in 1882.

They are as follows:

SAMUEL PUTNAM POPE, the son of Elijah Pope and Eunice Prince, was born in Danvers, Mass., December 16th, 1844. He received his education in his native town and moved to New York in 1865. In 1868 he entered the employ of the late Henry G. Ely, and in 1876 became a member of the firm of H. G. Ely & Co. A few weeks before his death the name was changed to Pope & Haight.

The manliness and purity of his character caused him to be respected by all who knew him, while his gentleness and modest dignity endeared him to a large circle of friends.

His business character is well indicated by the following resolution adopted with others by the *Hide and Leather Club*, of which he was a member:

* * * * *

"Resolved, that though cut off in his prime, with the promise of large influence and usefulness before him, we feel that he has left a name and a record not only worthy of imitation, but worthy also to be held in perpetual remembrance as a standard of commercial purity, integrity, and honor."

* * * * *

The life which promised so much ended suddenly. He passed away after a short illness, July 15, 1882.

DANIEL A. SANBORN was born in Charlestown, Mass., April 5, 1827. He received his education in the public schools of that town until fifteen years of age, when he became a pupil of an academy in Northfield, Mass.; graduated from which he entered the office of Messrs. Felton & Parker, civil engineers, and devoted himself to civil engineering as a profession. On the completion of his studies he was employed by the Fitchburg Railroad Company to build a portion of its road. In 1853 he was appointed chief engineer of the Oldtown and Lincoln Railroad, then in process of construction in Maine. After a year's work the enterprise was abandoned, and he accepted the position of superintendent of the Delaware Railroad in Delaware, which he filled acceptably for two years, and then resigned to carry out a contract made with other parties to fill in the Back Bay in Boston.

Later he engaged in the manufacture of bricks by steam power, in Cambridge. He remained in this business two years and then turned his attention to making insurance surveys. In 1865, he established an office in New York called the

National Insurance Diagram Bureau, where he published for the convenience of insurance companies maps of the principal cities and towns in the United States, meeting with marked success.

In 1876, he organized his business into a stock company called the Sanborn Map and Publishing Company, of which he was manager. About this time his health became seriously impaired, nevertheless his interest in his business did not flag, but through years of painful invalidism and up to within a week of his death, which occurred April 11, 1883, gave it his closest attention.

His wife and two of his three children survive him.

The company which he established still exists and is in a prosperous condition.

NATHANIEL HARRIS CARY was born at the north end of Boston, February 22d, 1802, and died in Brooklyn, New York, September 20th, 1883, being in the eighty-second year of his age. Mr. Cary belonged to a race of boat builders and mast and spar makers.

His great-grandfather, Jonathan Cary, came from Bristol, England, about the year 1720, and settled in Charlestown, Massachusetts, where he married and was the father of a large family. Pursuing his trade he soon was enabled to purchase a small piece of ground upon which he and his son John each built a house. At the burning of Charlestown by the British, June 17th, 1775, these houses were among the first that were swept away. Jonathan and his wife, each seventy-six years old, and John and his large family of young children, fled with many others to Reading, Mass., where they remained until after Charlestown was evacuated by the British. During the war, John Cary was engaged at Cambridge, Mass., in building boats for Washington's army. When the family returned to Charlestown they occupied for nearly one year a part of the fort which the British had evacuated, during which time John rebuilt his house on Maudlin Street.

Jonathan, son of John, also a master mast and spar maker, had his mast yard on Wheeler's Wharf, Boston, where some of the largest vessels of that day were rigged. Jonathan had four sons—William, Nathaniel, Isaac and George—who all served more or less of an apprenticeship with their father. William, Isaac, and George finally dropped the *broad-axe* and about the year 1874, started in Boston in a small way as dealers in horns, shell, combs, and Yankee notions.

In 1827 they established a house in New York City, which at the time of the death of William H. Cary, in 1861, was, under the name of Cary, Howard, Sanger & Co., the largest importing fancy goods and notion house in this country.

Nathaniel Harris Cary, the subject of this sketch, followed the mast and spar making business until about the year 1835, during which time he was connected with the Charlestown, Brooklyn, and Portsmouth Navy Yards, thereby coming in contact with many of the naval officers of the War of the Revolution, and of 1812, notably Commodores Decatur and Hull. During the war of 1812-14, Nathaniel was of an age to see and remember much of interest. During the year 1814, when the British fleet was off Boston Harbor, Gov. Strong called upon the citizens of Boston to assist in throwing up earthworks in Boston and on Noddels Island (now East Boston). Even the public schools were closed in order to allow the larger boys to assist, Nathaniel's duty being to carry his father's dinner down to him while at work on the earthworks. Nathaniel distinctly remembered the excitement at the time when the Frigate Constitution returned to Boston after having destroyed the British Ship *Guerriere* outside the harbor.

About the year 1830 Nathaniel came to Brooklyn, where he remained until 1840, being engaged at the Navy Yard, and afterward with his brothers in the fancy goods business.

About the year 1841 he was sent by his brothers, William and Isaac, to Whetmore Island in the Penobscot River, Maine, to superintend a large lumber interest there.

From 1850 to 1870 he quietly lived with his family at Lexington, and at Jamaica Plains, Mass. During the war of the Rebellion, his great love for his country prompted him to do all that he could for the great cause at stake. Being at that time sixty years of age he could not go to the front himself; but his patriotism would not allow him to take from the ranks of a Boston regiment a schoolboy son, then much under age. While residing at Jamaica Plains, his second son, J. George Cary, entered Harvard Law School. During the second

year of his term, at the age of twenty-three, he was taken with typhoid fever and died. This was a terrible blow to the now aged parents, and in the Spring of 1871 they moved to Brooklyn again to be near their only remaining son, Isaac Harris Cary (also a member of this Society), who was permanently settled here.

Although Mr. Cary reached the age of four score years he did not seem a very old man, being quite active in body and mind until his last short sickness. His careful home training by a dearly loved mother, who died when he had attained the age of nineteen years, was never forgotten, and he was enabled to participate in the house-warmings, the launches, and the festive days of "Ye Olden Times," without retaining any of their evil effects. The latter years of Mr. Cary's life were spent as quietly and peacefully as were his earlier years active and exciting. He was warm-hearted and kindly by nature, generous in proportion to his means. Mr. Cary was a member and constant attendant of the Unitarian Church, and an intense lover of "Old New England" and her glorious history.

His remains now lie interred at Forest Hill Cemetery, Jamaica Plains, Mass.

On motion, this report was accepted and ordered to be spread upon the minutes, and also to be published in the Annual Report issued by the Society.

On motion, Messrs. Benjamin D. Silliman, Hiram W. Hunt, and George H. Fisher, were nominated Directors for the ensuing four years, and the Secretary was empowered and directed to cast a single ballot for their election, which being done, they were declared elected.

Adjourned.

ALBERT E. LAMB,
Recording Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES
AT THE
FOURTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL
HELD

DECEMBER 21ST, 1883,

*In commemoration of the Two Hundred and Sixty-third Anniversary
of the Landing of the Pilgrims.*

The Fourth Annual Festival of The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, was held in the Assembly Room of the Academy of Music, and in the Art Room adjoining, Friday evening, December 21st, 1883.

Without the weather was clear and cold, an "old time" fall of snow lay deep and white throughout the city. It was, indeed, a night for feasting and for commemorating the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

A Reception was held in the Art Room from half past five until half past six o'clock, and then all present entered the Assembly Room and took their allotted seats. This room was brilliantly illuminated and elaborately and tastefully decorated. The coat-of-arms of each of the thirteen original States—alternating with shields and golden horseshoes but separated therefrom with national flags gracefully festooned—adorned the walls. Long streamers of red, white and blue bunting drooped from the central chandelier and were caught up along the sides. The tables were decorated with baskets and boquets of cut flowers, ferns and holly, and potted cactuses, and other plants, which filled the air with a delicious perfume.

Including guests, there were two hundred and ninety-eight present.

At the guests' table were seated, on the right of the President, President Chester A. Arthur, Hon. Horace Russell, Hon. Seth Low, Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, and Rev. Dr. A. P. Putnam; on the left, Gen. U. S. Grant, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Frederick A. Farley, Rev. Dr. John P. Newman, William Sullivan, Esq., and Hon. John W. Hunter.

GRACE.

REV. DR. FREDERICK A. FARLEY.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that the children of the Pilgrims are permitted to meet together once more, on this festive occasion, to commemorate the virtues of their fathers, to call to mind the blessings Thou hast bestowed upon them and their children, and at Thy table to look unto Thee with grateful hearts, and ascribe thanksgiving unto Thee for all the mercies which from generation to generation have attended their descendants. We ask Thy presence and Thy blessing with us, at this festal board, and may all things redound to Thy praise and glory; we ask it in the name of Christ, our Saviour, *Amen.*

MENU.

—o—

Oysters.

Soups.

Shrimp.

Beef.

Fish.

Sea Bass, Joinville.

Sheepshead à la Chambord.

Potatoes.

Relevé.

Filet of Beef.

String Beans.

Entrées.

Stuffed Capon.

French Peas.

Terrapin, Newburg.

Celery.

*Roman Punch.**Roasts.*

Canvas-back Duck.

Quail.

Lettuce Salad.

Sweets.

Cakes.

Ice Cream.

Fruits.

Cheese.

Coffee.

ADDRESS BY HON. B. D. SILLIMAN,
PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

Gentlemen of the New England Society: A proclaimed purpose of this Society is the commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims. If this were its only purpose there would be little need of its existence—for that event will never be forgotten, or unheeded. The Plymouth Rock is the corner stone of our great national edifice, which, as we trust and believe, will be as enduring as the rock itself. The effacing hand of time, instead of obliterating, has but inscribed in deeper and imperishable characters the record of the Pilgrims, their noble aims and their grand achievements. Two hundred and sixty-three years of steady progress, and of final triumph of religious and civil liberty, and of the full equality of all men before the law throughout this land, bear witness of the wisdom, the sacrifices, the courage and the conquests of the Pilgrims, and the Puritans who followed them.

At length the interests and principles of different sections of our country have ceased to conflict; sectional passions no longer rage, and none are left to upbraid New England and her history save the small and feeble tribe—bless their ignorant souls!—who still prate of her “intolerance;” of the “Blue Laws of Connecticut,” and the “hanging of witches at Salem.” These seem, in their view, to constitute the history of New England. They innocently suppose that putting witches to death was an invention of the Pilgrims, while, as was lately said by our friend, Mr. John Winslow—himself the last survivor of the Pilgrim fathers—(*laughter*)—the other Pilgrims had gone to heaven half a century before the witches were hanged; and, as we all know, another half century passed before England repealed the laws requiring such executions.

So, too, these lingering upbraiders do not know that a large part, if not most, of what are termed the *Blue Laws* are simply fabrications and never had existence, and that few, if any, of those which were enacted were more stringent, or intolerant, for their day and generation than were contemporary laws in other colonies. All were in conformity to the spirit of the age in which they were enacted. There was *compulsory* religion in those days. Thus, in *Virginia* every man was required to have

his children baptized, under a penalty of two thousand pounds of tobacco for each omission. Teaching any other catechism than that of the Church of England was forbidden. Everybody was required to attend church on Sunday and remain there during the whole service, under a penalty of fifty pounds of tobacco. Each county was required to have a pillory, a pair of stocks, a whipping post and a ducking stool, and every woman guilty of slander was ducked. If the degree of her offense exceeded five hundred pounds of tobacco, she was ducked again for every five hundred pounds, unless her husband would pay the tobacco. *Quakers* were forbidden to hold Quaker meetings under penalty of two hundred pounds of tobacco each, for the first offense, five hundred pounds for the second offense, and banishment from the colony for the third. Every master of a vessel bringing any Quaker to Virginia to reside there, was punishable by a fine of five thousand pounds of tobacco, and required to carry the Quaker out of the country again.

Indeed, the Quakers were dealt with roughly, not only in Virginia and Massachussets, but almost everywhere except in Rhode Island. In *New York* they were treated by the Dutch with special intolerance. One person who had been guilty of giving a night's lodging to a banished Quakeress at Gravesend (in this county), and another for permitting Quaker meetings on his premises in Jamaica, and others at Flushing for the like offense, were fined and banished from the colony. In 1657 some residents of Flushing presented to the Governor a humble petition that Quakers might be tolerated. It was indignantly rejected, and the petitioners escaped severe punishment only by abject promises not to repeat the offense. The ringleader who drew up the petition was removed from the office, (*Schout*), which he held, and was fined and banished from the colony.

Baptists fared little, if at all, better.

In *Barbadoes* (another English colony) any omission of family prayers was punishable by a fine of forty pounds of sugar. Everybody was required to attend church twice a day under a penalty of ten pounds of cotton, and profanity was punished by a fine of four pounds of sugar. Why offenses respecting family prayer and profanity were punishable in sugar, while non-church-going was punishable in cotton,

does not appear. Perhaps these penalties were regarded as "discriminating duties" for the "incidental protection" of domestic manufactures. (*Laughter.*)

In *New York* public houses were required to be kept shut and no liquor sold, and nobody allowed to travel on Sunday. Not only Quakers, and Baptists, but Roman Catholics were subjects of special proscription. It was ordained that "all Jesuits, seminary priests, missionaries or other ecclesiastical persons, made or ordained by any power or jurisdiction, derived or pretended from the Pope or See of Rome, residing within the province, shall depart the same on or before the 1st of November, 1700. If any such remain, or come into the province after that date he shall be deemed an incendiary, a disturber of the public peace and safety, and an enemy to the true Christian religion, and shall suffer perpetual imprisonment, and if being so imprisoned he shall break prison and make his escape and afterward be retaken, he shall suffer such pains of death, penalties and forfeiture as in cases of felony." It was further enacted that any one receiving, harboring, relieving or concealing any such Jesuit, priest, or other person of the Romish clergy should be fined £200, sit in the pillory three days, and give security for future good behavior, and any justice of the peace might commit for trial any person, even on suspicion, of his being of the Romish clergy. And all this was enacted in our beloved State of New York (now, by occupation, one of the New England States), as late as the year 1700—nearly eighty years after the landing at Plymouth. No longer ago than by our State Constitution of 1777 it was provided that no minister of the Gospel, or priest of any denomination should thereafter, under any pretense, or description whatever, hold any *military* office or place within this State. It is only since the repeal of this oppressive law that our Brooklyn regiments have had the benefit of clergy. (*Laughter, and cheers for Mr. Beecher.*)

In *Maryland* any person denying the doctrine of the Trinity was for the first offense bored through the tongue, and fined; for the second offense he was branded on the forehead with the letter B and made to pay 40 shillings, and for the third offense was put to death.

But I forbear further reference to the intolerant laws of other colonies than those of New England. Such as have been named are cited, not as evidence that the people of those colonies were narrow minded and persecuting, nor as set-offs for like rigidity in New England, but as showing that they were all according to the light, or rather the darkness, of the age, and that the austerity of the Puritan laws (some of which were re-enactments of statutes set forth in the Books of Exodus and Leviticus) was not peculiar to the Puritans, but to the day in which they lived. They were all liberal compared with others which preceded them in other parts of Christendom. The earlier history of religion is a history of persecution. The severest intolerance of the colonists of this country was broad license compared with the persecutions of former periods. Indeed, absolute religious liberty can hardly be said to have existed in any country until it was attained in our own. The Constitution of the United States declared that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States, and that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibit the free exercise thereof. At the time when the laws existed which have been cited, the colonists, amid their intense convictions, were honestly seeking truth and freedom, and we are reaping the harvest of which they, even then, were sowing the seed. They all manifested their zeal for what they believed the truth by extremity of personal sacrifices to which we are strangers. They are to be judged, not by the light which we have, but by the light which they had.

It has never been a fault of New England to cherish error. On the contrary, she has ever been a restless pioneer, in every inquiry, in every advance, in search of every truth affecting the well being of man, and she has been, and is, as quick to renounce a heresy, when convinced that it is such, as she had been to enforce it when believing it to be right. We, descendants of New England, revere the sturdy virtue of the Pilgrims and the Puritans. As Charles Kingsley says: "We glory in the muscle, the God-fearing valor and earnestness of the old heroes, and trust we should have believed with them, had we lived in those days, for want of any better belief. But it will not do now. The bed is too short, the cloak too narrow."

But, gentlemen, proud as we are of them, is it quite certain that they would be as proud of us? Doubtless they would behold in our physical and political advancement what they had foreseen and sought to promote—they would see in our absolutely free and simple institutions, and broad suffrage, and universal education, the mature fruit of the seeds they had sown, the perfected edifice of which they laid the foundation, and designed the framework, and prepared the plan. But at much in our religious and moral condition they would halt. It would be some time before they would consent to substitute the diluted, flexible and unfixed theology which now so largely prevails, for the austere Calvinism in which they gloried, and which some of us can remember as it existed in New England, “stern, gloomy, knotted, gnarled and toughened for two hundred years in an atmosphere of religious heats and frosts and ecclesiastical storms.” They would sorely miss some of the good, old, terrible doctrines which terrified and stupefied our childhood, but which have passed away with witches and other heresies. They would pause before entering the gorgeous, gaslighted, furnace-heated temples, with gilded walls and cushioned seats, and carpeted floors, and pealing organs, which have succeeded the dear, old, cold, cheerless meeting houses, with their straight backed pews and hard wood seats. They would not listen to the modern heresy that it is possible to take cold in going to meeting in stormy weather. (*Laughter.*) They would look for, and miss, the foot stoves which each man should carry in his hands on his way to meeting for the comfort of his wife and daughters. (*Laughter.*) They would mourn in finding rural life almost at an end, and everywhere, even in the remotest hamlets of Oregon, city ways instead of country ways—and, instead of honest home-spun, the latest Paris fashions and costliest of fabrics; and they would recoil from the enervating luxury, and wild extravagance, which have taken the place of their homely living.

But I must drop this theme and come to that which more immediately concerns us to-night. We are all here of one accord to testify at once our veneration for our pious ancestors, our good will for one another, and our regard for the good things of this life. We are proud and happy, too, that the other powers are represented by their ambassadors at our feast.

Holland is with us in the person of the venerated president of her St. Nicholas Society; Ireland comes by the eloquent vice-president of her St. Patrick Society, and our neighboring New England brethren by the eminent vice-president of their society. The church, too, sends her reverend and famed divines; the State its statesmen; the law its learned expounders; cities those whom the people have chosen to rule over them; the armies their greatest captain; and the mighty republic of the Western continent honors us by the presence of her distinguished, wise, and patriotic chief magistrate. With all our hearts do we bid them thrice welcome.

Loud applause followed President Silliman's speech, the whole audience rising and cheering at the allusions to General Grant and President Arthur.

The Chairman.—Gentlemen:—Fill your glasses for a toast. New England has never pursued a sectional, or narrow policy in national affairs. Great measures promoting the general public weal—whether conducing to her own local interest, or not,—such, among many others, as the appropriation of the public lands for populating the vast West, and thereby, diminishing her own relative political power and importance—the liberal support of the army and navy,—the education of the people,—and the extended system of internal improvements—have always had her steady, and unstinted support.

And now, rejoicing as we do, in seeing at the head of the government, a son of New England, it is not because his administration has any sectional, New England policy. On the contrary, his enemies, if he has any, (I have never heard of such,) his political opponents, would freely admit that in the high office which he has administered with so much dignity, he has sought alone the common good, the general benefit, the highest welfare, the loftiest honor of the whole country.

Gentlemen, let us drink to the toast,

“THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.”

(*Prolonged applause.*)

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

I heartily wish, Mr. President, that by a brilliant flash of silence I might illumine your mind and the minds of all my New England brethren here assembled, with a sense of my gratitude for this too flattering reception.

“More than words can wield the matter,” the warmth of your welcome has entered into my heart; and alas! to all this bountiful hospitality I can no other answer make, but thanks and thanks.

I know that the toast which has just been offered is naught in itself, but the loyal and respectful tribute which at these annual festivities you are wont to pay the National Executive.

Yet in the very nature of things it has to-night a wider and a more personal significance. For, like yourselves, I am a son of New England and a citizen of New York. We are bound together by ties of lineage and association, and are all proud alike of the home of our birth and the home of our adoption. God love them both, and protect and defend them ever, and grant to this Society and all its members, length of days and vigor of health, and an overflowing measure of prosperity. (*Great applause*).

The Chairman.—Gentlemen:—Fill your glasses for a toast to another descendant of New England.

What a history of mighty events and results is condensed in his name!

What must be the feelings of the man who, surveying the map of this vast empire, can reflect that, but for his own patriotism, wisdom, perseverance, faith and valor in guiding the brave men who composed our armies, that map, instead of representing one grand and mighty nation, would but depict (to use the words of Webster) “the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; a land rent with civil feuds,” and still “drenched in fraternal blood.”

We give,

“A CORDIAL WELCOME TO GENERAL GRANT.”

(*Great applause*.)

SPEECH OF GENERAL GRANT.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society: You would have saved me a great deal of nervousness and uneasiness if you had left me to appreciate without the toast the fact that I have always been cordially welcomed by the New England Society of Brooklyn. I have had proof before, not only from the New England Society but from other citizens, that on public occasions I have been made quite welcome; and while I thank you all for it, it would have been a great deal easier for me to have accepted your welcomes without having to thank you. (*Laughter.*) The fact is, I am so surrounded here by good speakers that I would like very much now to throw off on one of them (*Laughter*); and I think I will allot the remainder of my time to Major Beecher, one of the gentlemen who is fortunate in not having been born a hundred years earlier, as we have just learned from your president that his occupation as chaplain of a regiment would probably have rendered his life miserable. (*Laughter.*)

Gentlemen, I thank you, and will leave the balance of my time to Mr. Beecher, to add to his. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.—The next toast is,

“THE PILGRIM AND THE PURITAN.”

In reference to it, we shall hearken to the embodiment of both the Pilgrim and the Puritan,—modified only by the evolution of more than two centuries.

I need not introduce the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Gentlemen: I returned home this noon, or afternoon, and found then, for the first time, several missives presenting the text from which I was to preach to-night. I have a good mind to tell you a story. (*Cries of “Do!” “Do!” “Tell it!”*) am afraid many of you have heard it, but if you have you can laugh just as if you never heard it before. Bishop Ames told the story, so it has a good Apostolic start, although he told it

of another Bishop. The two were riding together in the West, and among other things facility in preaching from a text off-hand was a subject of conversation, and they finally agreed to try each other; and so, as the young man was to preach first, the Bishop would not give him the text until after the preliminary services were all over, and then he gave him the text: "And the ass opened his mouth." (*Laughter.*) The young man looked at it a moment and proceeded to say that all things in this world were made to praise God, even the lowest and the least; the birds, and the worms, and fishes and animals, and even the humblest of God's creatures, all were made use of in the scheme of a Divine Providence. So it was amongst men; the lowest and the poorest had something that God had enabled him to do. And the young man made a very nice sermon of it, and got off by the skin of his teeth. (*Laughter.*)

The next appointment the Bishop was to try the ordeal, and he tried to get from the young man some inkling of what he was going to give him. Not a word! But when he came to the pulpit and the preliminary service was over, the young man gave a part of the text: "Am I not thine ass?" (*Laughter.*) The Bishop looked at it, and it didn't say anything to him. "My brethren," he said, "I am to preach from the text 'Am I not thine ass?' We see, brethren—we see—'Am I not thine ass?' Brethren—'Am I not thine ass?'" and turning to his young helpmeet, he said, "Yes, I think I am, brother!" (*Great laughter.*) Now, when you give me this toast on the very eve of this evening, and then invert the order and put me before Brother Newman, to whom I had looked to wake me up and set me agoing, I feel a little as if I was the ass on this occasion. (*Laughter.*)

I am to speak on the subject of the Puritan and the Pilgrim. I suppose there is no difference between them, except as there is a difference between the leaves and blossoms of the same plant. The Pilgrim historically considered, and philosophically so, is nothing but a Puritan gone to bloom. They were at the root the same thing. One was a little more advanced than the other. The Pilgrim was a Puritan plus the Pilgrim, and the Pilgrim was a Puritan also. Now they both of them have their sprout and their start at that period of the

history of the mind, in Middle Europe, in which men were found to be worth something. Man had always been considered valuable if he was at the top of society; if he was a prince, a philosopher, a poet, an orator, a genius, a discoverer, an inventor, he always was thought well of. But if he was nothing but a plain farmer, a mechanic, a drudge, a day laborer, he was not worth anything, and that was the doctrine that reigned. We received it from antiquity. Plato, in his imaginary Republic would refuse a mechanic to have any citizenship in the Republic, and all the way down labor was held to be inconsistent with manhood, with the single exception of husbandry. A man might be a farmer and an eminent citizen, but in all other avocations a man that was a laborer was a drudge and an inferior animal. He could not rise above that; and indeed in our literature—I know not how it is in the German and French—but until you come past the time of Pope and Dryden to the time of Cowper, the English literature is contemptuous of the common people—the mob. Now, in the Reformation there was developed a profounder sense of what a man is without regard to his accidents. He was the child of God and susceptible of development—evolution. All it required was to give him time, opportunity, and means. The Puritan started off on that. The Puritan undertook to give to the common people education, both secular and religious, and in that respect the Puritan and the Pilgrim walked together. But the Puritan sympathized with all that had gone before him, namely, it was necessary where man occupied the degraded position of an animal that they that conducted the government, whether it was temporal or spiritual, should substantially treat him as an animal—that is by force or fear. That was the law of government,—force or fear—the sword in the hand of the magistrate held in the hand of the hierarchy: and those were the great motives by which the under classes of man were restrained and held in their proper place. But the Puritan was the man that believed that by proper application you could evolve a rational, intellectual, moral being out of the animal man, and they went to work. All that has been alleged against a Puritan—that he did not love amusements and art and all that—is simply because amusements were the mess of pottage that bought the liberty of the common people; and because

art came down laden with the superstitions and lies of antiquity, the Puritan set himself against them. He believed that the lowest man, being stimulated and educated, could be lifted up into dignity and knowledge—true power—and he came to New England for the sake of experiment. But he brought the ignorance that belonged to his age and to all antiquity as to the methods of experiment, and he fell upon those means by which men to this day undertake to create morality with force and law; and undertook in New England, therefore, to expel dangers, heresies, all manner of new notions in the Church or in the State. He had not yet himself been educated to understand that a man that was susceptible to being unfolded and educated should be unfolded and educated by moral and intellectual means and not simply by coercive laws. All laws are two-fold; they are either restrictive or directive; in regard to the passions of men, restrictive; in regard to everything that is higher than that they are merely the exponents of the experience of mankind, pointing men to what is the safest and best path for them to walk in. Now the Puritans did not make this distinction. They held that all laws should be restrictive. A man must believe the right but must not believe the wrong; a man must be a high tariff man—he must *not* be, I mean—I forgot in the enthusiasm of the moment the presence I was speaking to. (*Laughter.*) They undertook to do by coercive and restrictive laws what the Pilgrim first eminently and gloriously came to understand could be done only by moral suasion and intellectual instruction, and therefore the Pilgrim stood higher just as the blossom stands higher than the leaf that gave it birth. So the Pilgrim was the best specimen of the Puritan gone to blossom and to fruit, not to seed. Well, a small section, nominally, of those that settled New England were avowed Pilgrims. They did not persecute, it is unknown to them, those that are technically called Puritans—I mean Pilgrims, for the Puritans did.

He brought with him the universal spirit and apprehension of the age which had given him birth and training. Whether the Pilgrim was ranked with the first settlers in Plymouth, or whether he belonged to the great body of the Puritans, every man that believed that human nature should be by moral suasion and intellectual influences brought higher, and brought

to integrity of belief and of conduct, every such man is a Pilgrim and not a Puritan. The application of this to our own times is not hard to find. We are trying to make men temperate by applying the Puritan standard, and not the Pilgrim standard. In so far as intemperance inflames the passions of men and works obviously and openly against the public weal, it falls obviously under the government of restrictive law, and the work of law is normal and necessary. But you can not raise men out of the degradation of intemperance unless you can raise their understanding, their social purity and their moral sense, and you never can raise those by law. (*Applause.*) Law can do a great deal, but it cannot do that, and you cannot raise any large section of a large community higher than you can raise their understanding and their moral sense. It is a longer work, it is a harder work, it is a work that is not yet universally understood, but it is the indispensable work. Self-government is the foundation of our government, and no man can govern himself who is yet an animal, in whose head the center of authority has not gone up from passion to reside in the moral sense and in the spiritual nature of man.

We are tempted in another case, which is like brier and thorns at the present day. We are called upon to limit in some way and to exterminate the moral leprosy of Mormonism. God forbid that I should say one word that would encourage them! It is not a question to-night nor anywhere, as to the moral character of a system which is substantially a priestly aristocracy of the most compact and closely organized kind. There can be no question that, after the experience of five thousand years, polygamy is not the outcome of civilization, nor the revelation of the experience of the human race. But how are you going to handle it? By restrictive law? If there be any law that, without doing violence to higher laws, can give us a fair foundation on which to stand, in the name of humanity let us enact such laws! I know not what they may be; but let me tell you that you cannot surround a great community of a quarter of a million of men who believe as firmly as you do, and I suppose a little more firmly than you do in your religion (*laughter*), you cannot lift them up out of the soil by the mere leverage of law; of *law*, I say. It is proposed that

polygamy shall be made a crime, as it is already a vice. But how are you going to convict? It has been tried with signal disaster. How are you going to get hold of it? Did you ever see a cat try to eat a wasp? (*Laughter.*) That represents the Government at Washington trying to eat the Mormon question. (*Laughter.*) She mumbles at it, she darts at it, but on the whole she doesn't chew it. (*Great laughter.*) It is proposed to send a commission there, such as governs in the District of Columbia. (*Laughter.*) The result of such government has not been such as greatly to charm me, but if there be any advantage in it in the name of humanity let us have a commission. A commission, however, is nothing but a mechanical force brought to bear against the intellectual and moral convictions of a quarter of a million of men. I see no way—I am open to conviction by any suggestion, but this I do say, that this question like every other moral question, has got to be treated by moral means and not by the law of violence. Every man that wants to extirpate any form of mistaken belief in politics, or in religion, by law, and stricture, and force, is a Puritan pure and simple. Every man that wants to extirpate a belief who has such faith in humanity, and in reason and conscience that he is willing to leave it to time and wait to let it be accomplished by this higher means, he is a Pilgrim. (*Applause.*) I am a Pilgrim; I am not a stranger. Now in regard to this matter, these two instances are all that I give. I could employ a good many more, for the old law of violence is yet in our hearts very much—we are all totally depraved, if I may beg your pardon sir (turning to Dr. Farley). We are all of us bound to do everything in the spirit of combativeness and destructiveness; it is our first impulse, and I admit that since I took on my military honors I am almost as pugnacious as my neighbors. I am glad to say, and I know that this is without any charge, that this evening I have gone up one grade in the military profession. My rank in the Brooklyn Thirteenth was only captain and chaplain; I am now major. (*Laughter.*) I am sure there is not any hand from which I am more glad to receive my elevation than that of General Grant. (*Laughter.*) What we want in our time more than anything else is the continuance, the increasing faith of the people in moral and intellectual means to accomplish

anything that ought to be accomplished among men; and the glory of this government is faith in the common people. It takes time for fifty millions of people to turn over a question and look at it on all sides. There has got to be an inward evolution of their ideas before they come out all right, but the part of all governments like ours is to have patience; to let men germinate; grow inwardly. But you cannot do anything in a great Republic of mixed people of every nation, if you undertake to ride roughshod over their faults, over their errors, over their evils, by the even cutting of the sword of the law, or by any other form of absolute violence. You have got to wait with things that are bad, with things that are evil, with things that are heretical, with things that are wrong, until such time as by reason and moral suasion you can lift men up to a higher plane all over the world, if they will only come to America, and stay here long enough. (*Applause.*)

Now this is about all I can give you on that text just now, sir, but if I have left anything unsaid it is the way of the Methodist Church from which my successor, Dr. Newman was graduated, or rather, perhaps I should say, evolved. (*Laughter.*) After the sermon has been preached it is the way of the church to have an exhortation, and I therefore shall give the residue of my time—while I am not ungenerous to General Grant for the time he didn't want (*laughter*) I will imitate his excellent example, and as I have nothing further to say, I will say nothing—and hand it over to Brother Newman. (*Laughter and applause. Three cheers were proposed for Mr. Beecher and heartily given.*)

The Chairman.—Gentlemen, the next toast is,

“UTAH: WHAT OF HER ANTI-PILGRIM METHODS?”

Whoever drew this toast, or rather *question*, seems to have implied by its phraseology that it is an open question in the New England Society whether the Pilgrim or Utah method is the best? (*Laughter.*) Now, in calling on the reverend gen-

tleman who is expected to respond to it, we must disclaim any lack of orthodoxy on the subject. (*Laughter.*)

But, to be serious, we shall listen with deep interest to the views of the Rev. Dr. NEWMAN as to the possibility of eradicating this local stain on the national character. His knowledge and words of wisdom, will be welcome to us all.

SPEECH OF REV. J. P. NEWMAN, D.D.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I think that Brother Beecher has preached from both of those texts, and preached both of the sermons: "The ass opened his mouth," and "Am I not thine ass?"

He has kindly given a speech on Mormonism. I suggested that he should precede me because it was the ass that saw the angel. (*Laughter.*) I know of no man in this country who has seen more angels than Brother Beecher; more angels of moral purity, of intellectual beauty, angels in art, in science, in patriotism and in liberty. But he has never seen an angel evolved. (*Laughter.*)

I take it for granted, Mr. Chairman, that in suggesting this toast there were good and sufficient reasons for it, and the best is that if we have received any good from the Pilgrim Fathers which we appreciate next to the priceless boon of liberty, it is the home life of the Republic; a home life of duality, of mutual affection, and of filial regard; a home life that has permeated the Nation, and out of this home life has come the Republic. Paley has said that from the family spring the best elements of the Republic. This is one reason, I take it, why the question is asked as to the Anti-Pilgrim methods of Utah. But there is another reason, viz.; that while the home life of the Republic has come from New England, so, also, the originator and strong advocate of Mormonism came from New England—from Vermont—Jo. Smith and Brigham Young; and the man who wrote what is known as the Book of Mormon—not the Mormon Bible, but the Book of Mormon—was not a Methodist, but was a Congregational clergyman. (*Laughter.*) He was evolved. He came from New England. Now it is not only proper that your Society should consider this question in view of these facts, but also in view of another fact, that

Vermont has given to the Nation one of her foremost statesmen, who is in the death grapple with this moral monstrosity, and secondly, Vermont has given to the Republic a President of whom we should be proud. (*Cries of Hear! Hear! and great cheering.*) And while Senator Edmunds, not satisfied with the original bill is preparing a supplement to it, President Arthur (*cheers*) is proceeding to do what should have been done long, long ago, and that is the revocation of the territorial government of Utah. Call that "restriction?" Let it be restriction! For while I believe in the majesty and potency of law, I also believe in the restrictive element of law as the conservation of private and public virtue, and as a preventive of crime. (*Applause.*)

I will go as far as any man born in New England or out of New England in favor of culture of the intellect and moral force of character, to raise men to the highest manhood. Yet education has been a failure, and moral force has been a failure, when in coöperation with the two there has not been the third unit in the trinity, viz.: the power of restrictive law. The truth is, gentlemen, we are suffering to-night from procrastination. What we are trying to do at this hour should have been done thirty years ago. It was prophesied that Mormonism would be short lived. It was regarded as something to be laughed at; that it was a joke—an anomaly in the body politic inconsistent with our government that would pass away; that it would succumb to the advance of civilization, and that the locomotive thundering over our transcontinental railways would sound its death-knell. It was also said that when Brigham Young died there would be the end of the system which is political ecclesiasticism. All these were prophecies. Then came the cry for the law of 1862, and the law of 1862 was given. Then came the assertion that, inasmuch as this law was considered unconstitutional, if the Supreme Court of the United States would declare its constitutionality then the evil would fade away before the majesty of such a decision. Very well, gentlemen, these are the prophecies of the past and they have not been fulfilled. Notwithstanding what has been accomplished the evil remains. What is proposed to be done? The first is, "Divide the Territory." Would you divide a man that had the small-pox

and scatter him around? yet that is the statesmanship that proposes to divide the magnificent Territory of Utah. It would be scattering the virus. There are some fighting parsons in Brooklyn. I don't mean those who in the good old days of yore were in favor of sending Sharp's rifles to Kansas; the milk of human kindness now flows in their veins. But there are others who propose to send an army with Phil. Sheridan at their head to crush out Mormonism. While he is an obedient soldier, yet I take it for granted that the commander-in-chief will not commit such a foolish mistake as to order him on such a foolish crusade.

We must remember, whatever our prejudices against the Mormon and his system he has his rights under the law, and the law must be respected.

Now in reference to meeting the question by education, as has been proposed. They say send the schoolmaster, and the schoolmarm! What reformers! I hold that the only feasible thing is the revocation of the Territorial Government of Utah: in other words, to disfranchise the Mormon because he is a Mormon. The blunder in our legislation has been not so much that we disfranchised the polygamists, for that was characteristic of the Edmunds' bill. That was all right, but it did not go far enough, for he did not disfranchise the Mormon. I would not disfranchise him because he has another Bible and differs from me in his religious opinion, because I remember that while this government is not irreligious it is non-religious, and has no right to interfere by law with the religious opinions of a people, with this one limitation, viz.: that wherever the practice of a person or of a community of persons shall work injury to the body politic, then it is proper that the law should step in and restrict it. I would, therefore, treat this question not as a religious question, not as antagonistic to Christianity. Here is a practice that is contrary to the order and constitution of nature, and our legislators must fall back not upon the Bible, but upon nature itself, for nature has provided an equality—a numerical equality—of the sexes, so that the Apostle's command: "Let every man have his own wife, and every woman her own husband," is the law. I would, therefore, legislate against polygamy standing upon this, that it is a fraud; that a man who has twenty-five wives defrauds each woman out of

twenty-four parts of a man (*great laughter*), and the Mormon who has twenty-five wives defrauds twenty-four men out of their natural and constitutional rights. (*Laughter.*) I hold that the constitution of this country is based upon the established principles of nature. Eliminate the religious question and take it as a natural question. This is my idea: the revocation of the Territorial Government of Utah and the disfranchisement of the Mormon, for this simple reason that the Mormon is the enemy of our country, because he has appropriated his property to the support of an organization treasonable in itself, and because he has sworn to support the constitution of that organization notwithstanding his professed allegiance to the United States. And in thus disfranchising the Mormon we save ourselves from the perpetuity of an evil that is spread not only through Utah, but all the adjacent territories. And I put this question to you, Mr. President and to my dear friend Beecher, whether nearly one-eighth of the territory of the United States should be controlled by two hundred thousand persons, which is the fact to-night, under the constitution of the Mormon hierarchy: whether that shall be the fact, or whether by this disfranchisement we shall emancipate all these glorious territories west of the Missouri, where Pilgrims and Puritans of virtue may bud and blossom like the rose.

The Mormons dream of universal empire, and fancy that Utah is to be the centre of that kingdom, the United States to be a province thereof, and that all the world is to pay tribute thereto. There is no more absolute despot on the face of the globe than the man who is at the head of Mormondom, and yet such a despot is in our Republic and we have tolerated him under our flag. I hold that religious liberty is limited by a due respect to public decency, by the dictates of reason, by the welfare of society; that the law of limitation bounds religious liberty just as it is prevalent in the universe itself. All may worship here. We cannot interfere with religious opinions, but we can interfere with those religious practices that work an injury to the body politic.

Then for womanhood, for family, for the Republic, I plead to-night. Holding sacred these great principles, it will never be said that the Rocky Mountains were reared for the tomb-

stone of this Republic, or the ocean dug for its grave, or the winds woven for its winding sheet. But if true to our great trust, that old flag that we love so much, the symbol of universal liberty, and of our religious privileges—that old flag shall wave on and wave ever, until the brightness of its stars shall melt in the coming glory of millenium, which shall fill our earth with gladness and with songs of praise unto Him who is the God of our fathers. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.—Our next toast is,

“THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.”

Our kindred across the Bridge are with us to-night, in the person of their honored Vice-President, whom we warmly greet and welcome, and by whose voice we shall be gladdened. Would that each and every of them were here also. Let us drink to the happiness and well being of the members of “The New England Society in the City of New York,” and give ear to their representative, the Hon. HORACE RUSSELL.

SPEECH OF HON. HORACE RUSSELL.

I have listened, gentlemen, with the deepest interest to all that Brother Newman has said on the Mormon question, and I must say that I am still of the opinion of Brother Beecher, that the cat will not chew the wasp. The President has, himself, suggested to me a solution of the Mormon question which, I think, is more practical than that of either of the reverend gentlemen who have discussed that subject; that is, that twenty-five dry goods and millinery stores be established in Salt Lake City, and the resources of the Mormon Elders will at once be taxed in such a way that the Mormon question will be solved. (*Laughter.*)

Far be it from me, gentlemen, to cast any doubts upon the doctrine of evolution, into a discussion of which the speakers at this dinner seem to have gone, but I beg to suggest to

you whether there is not a little violence in the transition from a Presbyterian ass to a New York Yankee, or a New England Gothamite. And yet, as a representative of the New England Society of the City of New York, I recognize the generosity and justice of the order in which your toasts have been arranged, that the representative of the Pilgrims in the City of New York should be put next to the "ideal Pilgrim and Puritan;" for if you are looking for a simon-pure, yard wide, all wool, and fast colors, loose in summer and tight in winter, Puritan, where will you find him if not in the City of New York? And where will you find him in New York, if not in the New England Society?

As your President has suggested, I have come here, gentlemen, as a substitute. That word has a certain significance to an American. We remember the days when a "substitute" represented a peculiar individual. When I was asked to take the position of a substitute for the President of the New England Society of New York, of course I at once inquired how much fighting I was expected to do, and what the bounty was, and was solemnly assured that nothing would be expected of me but to partake of the dinner, and so I went into it with all the enthusiasm of the Irishman who, during the war, was engaged in that occupation; at least I suppose he was. His brother in New York was asked what his brother in Chicago was doing. He said, "Doing finely; making money; he'll be a rich man yet." "But what is he doing?" "In Chicago." "What is he doing there?" "I don't exactly know what the business is, but I believe they call it 'leppin' the bounty!'" (*Laughter.*) When President Cooper requested me to represent him in Brooklyn, the success of that Irishman was brought to my mind, and I thought all I would have to do in order to leap the bounty. But I find that I am obliged after all to work my passage. Instead of "leppin'" the bounty I am like the Irishman who applied for an opportunity to work his passage on the Erie Canal. They gave it to him, and set him to driving a mule on the tow-path, from Albany to Buffalo. He said he liked it, but that "only for the name of the thing he would as soon walk." (*Laughter.*)

The New England Society of the City of New York feels highly honored by being invited for the first time—at least I

think it is the first time (*a voice*: "*The second time;*" *the Secretary*: "*Every time,*")—to be present at this anniversary. I am told it is "every time," but I don't believe it. It spoils what I was going to say about it. I have been for several years on the Dinner Committee of the New England Society in the City of New York, and I confess that I had come to regard the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn as a gross impertinence, that had no excuse for existing, and none for celebrating the arrival of the Pilgrims on the 21st instead of on the 22d. It interfered with our arrangements. Whenever we endeavored to get the President of the United States to come to our dinner, we were told that he could not come, because he had accepted an invitation to come to Brooklyn. (*Laughter.*) Even our own Evarts and Choate, the children of our adoption, were spirited from us and we awoke on the morning of the 22d of December every year to find that the arrival of the Pilgrims had been celebrated the night before, and that our celebration on the 22d was to be a stale, flat and unprofitable performance. Last year we imported a man from the North-west to speak for us, and you got him over here, and filled him full of I know not what, and dextrously extracted from him the speech which we had imported him to deliver in New York. (*Laughter.*) And year after year we gentlemen on the Dinner Committee in the City of New York have had to contend against the early rising of the City of Brooklyn, and found ourselves a little too late. But you have received us warmly here to-night, have given us a warm welcome and a warm dinner, and if these two things will not begin and cement friendship I know not what will. Certainly in the presence of your kindly welcome to-night, and the kindly manner you have toasted the New England Society of the City of New York, we forget all past animosities. We are your friends henceforth forevermore. We will come to your dinners every year, and invite you to ours, and hope you will come.

I have had a pleasure here to-night, enjoyed by none of you. I have listened to Brother Beecher and expect to listen to Mr. Low. You think they are speaking to you, but I know that they are only getting up their second wind to speak to us to-morrow night. They are to be there and are going

to speak, and we in New York will have our recompense for turning over to you year by year our speakers whom you have had. I wish you were all to be there. I wish the President was to be there. He would receive a welcome full not only of the enthusiasm that we all feel toward the head of the nation, but of that warmth which the citizens of New York feel for him as a man, the undercurrent of which would be a sentiment of pride and gratification which New Yorkers have in him, because of the success with which he has administered a most difficult trust, assuming as he did the reins of government under the most trying circumstances. He has acquitted himself so well, and borne the honors of his high place in such a manner that not Brooklyn and New York City only but the whole State of New York can be proud of him as its citizen. (*Great cheering*).

I invite you all, gentlemen, in behalf of the New England Society of the City of New York, to our feast to-morrow night. You will receive a warm welcome. There may not be many seats, but the welcome will be warm. And if you cannot be there I hope you will be present at the unveiling of our statue to our ancestors, next Spring. Remember that we are bound together by something more than blood and tradition—by a bridge. You can all come over; the statue will be beautiful; we shall be glad to welcome you all and have you partake in the celebration of that occasion.

Now, having said all that I had in my mind to say, I again thank you for inviting the New England Society of the City of New York to the enjoyment of this Festival. I hope it will cement our friendship, and I wish a long and prosperous career to the New England Society of Brooklyn. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.—Gentlemen, we had hoped that Brooklyn's ambitious rival, the rival City of New York, would be represented by her honorable Mayor to-night. We regret that he has been unable to come, but in his absence I will ask the Secretary to read a letter which has been received from him.

Mr. Lamb then read the letter, as follows:

LETTER OF HON. FRANKLIN EDSON.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
New York, 17 December, 1883.

REV. A. P. PUTNAM,

Secretary New England Society of City of Brooklyn,

My dear Sir:

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your polite invitation to be present at the Fourth Annual Dinner of the Brooklyn New England Society, for which kind remembrance I sincerely thank you. I have deferred replying for a day or two, hoping to be able so to arrange my engagements that I might accept so cordial an invitation, and I have been the more desirous of doing so because I recognize among the names printed on your letterhead many of my acquaintances and many whom I reckon among my good friends.

I sincerely regret that my efforts have failed, and that I am after all compelled to say to you that I shall be unable to be present at your reunion of New Englanders. You and your associates can appreciate the sincerity of my regrets, when I say that if there is one thing which gives me greater enjoyment than any other it is to renew and to dwell upon my recollections of New England life, and to meet those who can sympathize with me in my love for it and for New England people, and my admiration for the virtues of our ancestry,

Believe me, with great respect,

Very truly yours,

FRANKLIN EDSON.

The Chairman.—Letters have also been received from CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr., and Professor THEODORE W. DWIGHT, of Columbia College Law School, which I will request the Secretary to read.

Mr. Lamb then read the letters as follows:

LETTER OF HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

ADAMS BUILDING,
23 Court Street,
Boston, December 17th, 1883.

REV. A. P. PUTNAM,
Corresponding Secretary, etc.

Dear Sir :

The formal invitation to attend the Dinner of the New England Society of Brooklyn, on Friday evening next, came duly to hand, as did also your private note of the same date. I was, at the time, in New York, and received it only this morning. I regret very much to say that my engagements are of such a character that I shall not be able to be in Brooklyn next Friday evening. Were it not so, I think it is unnecessary for me to assure you that few things would give me greater pleasure than to unite with your associates and yourself in celebrating the event of that day. Please convey to the other members of the committee my regrets at my inability to accept their invitation.

I remain, etc.,

CHARLES F. ADAMS, JR.

LETTER OF HON. THEODORE W. DWIGHT.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE LAW SCHOOL,
East 49th Street,
New York, Dec. 19, 1883.

My dear Sir :

I received yesterday yours of the 17th, inviting me to attend the meeting of the New England Society of Brooklyn on Friday next, and to participate in the exercises of the occasion.

I appreciate the compliment implied in the invitation, and would most gladly accept it if it were in my power. Being of old New England stock, on both the paternal and maternal

side, my heart always warms toward a meeting of the New England Society, particularly in Brooklyn where the New England influence is most characteristic and potent. I should delight also to uphold the sentiment of "Liberty and Law," which is blazoned all over the course of New England history with a constant glow of light.

Unfortunately, the requirements of business cannot be left out of view. I am tied down during the whole week with professional and other engagements which I cannot break and which prevent the acceptance of your flattering invitation.

May I close with the following sentiment :

Law without liberty is despotism ;
Liberty without law is anarchy.

Our New England ancestors discovered the art of so uniting liberty with law, and law with liberty, as to supply the most free and at the same time the most stable and conservative political institutions ever known to mankind.

Thanking you personally for the very kind and courteous terms of your note, which were very gratifying to me, I remain,

With much respect,

Your very truly,

THEODORE W. DWIGHT.

The Hon. JOHN WINSLOW,

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Chairman.—A strange word has found a place on our programme. It is our next toast,

"SCROOBY."

Whether it indicates man, woman, or child, no man knows.

Our friend, Rev. Dr. Putnam, has lately made a suspicious visit to foreign lands. It is possible he may have seen him, her, or it, as the case may be. Perhaps he can solve the mystery, and tell us something about "Scrooby."

We beg instruction from the REV. DR. PUTNAM.

SPEECH OF REV. A. P. PUTNAM, D.D.

Mr. President and Friends of the Society: Evidently I have been invited to respond to this extraordinary toast, "Scrooby," for the simple reason that I was recently there! It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that the place was not identified as the seat or centre of the religious community to which Brewster and perhaps most of his Mayflower companions belonged just before they left England for Holland, until about two hundred and forty years after their departure. The earlier writers, all the way down from Cotton Mather and Bradford, had referred their origin in a general way to the Northern part of the country, or various towns and villages on the borders of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, where these three counties "come nearest together." But Bradford had said that the Pilgrims "ordinarily met on the Lord's day at his (Brewster's) house, which was a manor of the bishop," and it was in this simple and apparently incidental remark that the Rev. Joseph Hunter, an eminent and indefatigable English antiquary, found in 1849 a clew by which to solve the mystery. For, in prosecuting his inquiries, he ascertained that in all the region which the historians had described in such indefinite terms, Scrooby was the only locality that could boast an Archbishopal See about the time of the commencement of the seventeenth century. There then must have been the "manor of the bishop," and there also it must have been that Brewster and his brethren were wont to meet "on the Lord's day." Other facts soon came to light which proved the conclusion to be a correct one beyond all possibility of doubt, and thus a new and most interesting chapter came to be added to our previous accounts of the forefathers and to be introduced into some of our later books.

"*Scrooby*" is the name. Friends are asking what the word means—whether it is the name of one of the Pilgrims, or of some historic personage of another sort, or of some river, ship, mountain or town! It is astonishing, notwithstanding the recent date of the discovery, what a prevailing lack of knowledge and interest there has been concerning *Scrooby*, and it seems to me that the members of the New York Society must have been very neglectful of their duty in not acquainting the American

people more extensively with a matter of such world-wide importance, seeing how long that institution has been in existence! Who has not heard from very childhood of Brewster and Bradford, Winslow and Carver? Who is not familiar with the names of Amsterdam and Leyden and Delfthaven? Shall we ever hear the last of the Mayflower and of Plymouth Rock! Orators have waxed eloquent about the long winter voyage, and bards have sung and boys declaimed, from time immemorial, I had almost said:

“The breaking waves dashed high
On that stern and rock-bound coast.”

But nothing about Scrooby! Just as if there *were* no Scrooby, and the Pilgrims came from nowhere! I submit, gentlemen, that is high time in the history of the New England Societies of this vicinity, that Scrooby should come to the front, and that it is far more deserving of our attention than such unsavory themes as Mormonism, and what not!

Yet I have to confess that, though it is a place of such vast importance, I found it but a very small and obscure village, consisting chiefly of plain, brick houses or cottages of farmers. Near by runs the line of the Northern Railway leading from London to York, and, on what now is an open, level, grass-grown area between, once stood the ancient manor, which had two courts, one larger and one smaller, with the former of which was connected the stately hall, the front built of brick and the rest of wood, the whole being surrounded by a moat and extensive grounds and gardens beyond. Here the Archbishops of York had a favorite seat or residence, as early at least as the time of William the Conqueror. Here Cardinal Wolsey sojourned for a time just after his fall. And here, on certain occasions, lodged royalty itself—Henry the Eighth, and Margaret, Queen of Scotland, daughter of Henry the Seventh. At length it ceased to be an abode for the bishops and was leased to Brewster, who, after his great friend and patron, William Davison, was sent to the Tower, sought retirement here and was here made postmaster, having a wide district to serve, numerous employés and servants at his command and no little state to maintain, so that he required some such large establishment as he thus came to occupy. Yet it seems his

compensation at first was only twenty pence a day, though later it was increased to two shillings. But the Secretary of State himself about that time had an annual salary of only a hundred pounds sterling. Small as these figures may appear to us as compared with the pay of such officials now-a-days, it is not on record that the number of persons who, in the spirit of true self-sacrifice, were willing to serve their country as secretaries and postmasters, was less in that age than in our own.

Brewster is thought to have more actively identified himself with the congregation at Scrooby in the year 1606. It was then that the excellent John Robinson, of blessed memory, came there to be the associate pastor with the venerable Clifton. Beyond the silvery, winding stream, named the *Idle*, and about a mile and a half away, was Austerfield, where was born and lived William Bradford, the future Governor, who, with others around him, was in vital sympathy and active coöperation with the central community. And belonging to this sect of the Brownists, or Separatists—this Puritan-of-Puritan movement—there were in the neighborhood various religious fraternities beside, in places like Gainsborough and Babworth and Worksop.

A hundred years after the Pilgrims saw the old manor house for the last time, it had well nigh fallen to the ground. In 1813, nothing of it remained, except as certain portions of it had been incorporated into an old farm house which still stands near the site. With my friend, Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Gainsborough, who, if he is not a lineal descendant of the Robinson of yore, ought to have been, I wandered through the almost empty and certainly dreary apartments of this quaint and venerable pile, and then crossed the garden to a fallen and much decayed mulberry tree, which the always infallible voice of tradition says Cardinal Wolsey himself planted there during his visit at Scrooby, and I need not say how the actual possession of a bit of it also affords to one the most incontestable proof that the magnificent, but dishonored prelate, was once there on that very spot and that he really planted that self-same tree.

Then, standing on slightly elevated ground at a little distance from this house and garden, and just on the outskirts of the village, is the small, steepled, antique church, with the

graves of the dead around it and the old vicarage hard by. It was there in the time of Brewster and the Pilgrims, though it has since undergone much change and reconstruction. A communion table and two or three seats or pews are pointed out as of the earlier date, and the ancient baptismal font—at which no doubt members of the Mayflower company were christened—after having been thrust away into a closet to make room for a new one, and subsequently used as a flower-pot in a neighboring garden, was not long ago captured by an enterprising American, and borne in triumph to the Pilgrim City of Chicago!

The visitor at Scrooby may recall to some extent the scenes that were witnessed there centuries ago, when it was attempted to carry into execution the threat of King James that *he would harry this people out of the land or do what was worse*. There are still the traces of the moat that once encircled “the manor of the bishop.” There, as aforetime, are the cornfields and the river, the church, the vicarage and the graves. But it was there, there especially, that was rocked the cause of civil and religious liberty for a new world, when those who suffered for the dear Christ’s sake were watched and dogged by cruel enemies by day and by night as they went in and out of their homes or met for worship on Sundays, and when amidst terrors and persecutions they discussed their plans and made their preparations for removal to more hospitable shores. It was as when Israel made ready to go forth out from the land of bondage to seek a new and better country. “Out of Egypt have I called my son.” Yet not through parted seas and by a path that was dry and safe. The horrible betrayals, robberies, imprisonments, separations and ridicule that overtook them in their repeated, but baffled attempts, at departure—the darkened skies, the furious storms and deadly perils, which some of them encountered as at last they sailed away from their native isle and ere they reached their nearer destination—who does not know it all? And then the reunion at length in Amsterdam, the longer stay at Leyden, the embarkation at Delfthaven, the weary and dismal voyage of the Mayflower across the Atlantic, and finally the landing at Plymouth Rock.

How near it came to being a landing somewhere in our own vicinity! The wanderers, we are told, first discovered Cape Cod,

but as their original intention was to sail for the Hudson, they now turned their course southward to find their way hither, borne on by a favoring breeze. Then the wind subsided, and shoals and breakers were descried ahead. So they put back and entered Plymouth Bay and founded their colony there. That settlement it was, that led to the establishment of the colony in Massachusetts Bay. The two together made New England what it was, has been, and is. But for those "shoals and breakers," what and where had been New England to-day? What and where had been the Dutchmen of New York, had the Pilgrims turned not back? And what and where had been our "Sister Societies," and the eloquent speeches which we shall soon hear from their distinguished representatives who honor us with their presence to-night? No doubt our friends see a cause of gratitude in that cautious return of the Mayflower, which left to them and their ancestors some chance of supremacy at this great centre of American life; and it is possible that they may think it had been still better for them, and for all concerned, if some who have since come from New England to New York had been equally mindful of other "shoals and breakers" that warned them, also, to retrace their way!

But whether of English, Dutch, Irish, or whatever other extraction or descent, we may all well remember out of what rock we were hewn. Yet, standing now on these western shores and sharing the new life that is open to us here, we each and all have something more and better than any mere foreign element or lineage of which we may boast. Here and now we are Americans, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot (*applause*), else we better never had been born. Yes, AMERICANS: instinct with the love of liberty and right, supremely and passionately devoted to the perpetuity and welfare of the Republic, profoundly grateful for the priceless privileges and opportunities which we enjoy, and sacredly determined to transmit them, unimpaired, enriched and augmented, to the latest generation. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.—Gentlemen, our next toast is,

“THE STATE OF NEW YORK.”

This is a grand theme,—the home of our lives, our affections, and our pride.

We had hoped to hear, in response to this toast, the Hon. Mr. CHAPIN, our Comptroller elect, but he is unavoidably absent, and I venture to call on the Hon. STEWART L. WOODFORD, to take his place.

SPEECH OF HON. STEWART L. WOODFORD.

Mr. President and Fellow-Townsmen of Brooklyn: Your President kindly suggests that I owe the privilege of speaking to this toast not because I once held executive office within the borders of this State but because I have been chosen by the New Englanders of our sister society across the river as the next President of the Society in the City of New York.

Of course I felt no pride in that election, it was simply their tribute to our superior wit. They found that Brooklyn had beaten them on the day and they thought they would get a Brooklynite to restore the prestige of the New York Society; (*cries of Oh! Oh!*) and proud of my home in the City of Churches, I propose to take the New England progress of Brooklyn across the river, and next year if they don't lay you out it will be the fault of Brooklyn, or at least of a Brooklyn man. (*Laughter.*)

You drink to the State of New York. She was one of the last, you remember, to adopt the Federal Constitution, but having been last to adopt she was first and foremost to defend; and in all the times of trial that have passed since the first President was inaugurated in Wall Street, New York City and State have stood in the very fore front, as defenders of the National idea.

New York is conservative. We have not the radical ideas of New England. We have not the intense progress of the West, but we have that conservatism which will save the government from all probable danger. No thoughtful man can look into the future without seeing that there are dangers.

A government so tremendously extended in area is liable to danger from its physical conditions; a government embracing in its people such various nationalities and lineage, and a land welcoming the children of all lands under the sun, must, because of these facts, have conditions of manifest weakness. But in every struggle of the future, as in the past, whether the old idea of Slavery or the new idea of Mormonism, whether the greed of wealth, or the struggle of rival sections shall embarrass and disturb, New York will remain the keystone of the arch, and resting upon that arch the Union will endure. In the faith of our New England ancestors we shall hold the Nation and we shall save it. (*Applause.*)

The hour is late, and time is brief. Could one illustration be given of the duty and the work of New York in the future, we have it in the story of our recent past. Your thoughts go back, as mine, to that dark hour when murder entered the White House and our President fell. It was a son of New England, trained, educated and resident in New York, who in that hour of peril mastered the danger that menaced the Republic, and by an administration so wise and so conservative, that it has won the respect and regard of all, took the New York idea of the conservation of the Republic, and has given us, out of danger, an era of peace, an era of prosperity, and has assured the Republic of the future. (*Great applause.*)

You look into that future, as do I. You remember that in the history of all lands under the sun there has seldom been more than one generation without war. You and I know that, living here, with an ocean washing the continent on either hand, no foreign fleet can long assail, no foreign army can come to march in its path of conquest. You and I know that the danger of the future must come from discordant elements within ourselves. In these troubles that shall come—for trouble and war come as the sparks fly upward—in the times of peril that shall come in the future, you and I believe that New England ideas and New York conservatism—the one giving the key-note to our march of progress across the continent, the other giving us the sure strength that shall hold us in our way—will save the Nation, and will keep the Republic. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.—Our next toast is,

“THE CITY OF BROOKLYN.”

Our goodly city is in good condition. Instead of her interests being subordinated to those of mere political parties, they are now held paramount, and all now agree that they shall be conducted, like other matters of property, “on business principles.” Her present Mayor has boldly, squarely, firmly, honestly, honorably, and most ably, administered her government, and we may hope that his successors, of whatever party, will follow his example.

I need not introduce to this assembly, the Hon. SETH LOW.

SPEECH OF MAYOR LOW.

Mr. President, Sons of New England, and Men of Brooklyn: You have witnessed already the disasters of those who are called to speak upon a sudden to an unknown text. You are now to witness the agony of a man who is called upon to speak to a well known text. The Mayor of a city in responding for his municipality, sometimes gets to thinking that he has hardly the option of the small boy who said he knew only two tunes, one was “Yankee Doodle” and the other was not. He is confined by “Yankee Doodle.” (*Laughter.*) Then there is another difficulty attached to a response on an occasion like this. After the Mayor has told the *Friendly Sons of St. Patrick* that if it were not for the Irish the city would go to sure ruin; after he has told the Germans at the *Saengerbund* that they are the mainstay of the city; after he has assured the Dutchmen at the *St. Nicholas* that in giving us the city motto they gave us the inspiration to progress; and after he has told the Scotchmen that they are the essence of all that is best in the community, you can understand what a difficult office a man has to fill when he finds himself before the sons of New England. (*Laughter.*) You can understand how largely I sympathize with Rufus Choate when, in attending a concert, he said to his daughter, who was by his side: “My dear, interpret to me the libretto, lest I dilate with the wrong emotion.” (*Laughter.*) If I should

make any such mistake, I beg you to accept from me the utterance of the politician from Texas—I do not know whether it was the immortal Flanagan or not—who, after addressing the audience, said to them: “Fellow-citizens, these are my sentiments, but if they don’t suit you they can be changed.” (*Laughter.*) Still, to change one’s sentiments is not pleasant, and you can understand how much safer a Mayor feels when he speaks for his city as a whole. I want to speak to you just a few earnest words, not so much as sons of New England as men of Brooklyn, and part of the population who have found their homes here. Of Brooklyn herself I need say but little. In these days she is speaking for herself from Maine to California, and she will continue to speak with a voice that will command attention and respect and secure a following just so long as the spirit reigns in the hearts of the people who love her, that will keep a thousand and more young men, year after year, at work for weeks before election and on election day, simply to carry out successfully at the polls the principles in which they believe. Now, gentlemen, how are you going to make that principle, or any principle that is good, survive and continue in a great city of six hundred thousand people? I know of only one way. That is to make the city dear to the hearts of the people by every method within your power, and by working for the principle at all times as you can and as you will. But there must be something to love in the name of the city in which you live, if you expect men to work for her. Now, you glory in your New England ancestry. I do, although I was born in the City of Brooklyn. But I think that you, gentlemen, no less than I, have made your homes here, and I want you to think of this city, not as a place of residence, not simply as a collection of houses in which you dwell and from which you go to your work across the river or within our own limits; but as your home. What do men do for their homes? They beautify them; they make them attractive; they are the places about which their affections cluster, and men will die for their homes when they will turn the coward shoulder to almost any other cause. I made a suggestion the other night when speaking to the sons of *St. Nicholas* and I will repeat it here. We have a Brooklyn Library with sixty or seventy thousand books upon the shelves,

but it is a subscription library. Tens of thousands would like to use those books, but they are available to only one or two thousand. We have a Historical Society of which we are justly proud, but it is a subscription historical society, and one or two thousand of our vast population are all who can avail themselves of its treasures. We have an Art Association in the very building next to us, but it is a subscription art association. I am glad these things are here. Not for anything would I detract from their value to our city by a single word. But I do appeal to you men who have made your homes here in Brooklyn to give to this city something of a public quality in its institutions, that shall make the city dear to its hundreds of thousands of inhabitants. If you could only make a campaign in a city like this, if you could go night after night to five or six large halls, three or four miles apart, and find in every hall a crowded audience, you would realize how short a distance a man's personal efforts reach, how small a circle must be any circle that is made up by subscriptions. I do hope you will lay this thought to your hearts and make it a part of your work. Let every one of us make it a part of our work—for I take the charge home to myself also—before we die or when we die as it may come to each of us, to do that for Brooklyn which shall make it a little richer as a city (the whole six hundred thousand people who make up Brooklyn) because we have our homes here. You go back to New England and you will find public libraries that have been started by sons of New England born there, who have made their money here in New York and Brooklyn. You will find all manner of things set up in the place of one's birth. But what have you done for Brooklyn? I ask you not to make this simply a place of residence, but let it be your home, and when you do, and just to that extent, we shall make permanent the spirit which has made the city of Brooklyn a name in the country second to no name at all. (*Applause.*)

That is my message to-night on behalf of Brooklyn. I want to say one other thing only on behalf of the city, and that is to express a cordial welcome to the President of the United States. He can never come to us so often that he will wear out his welcome, but the oftener we see him the warmer shall be our greeting. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.—Our closing toast is,

“OUR SISTER SOCIETIES IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN.”

Holland too, our ancient ally, is with us in her sons to-night. Their fathers gave our fathers shelter in times of trouble. Their children dwell in peace and good will together.

We hope for the pipe of peace from the Hon. JOHN W. HUNTER, the President of the St. Nicholas Society.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN W. HUNTER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: It falls to my lot to thank you for the friendly courtesy extended to the St. Nicholas Society of this island.

There is *doubt* and ignorance in all communities. There are some who even doubt the existence of St. Nicholas, and are ignorant of that veritable history of New Amsterdam from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch dynasty—and who are without a knowledge of the land upon which they dwell.

If St. Nicholas or Santa Claus was not born in New Amsterdam, he was better known and understood in that locality than in almost any other. There was no child in all *that* settlement who did not know, and who did not expect, a yearly visit from him. He was firmly fixed in *their* minds and hearts—they believed in *Christmas* and *Santa Claus*—and that descriptive poem of a visit from St. Nicholas, beginning:

“’Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In the hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.”

It is doubtful if Santa Claus was ever heard of in New England in that early period—for as the observance of Christmas had been prohibited by law and made a penal offence, of course St. Nicholas *could not go there* at that time—but perhaps he has found his way there since.

As the Hollanders came and settled here a little earlier than the Pilgrims, and as it has been admitted that without the *twelve* years probation of the Pilgrims in Holland disciplined and trained into practical knowledge of self-government, their

efforts at colonization would otherwise have been a failure, it must be confessed that the Pilgrim character was developed and matured by a residence in Holland.

The settlements by the Dutch in New Amsterdam and in the valleys of the Hudson and of the Mohawk, and the firm and friendly intercourse established with the natives, were of the greatest consequence to their successors. So let us hope that the union of the *Dutch* and the Pilgrims may produce that *Puritan purity* of character so much admired throughout the world, and which the civilized world is not allowed to forget. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.—And now we welcome the eloquent, warm-hearted sons of St. Patrick,—always in trouble but never depressed,—earnest in war,—industrious in peace. Though darkness overshadows their native land, we trust that light, peace and prosperity will ere long everywhere prevail throughout its borders.

I have great pleasure in introducing WILLIAM SULLIVAN, Esq., Vice-President of the St. Patrick Society.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM SULLIVAN, ESQ.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society: The good feeling which exists between your Society and the St. Patrick Society is natural enough when we consider the many points of resemblance between the characteristics of Irishmen and those of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Yankee is ubiquitous. He likes to migrate. He goes everywhere. And wherever he goes he is welcomed by an Irishman who has had the start of him. (*Laughter.*) When, however, it comes to the distribution of the offices, the Irishman discovers that the shrewdness and ingenuity and persuasive powers of the Yankee are too much for him. (*Laughter.*) This can only be accounted for by the fact that Plymouth Rock is more inspiring than the Blarney Stone. (*Laughter.*) But it must be owned that in one respect at least, the Irishman is superior to his Yankee friend, for even within sight of Plymouth Rock the Irishman can beat the Yankee in increasing the number of voters. (*Laughter.*) The Irishman has one

great fault from which his Yankee neighbor is entirely free. When he does anything wrong everybody knows all about it. It would never do for him to become a Saint, for he would surely get found out. (*Laughter.*) I once listened to a sermon preached by Mr. Beecher, in the course of which, while touching on the errors and shortcomings of sinners, he exclaimed, "The Lord deliver us from the perfect man." So you see, gentlemen, that a Saint is not such a desirable fellow after all. (*Laughter.*)

Religious toleration, consequent on the separation of Church and State, is, Mr. President, the logical sequence of the denial of the coercive authority of the State or of a State Church in matters of private conscience. And, therefore, we are indebted in part to the Pilgrim Fathers for religious liberty, the fundamental principles of which are expressed in the Constitution of the United States, and also in the Constitution of every State in the Union. (*Applause.*) The ancestors of citizens of Irish extraction contributed also to the vindication and establishment of the great principle of liberty of conscience. And in its maintenance and perpetuity all citizens of whatever creed or descent, are alike interested. (*Applause.*) New England has taught us another fundamental principle of republican government, namely, the principle of Home Rule. The highest degree of perfection in town government has certainly been attained in New England. The Yankee is a "Home-Ruler" indeed, and so is the Irishman—in America as well as in Ireland. (*Applause.*)

Well, gentlemen, we are all citizens of the Republic, and consequently we are all Americans bound together by the tie of common interest. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman.—We will now close with the Doxology.

The whole assemblage arose and sang.

[*Air: OLD HUNDRED.*]

Eternal are Thy mercies Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

THE NEW ENGLAND MEETING HOUSE,

BY NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D.,

President of Yale College,

[*Read by request before the Society on the Evening of November 4, 1882.*]

The New England Meeting House is the symbol of much that is characteristic of the New England life. Its erection was the starting point of every one of the earlier New England communities, and it has been the rallying point for nearly everything which is distinctive in their history. Around it are gathered the most interesting associations which bind the New Englander to his early home. For these reasons it has been selected as the topic for a few rambling thoughts which may be appropriate to the present occasion.

A meeting house supposes an organized community or society of men who have occasion to assemble together at regular intervals of time for the transaction of public business or the discharge of public duties. Inasmuch as the New England settler regarded the meeting house as almost the prime necessity of his life, if not as essential to his existence, he must have recognized himself most distinctly as what Aristotle calls a "*political animal*," *i. e.*, an animal made for society and holding definite relations to the community. I make this observation because the impression is very commonly entertained that the typical New Englander, with all his excellencies, has pushed individualism to an extreme; that in his vivid sensibility to his private interests and rights he has often been insensible to his public duties, and that in excessive responsibility for himself he became altogether too careless of his fellow men. Hence as is reasoned, the tenacity and general impracticability with which he is supposed to have exemplified the right of private judgment. Hence the pertinacity with which he demanded a reason for every doctrine and measure, and the slowness with which he was convinced. Hence the silly stiffness with which, as some flippant critics insist, he rejected the rites and usages of what is called "the historic church" of England, and tried every existing practice and arrangement in church and state by some ideal standard of impossible perfection, either insisting with impracticable pertinacity upon useless reforms,

or separating himself from those organizations which did not conform in every particular to the supposed divine will.

I do not deny that the New Englander carried many things to excess, as, for example, when he required a divine sanction for every religious observance, and even for every trivial action, going to such an extreme, as Coleridge humorously says, that he would not apply a corn plaster without a text of Scripture. I wish, however, to emphasize the fact, once for all, that he was emphatically what Bishop Hackett calls a *public soul*, that he was anything rather than an individual, separated from, or disbelieving in organized society, or unmindful of his responsibilities to his fellow men. The typical New Englander did not cross the ocean to enjoy an isolated independence or to exercise what was called *soul-liberty* in the separate indulgence of his imaginative whimsicalities or the independant service of a private religion. The few who came hither with such theories, or who adopted them after they landed, like Roger Williams and Sir Henry Vane, were strangers to the true New England spirit and the true New England theory. They did good service in their time, but it was not the special service to which the New Englander was called. They tempered the sharp grittiness of the original steel to an elastic flexibility, but they added nothing to its masterly power to build and defend. Whatever else Roger Williams accomplished, and all the rest of the "advanced men" of his time, they built few meeting houses, they organized few communities, they provided few schools, they laid out few villages, they contributed very little to that remarkable organic and constructing power, and that indomitable public spirit which you can trace wherever the New England emigration has spread itself all over this land. The intolerance of the New Englander toward all sorts of intruders, the Quakers, the Baptists, and the Prelatists, grew out of his jealous zeal for the ideal perfection of the Christian commonwealth. It is explained by his devotion to what he conceived as the ideally perfect society, which he was called by God to build up in Massachusetts and Connecticut, leaving Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations to try their own experiments.

But to return to the meeting house. It was needed for an organized society, and that society was a church, *i. e.*, a community ordered after what was believed to be the one divine plan, definitely outlined and expressly sanctioned, as was supposed, by the highest authority. This society, in the eyes of the New Englander, should be small enough to meet in one place and perform all its functions within a single edifice, but in respect of authority was independent of all the world besides. Mark you, in respect of authority, but not

in respect of duty; the duty to admonish and protest to other churches and the duty to receive admonitions and protests from them. While each of these churches was so tenacious of its theoretic isolation and its unshared autonomy as not even to recognize the minister of any other church as having any official relations to itself, it was held by its very essence and aim to be so closely confederated with every other church as through council and synod to be capable of a well-compacted organization, such as was needed in the early generations of the New England life.

Out of the church grew the town; or rather the town was evolved or developed along with the church. Whether church members, as in Massachusetts and New Haven, were at first the only voters, or whether, as in Connecticut, the town voted into its commonwealth, those men, and those only, who were fit to be freemen, it was all the same, as the church was the germ and the meeting house was the center of the self-governed commonwealth, and became the scene of all those public transactions which should connect man with his fellow man, and with his God, in an organized and common life.

It was of necessity, then, that the New Englander should provide a meeting house as soon as a church and a town were organized. The edifice was called a meeting house; possibly at first because it was to be used indifferently as a place for both religious and civil transactions. To the early New Englander both were equally solemn and sacred. Then again, being performed by the same persons, and in an equally reverent spirit, there could be no thought of desecration or indecorum in the association of the two functions with the same place. The New Englander would not call this building a church. That, in his view, was a sacred and significant name, which should be applied only to one of the most exalted conceptions which had ever come to the mind of man. For any other use of the word there was, in his view, no warrant in the Scriptures. In the language of Richard Mather, "There is no just ground from scripture to apply such a trope as church to a house for a public assembly."—*Ratio Disciplina*, 5.

The original structures were doubtless built of logs and thatched, with here and there a possible exception. None of those of the first age are now standing. We know the dimensions of one built in Dedham in 1638, viz., that it was 36 feet long, 20 feet wide and 12 feet "in the stud." The oldest dwelling house in New England, and probably in the United States, is in Guilford, Conn. This was built in 1639, but it was built of stone, with very thick and solid walls, and is in excellent repair. There is a tradition that the first church in Guilford was also constructed of stone. This is the more

probable as the town abounds in ledges of more or less loosely-lying rock material. This, however, did not hold of the majority of the New England towns. The number of stone buildings of any kind was singularly small. Perhaps this is to be accounted for by the native tendency to work in wood, with the pen-knife as well as the axe. More soberly, the difficulty and expense of procuring lime and the want of skill in quarrying and fitting stone, with the greater labor involved, must be accepted as the probable explanation. In what may be called the second period of church building, the structures are known to have been covered with boards or planks, either sawn or rived. Their interiors were ceiled with boards, and often packed with clay or rude mortar. The structure was square, or nearly so; the roof was pyramidal, and terminated in a belfry over the center, requiring the bell-ringer to stand in the middle of the edifice. We have an excellent example of a building of this type in the meeting house at Hingham, Mass., built in 1681, which is still in good preservation and in constant use. The original churches in New Haven and Milford were after this model, and were respectively 50 and 40 feet square, each with a tower, so-called, in the center.

A marked deviation from this type, with close adherence to its genetic features, is furnished in the meeting house erected for the First Church in Boston, the most expensive and elaborate up to its time, which was erected in 1713, and survived till 1808. This was built of brick, rectangular in form, with sides nearly equal, furnished with a porch on the longest side, and crowned with a pyramidal spire from the middle of the roof-ridge. It was three stories in height, and probably had two galleries.

In 1723 Christ Church, in the same city, was erected for the second Episcopal Society, and is still standing, except that its steeple was replaced after having been blown down. This is after a new pattern, in that the form deviates very decidedly from the square, and becomes rectangular. In this particular it follows the London churches, built after the great fire by well known architects. The form of these churches is not an accident, but in it the idea of the altar and chancel is recognized. These more sacred portions of an edifice would naturally be withdrawn to the end for comparative seclusion and ampler room. This edifice was elaborate and elegant, and is at the present day a model of its kind, as well as interesting for the most stirring associations. The first Episcopal church of Boston, the antecedent of the famous King's Chapel, was built for the Royal Governor between 1687 and '89, and though furnished with something which might be called a steeple, a tower and a chancel, and so far following the ecclesiastical type, was ugly enough

to match any of the ugliest churches of the Puritans, and effectually to redeem the Puritan principles and tastes from any special responsibility for the defective architecture of the times. This building was succeeded in 1749 by the well known King's Chapel, which still survives, and is at once admirable for its architectural interest and memorable for its theological and ecclesiastical history. It is to be regretted that the steeple which was to stand upon its solid tower was never completed. Its peristyle was not added till 1790. Long may it stand, with Christ Church and the Old South, in its simple and massive dignity, tempered with reverend grace.

But the most important advance in the history, or rather in the evolution, of the New England meeting house was the erection of the Old South Church in Boston in 1729-30. I would not dare to affirm that this was the first of its kind, but it certainly may be taken as the typical model of the New England meeting house for nearly a century. It has a spire upon a tower rising from the ground, with a porch at the opposite end, and the pulpit upon the longest side. This church was furnished with two galleries, as was true of a few other churches of the last century, *e. g.*, those in Milford and Guilford, in Connecticut, these being very populous towns, and others in Massachusetts. The Old South was finished in 1730. There are several churches besides this which still survive which are substantially like it, though finished with different degrees of elegance and expensiveness. I should conjecture that this church set the fashion of the New England meeting house for nearly a century, during the period when New England began to be conscious of an independent and an individual life. Very many have, within the writer's recollection, given way to those of more modern type. Among the best of those which survive are the meeting houses in Wethersfield and Farmington, Conn., the first of which was commenced in 1760 and the second in 1771. The first is 80 feet by 52, and the second is 75 by 50, exclusive of porch at one end and steeple at the other. With the present century and the advance of wealth and culture which followed our establishment as an independent nation, the New England meeting house assumed another form, conforming more nearly to the churchly style of London architecture. Of this we have admirable specimens in Park street church, Boston, in the two edifices on the New Haven green, and those in Guilford, Springfield, and many others. A fine example in Northampton, Mass., was unfortunately destroyed by fire a few years since. The old brick in New York, near the Park, and the new brick on the Fifth avenue, are excellent examples of this style, which displaced

every other and manfully kept its hold till the Gothic and Romanic, in various types and travesties of beauty and ugliness, in wood and stone, very nearly thrust it aside.

The first steeple in Connecticut was erected in Guilford in 1726, and attached to the meeting house previously built in 1712, which was 68 feet long and 46 feet wide. It was expressly voted that "the belfry and spire of the *meeting house* shall be built in the fashion and proportion of the *church* at Newport, Rhode Island." The *church* referred to is doubtless Trinity Church, which is still standing, and retains the organ given to it by Bishop Berkeley about 1730.

Having followed the growth, or, in modern phrase, the evolution of the New England meeting house in its form without and within, we should give a word to its interior. This was originally bare and unattractive enough. Building stuff in the rough was abundant, but boards that were sawn were not easily procured. Bricks were scarce and expensive, and lime for plastering must have come from remote situations, or from shell-fish out of the sea. Many of the chimneys of the dwelling houses of the third and fourth generations were of rough stone, laid up chiefly in clay, and of such not a few are standing in the oldest dwellings to this day. Pews were not provided at first, even for the Governor or his deputy, although their seats of honor were properly dignified by position and formal designation. Now and then, in the earlier part of the second century, a vote authorizes some worshipful gentleman or his lady, to construct a pew at his or her expense. It was a great step in luxury and dignity which made high and square pews universal, and a great step for convenience and edification when they were finally abandoned. It deserves to be recorded also that, in Massachusetts very generally, and the parts of other New England States which were affiliated with Massachusetts, the pews were made more airy and elegant by open panels, variously ornamented with open work. Through these openings the younger worshipers could communicate with one another during the long sermons. They were also provided with moveable seats, which were turned up for the convenience of the worshipers who sought support as they reverently stood during the long prayer, the conclusion of which was noisily signalized by a most irreverent din, which was more or less aggravated by the additional emphasis with which the boys would contrive to express their *Amen*.

The meeting house of New England was never lighted, except by the sun, until singing schools made it necessary to introduce candles and rude chandeliers. Night meetings in the meeting house

were considered highly indecorous and questionable even by the most zealous. No firing was provided for. Stoves were utterly unknown, and open fireplaces were not to be thought of. Even the rude and dangerous devices, which afterward were matured into the not uncomfortable foot-stoves, were at first unknown. The New England meeting house was never warmed by artificial heat till from 1810 to 1820. Of a cold winter morning the breath of the worshipers not unfrequently would seem like smoke from a hundred furnaces as it came in contact with the frosty atmosphere. The walls which had been almost congealed into ice by the fierce northwesterners of the preceding week, would strike a chill of death into the frame of many of the congregation. That they should come to such a place as this, on a snowy morning, plowing through unswept walks, and plunging through fearful drifts—man, woman, and child—and sit with half frozen feet under long discourses on knotty doctrines, makes us shiver as we think of it, and say from the heart, “herein is the patience of the saints.” And yet the writer’s memory can distinctly recall the observation and experience of scenes like these. The experience was not so cruel as it might seem. Manifold devices against the cold were provided. Some that are now deemed indispensable were not needed. The free-handed and open-hearted hospitality of the houses near the meeting house was freely proffered and as readily accepted. Enormous kitchen fires were expressly replenished for Sunday uses, before which scores of worshipers, from a distance, warmed their persons and ate their luncheons, and at which they replenished their foot-stoves. The merchant, the inn-keeper, the squire, the doctor, the retired money-lender, the wealthy widow or Lady Bountiful who lived near the meeting house, all esteemed it their duty and their pleasure to manifest this reasonable hospitality. Slight and natural as it was, it helped to bind and hold together the little community by the ties of common sympathy. At summer noons the farmers would gather in knots together on the sunny or shady side of the hospitable old meeting house, and the women would huddle into knots within the circle of some friendly pew, and tell the news of neighbors and relatives far and near, sometimes, but not always, observing the rigid ethics concerning Sabbath observance which were taught from the pulpit, but always decent and reverent in voice and demeanor. To provide against all contingencies, adjoining neighbors from a distance would sometimes erect a plain structure upon the meeting house green—a Sabbath-day house, so called—of one or two apartments, with ample fire-places, which relieved somewhat the draft upon the often overburdened

hospitality of those who dwelt under the droppings of the sanctuary. These structures have nearly all disappeared with the occasion which brought them into being. Now and then the remains of one are identified by some village antiquary, as applied to some baser use—of stable or granary.

In speaking of the meeting house as a material structure, we have anticipated its relation to the social organization in which it held the most prominent place.

We notice, first, that the meeting house was the *central* building in the village and the town. To this, as the most important edifice, was assigned the most conspicuous and honorable situation within or fronting *the meeting house green*, which was the general gathering place for military musters and every other out-door assemblage of the parish or town. The post office and village inn were always near it, with the stocks and the whipping post; often one or two of the most important shops—the office for the lawyer and doctor, one or more. Sometimes several streets radiated out from this as the centre. If there was one long and rambling street, the meeting house was as near as possible to the centre of the population. If the street were very long and the houses in consequence, at one end of it, increased out of natural proportions, questions would sometimes arise as to the proper site for the next structure. Now and then a contest between the north and south end or east and west side arose, and at last two meeting houses in place of one, and the once peaceful village would be sundered into two factions, and the deserted old green would remain the melancholy memorial and witness of departed greatness or intestine strife. But this occurred in later times, and only now and then. Usually the meeting house retained its original central glory from the days of the fathers. This glory was by no means insignificant. The place of the meeting house being fixed, a village was certain to grow up beneath its sheltering and inspiring life. It is an important factor in the growth and development of New England history, that the mother settlements, more or fewer, of the first century and those which gave character to all the rest, were in large villages, more or less compact, with a shaded street, ample home lots, well filled barns, and all the conveniences of mill and mechanics' and merchants' shops ready to their hand. These village communities, with their outlying farm- and wood-land, have been no unimportant feature of the New England life, and explain many of the marked peculiarities of its religious and educational life, of its intelligence and inventive skill, of its enterprise, its thrift, its energetic public spirit, and its emigrating success. This village life was at first almost a necessity. The fear of the savage

compelled the original community to build their houses in compact neighborhoods. The neighborhood of some lovely stream, with its natural meadow alluvials and its adjacent slopes of pasturage and tilth, would invite to comfortable vicinage, especially as these features were strikingly contrasted with the gloomy forest, which stretched into the unknown. Nearness to the meeting house in days when horses and cattle were few, and vehicles almost unknown, was no insignificant circumstance to the early New Englander who had crossed the ocean that he might construct and enjoy a church which his conscience accepted and approved. The loneliness suggested by long stretches of intervening forest, the well-grounded fears during two or three generations of savage treachery or surprises, the costly wars which wasted the strength and cut short the lives of a sparse population, and all the attendants of a dependent and depressed colonial condition, compelled to an intense social life within these little communities, each of which was shut up within itself, with rarely or never a newspaper, with scarcely a post office for the first century or more, and with rarely a journey for wife or child, and never for a man, unless it were upon a voyage, a hunting expedition, or a campaign.

For the reasons already given, the first meeting houses and the original villages were in the open and sunny valleys, and by quiet and brimming streams. Later, as the forests were invaded and their savage wildness was subdued, the new meeting houses and the villages which were grouped about them were placed upon the hills, for the obvious reason that the soil upon the summits was drier and more healthful. Perhaps, also, these settlers desired to live in sight of one another, and hold a kind of social communion as the rising or setting sun would flash its signals of greeting from the windows of one meeting house to those of another. So it has seemed to me, as in the hill country of Massachusetts and Connecticut, I have counted ten or twelve steeples each upon its crested summit, and thought on a Sunday of the communion of the saints. Now and then, as the valley beneath was subsequently drained and became more accessible and attractive, the hill-top was deserted till nothing was left of the original village, except a few half choked wells and hardly distinguishable cellars. Neither house nor meeting house can be traced, and all that survives is the name *Town Hill* to perpetuate the pristine glories of the original site. Later still, as the soil has been washed into the valleys from the once fertile hill-sides, much of the population has been attracted into the same valleys and along the wild and rushing streams. Countless villages and not a few wealthy cities have risen up near where was only a narrow gorge or a rushing

waterfall. In such cases the old meeting house sits solitary upon the lonely hill-top, and as the fierce northwester sweeps around its ample and alas, too often, thinly occupied spaces, it sighs the requiem of its departed honors, as it recalls the gay and joyous life which once crowded its well filled pews, and the sober and venerable age which gave dignity and strength to the solid commonwealth which here kept the Sabbath of its reverent and united worship.

The village life of which the original meeting house was the centre and the symbol, was not merely the product of circumstances; it was the outgrowth of the New Englander's theory of life. The commanding principle of his plantation as well of his individual life was this, "Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The New Englander was thrifty and keen and patient and industrious. He was forecasting and enterprising by land and by sea, but his aims for his individual and social life proposed the highest and the best, for the individual and the commonwealth. As a consequence, the church, the spiritual company of elect and believing souls was made the life-giving nucleus of every plantation, and the meeting house became its sanctuary and symbol. For this reason, among others, the planters themselves naturally settled in villages hard by the house of God. There is extant in the fortieth volume of the Massachusetts Historical Collection, p. 274, a paper by an anonymous author, setting forth in detail the ideal of a New England plantation. It was written in 1635, and apparently suggested by the fear lest an ordinance should be repealed which had offered a bounty for the destruction of wolves. With this decidedly earthly starting point, the writer expounds his ideal of a plantation, which should provide for a compact village life with its social advantages,—the village to be bordered by outlying farms, the houses of the remoter plantations to be gathered in little hamlets until the time when the remoter forests should be subdued, in which wolves and Indians then had their hiding places. The wolves that howled by night for generations in their dark forests were not feared so greatly nor guarded against so carefully as the spiritual wolves, against which the meeting house and the fellowship of the saints were the most efficient securities.

But we have almost forgotten our meeting house in the village and the village life which was to grow up around it. The meeting house in New England invariably supposed an organized church—indeed no New England plantation could be conceived as existing without this divinely appointed and life-giving center of life. The church was a community of elect souls who accepted, or if you please elected, one another as sympathizing in a common Christian

faith and hope and joy, and as finding in one another the evidence that they had been called of God. We may call this estimate bigotry if we choose, or we may name it spiritual pride. We may find reasonable objection to the severity of the tests of doctrine and the no less rigid standards of feeling and of living which its members applied to one another, but we cannot doubt that in their aims and hopes they deserve to be numbered as among "the few

Who by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands upon that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity."

Few scenes which have been transacted upon the earth are better fitted to command our respect or move our sympathy than the gathering of a score or two of these earlier settlers in a half finished log cabin to recount to one another their common faith and heavenly aspirations and thus to accept one another in the name of their Master as members of the family whose names were written in Heaven. Few events are more singular in the beginnings of commonwealths than the acceptance by the civil society of the authority of the fittest to rule over it by a divine right. It is to be observed that in the transaction in which these Christian believers became a Christian church there was at first no written creed. It would be erroneous to infer from this circumstance that they had no positive and definite views of Christian truth or that these views were not maintained and transmitted from one generation to another. It is, however, of importance to notice that whatever this creed might be, whether long or short, whether more or less permanent or temporary, whether divine or human in part or in whole, it was held as a living and vital truth by the living men and women who accepted it. To them it was no dead formula but as the expression of living and vital principles concerning God to man, concerning the present and the future life. Every utterance in it was attested by their own living faith. It embodied the energy of their spiritual life, the most which they cared for and hoped and feared for the present and the future.

The church being organized, it forthwith proceeded to elect its minister, one who was commended to their consciences and hearts by holding their common faith and was animated by common sympathies with themselves. He was accepted as their teacher and pastor for life. And when the log-built meeting house was completed and the little community with its pastor had taken possession of it, the unhewn timbers and the hard benches and the rustic roof glowed with a visible splendor, as when the ark of the covenant was borne in state into the temple of Solomon and consecrated it as the

dwelling place of the Living God. It was not till meeting house and minister were provided that the community was prepared to meet the duties and enterprises of their common life. In their quaint language a golden candlestick was set up, as was fondly hoped never to be removed, and the Lord Christ was seen to be present by its side. But before the meeting house was occupied it must be "seated" as the phrase went. That is, the places for occupation must be assigned to each member of the community. Subsequently this seating was by families. In the first meeting house in New Haven the sexes were separated and the places of each person are still on record marking the rank and dignity of every one. A little more than a hundred years since, at the completion of a large and stately meeting house, four men were appointed as a "Seating Committee" and directed to perform the duty of their office "by their best discretion." The first committee having failed to give satisfaction a second was appointed and ordered in discharging their function "to have respect to age, office, and estate, so far as it tendeth to make a man respectable, and to everything else which hath the same tendency." A few years afterward in the same community a large committee was appointed "to dignify the meeting house," *i. e.*, to determine with exactness the relative dignity of the seats, this having become necessary probably by the introduction of square pews instead of the long seats of earlier times and the consequent disturbance of the wonted associations of rank as indicated by place. To every household and every man was assigned his place, and every household and every man was expected to be in his place. Equality before the law and in the presence of God was distinctly recognized by the New Englanders, but equality in place and station and honor in Church and State was in their view totally unchristian and they enforced their ideas most emphatically in the meeting house where they seemed to come the nearest to God. Uncouth as were their manners, and harsh their speech, the spirit of courtesy and reverence animated their precise and decorous life. In the first generations in Massachusetts and Connecticut attendance on public worship was enforced by law. So was it in Virginia before either Massachusetts or Connecticut were settled. By the same rule after which in these days parents are compelled to send their children regularly to the school house they were required to come with them to the meeting house on the Lord's day. On the same principle, till 1818 in Connecticut and till some years afterward in Massachusetts, every citizen was compelled to support some religious organization by a tax on his estate. This was done in no spirit of religious tyranny but on definite grounds of public policy. What it cost in toil and

fear to be present at the meeting house in the first generations no one of us can adequately imagine. But the toil and fear and privation were cheerfully encountered from a sense of duty to God. The traditions are well nigh incredible and yet are well accredited of the long distances by rough ways and through forests which men and women would travel in order to fulfill what was esteemed the great duty of the week.

Thus was formed the excellent habit which has done so much for the New England people of regular attendance at religious worship with every Lord's day. What was at first recognized as a religious duty, subsequently became also a social necessity and pleasure. So soon as the original villages began to be outgrown and outlying farms of generous size were brought into culture several miles from the central village, it was a thing of course that "young men and maidens, old men and children" should have manifold reasons, when Sunday morning came, besides those of conscience for responding to the call, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord." It is not easy to conceive of a more inspiring scene than the gathering of a country congregation from a wide-spread township on a pleasant Sunday morning. The vehicles are of every variety from the pretentious landeau down to the most dilapidated of single wagons with a horse to match it. The families vary in size and quality from eight or twelve of sturdy parents and buxom daughters with three or four sons on half broken colts behind, down to a pair composed of a staid old bachelor with his prim sister in their tidy vehicle with a circumspect and comely steed—all driving and riding at every conceivable pace, but all fresh with health and exhilarated by the morning drive. As they approach the meeting house they slacken their pace, their manner becomes more grave and circumspect, and they politely wait for one another as they approach the landing places to disembark their freight. During the protracted services including the nooning, the horses must now and then become restive. When the squealing, and kicking, and biting became too indecorous to be endured, two or three young men of the horse-taming sort would quietly slip out and bring the irreverential beasts to the requisite Sabbath sobriety. But the interruption would sometimes make a serious break in the minister's wiredrawn argument. After the second service is over all is bustle again. The horses are scarcely more impatient than their drivers—one vehicle after another receives its freight and is off, the colts and unduly excited horses for a few moments bringing the passengers into mortal terror. But after a few brief demonstrations the homeward bound vehicles fall into line—the village street is one long cavalcade and in a few minutes all is

quiet and lonely. The foot passengers discuss the sermon and many things besides. Those in the vehicles distribute the news they have gathered and recall the sermon, it is to be hoped, during the week, for they refer to it often when the minister calls on his rounds.

The annual Thanksgiving festival was the one occasion when the meeting house and its worshipers could be said positively to relax from the traditional New England severity and to put on a genial and joyful aspect. In the old times, I have been told by those who knew, that the large brick oven was carefully heated and the chicken and other pies were consigned to its faithful ministrations, while the entire family repaired to the meeting house in full faith that the dinner would be done to a nicety against their return. In later and somewhat more degenerate days the mother of the household was conspicuously absent with the consent of the congregation, especially if she had a special reputation for the delicious flavor of her baked meats and roasts, and the irresistible composition of her pies. In the better days the congregation was large, being pleasantly reinforced by various representatives, from far and near, with wife or husband and children. The Thanksgiving anthem was given with excited zeal and listened to with complacent admiration or critical discrimination. The long prayer was offered with a more copious amplitude and freedom than was common and a more glowing fervor. The sympathy of the congregation could hardly be restrained as they noticed some bereaved household and thought of the beloved youth or parent who had gone. The sermon was more glowing and rhetorical than the discourse of ordinary Sundays, and was listened to with more marked attention. Possibly some subject of local interest or enterprise was proposed or discussed, which might involve an expenditure of money or the venture of new enterprise. The blessings of the year, in the early and latter harvests, were gratefully recounted with a recognition of the blessings in disguise of a frost and a drought. The goodness of God was at least one day in the year definitely recognized in the old meeting house, and in a manner and with a fervor which the most exacting Arminian or the most tenacious Liberal could require. The duty of the rich and the prosperous to the poor and the straitened was plainly enforced by the preacher, and it was generously fulfilled by his hearers.

The rigorous Fast day—of all days the most odious and inexplicable to the youthful New Englander—was redeemed by nothing except the enlarged freedom and secularity of speech which was allowed to the minister and expected by his hearers. This was the one day on which he was expected to free his mind in respect to the

sins of politicians, especially after the accession of Thomas Jefferson. The positiveness with which this duty was discharged, the point and directness with which the anti-New England policy was discussed, gave a piquancy and interest to the Fast day services, which the solemnity of the day could not suppress. Not infrequently it might happen that the zeal of the preacher would altogether outrun his discretion and an explosive reaction would follow in the form of a certificate from the church of "the standing order" and a formal adhesion to whatever sectarian body happened to be most promising for political advancement. To a young minister the perils of Fast day were sometimes very serious, and the older and wiser men of the church took a long breath when they were fairly passed, and they felt that the church had taken no detriment.

These scenes remind me that the decorum and dignity which in theory were exacted in the New England meeting house were not always maintained. Those who complain of the austerity of the New England ways in the early days, and the fearful stiffness of the manners of young and old, and bestow an abundance of sympathy upon the young Puritans for the unnatural constraint to which they were subjected in the meeting house may spare their compassion. There was a lustiness of youth in that young blood, which could not and would not be controlled. It was not always, perhaps not usually, wicked, it was simply irrepressible. It often broke out in the meeting house, and occasioned infinite trouble to the elders. Even the fear of the tithingman could not always avail. The anticipated reproof of father and mother, the pointed reprimand of the minister from the pulpit were all in vain. The galleries swarmed with youthful life. The inmates were practically relegated to this court of the Gentiles, as hopeless subjects of their natural impulses, till the grace of God should bring them to a better mind, and it is not surprising that under this theory there should now and then occur some alarming outbreak which illustrated and proved afresh the doctrine of total depravity.

But the mention of this doctrine suggests ground on which I may not freely tread. And yet I would fain say a word concerning the theological system which was taught in the old meeting house first and later, and of the controversies which subsequently divided its churches and agitated its communities; of the sects which have rent our mother church and in many cases subdivided its small parishes into weakling and jealous knots of religious partizans. However offensive to my reason or my taste may seem some of the scholastic and outworn phrases in which the changeless and eternal verities of the Christian faith were formulated, however offensive to

my judgment and even to my conscience may seem some of the conclusions which were enforced, however trivial and unimportant may seem many of the positions on which the New England theologians insisted as vital and on which the dissenters from the mother church of New England assailed it so frequently and rent it so sadly, I pass by them all and forget them altogether when I stand in an old New England meeting house, which has remained for a century, and upon the site of which five or seven or eight generations have assembled in rain and sunshine, in peace and war, in health and in pestilence, to worship the living God in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom all Christian believers are one in life, and death, and immortality. I find it not difficult to distinguish the great facts and truths of the Christian system with their practical relations from the metaphysical distinctions which they are supposed to involve, and the hard conclusions to which a narrow logic may seem inexorably to lead. The faith in which churches and pastors have in fact stood together when they have seemed to stand farthest apart, the faith which has inspired their common prayers and tuned their praises and strengthened their patience in great sorrows and wrought out the blessed fruits of the Christian life and made their homes happy, is to me the same one substantial faith in which all Christians live and die. Now and then I find an old meeting house which has symbolized this one faith and hallowed and inspired its worship for an entire New England town for a century or more of New England's life, and when I ask what better have a half dozen other places of worship done which divide the zeal of the neighboring community, I find no reason to withdraw my blessing from the old meeting house that has witnessed the worship of an undivided community because of the seeming severity of its creed. As I study the ancient creeds in the light of ancient days, and amid the hallowed associations of the house in which my father and my father's father worshiped, I dare not say for I do not believe, that these creeds and theologies, as held by them, either dishonored God, or weakened His authority, or obscured His love, or demoralized the consciences of the generations which preached or believed them.

I grant that in the strict construction of terms and propositions, by the light of a more exact and consistent philosophy, the ancient theology may seem to some minds to be a compact and pitiless system of fatalism, in its finished structure, its dovetailed definitions and its inexorable conclusions. I grant that, unilluminated by faith in a morally perfect God, any severely reasoned system that begins with God's purposes and power must necessarily cast long and gloomy shadows over human life and darker still over the life that is beyond.

But it is no more than just to remember that to the mind of the New Englander of other generations this logical structure was projected against the background of an unshaken confidence in the living and loving God, and that from this glowing presence the radiance was so bright and penetrating as to turn what would otherwise have been a dark and dismal tomb into a temple filled with the divine glory.

They who would exchange what they call the cruel fatalism of the Christian theology for the utterly inhuman evolutionism of the Agnostic system, literally *know not* what they affirm in more senses than they profess. If in order to keep up with the fashion of the times, I must profess myself a believer in Evolutionism of some sort, I am free to confess that I prefer to accept the Evolutionism of a purpose which is impelled by God's personal goodness and guided by His personal intelligence than the Evolutionism which springs out of Chaos and ends in Old Night.

It should never be forgotten that the New England preachers have not been accustomed to hold their theology as a traditional form, but have been taught to revise and defend it, under any new light which might break forth from God's Holy Word without, or any new light which might spring up from the conscience within. If they have been in any sense traditional theologians their traditions have all been in the direction of free and independent thinking. The great preachers and theologians of New England have used the pulpit to demonstrate and enforce Christian truth by fresh inquiries concerning human duty and human sinfulness in the light of the human conscience. The meeting house of New England has been characteristically a place where the conscience has been appealed to, to own that God is just, and man is sinful and therefore needs the pardon and help which Christ alone can bring.

If to their ethical reasonings and spiritual utterances there often were superadded theological theories which are now abandoned, and interpretations of the Scriptures which have since been outgrown, though these might obscure they could not hide, though they might overgrow they could not strangle those exhibitions of the living God on the one hand and those searching rules and tests of the Christian life on the other, which have made the New England pulpit a place of uncomputed moral power, and the New England meeting house a living spring of living truths in Christian theology.

But whatever may be thought of the theology of the sermons which were preached in the New England meeting houses it will not be questioned that they educated the people, and for the first century were their most efficient instructors. The schools were irregular and insufficient. There were no newspapers, or next to

none. The books were few and chiefly books of devotion and controversy. Physical science was almost unknown. There were scarcely any lawyers, and medicine as a profession was scantily and feebly represented. The minister was the oracle upon almost every subject. He was generally a man of classical education, a good Latin scholar, tolerable in Greek and Hebrew, with a fair knowledge of geometry and algebra, and some acquaintance with physics and astronomy. But he studied the Bible, and his theology and ethics involved reflection on those themes which never grow old, of man's duty and destiny, of God and His kingdom. The preaching earnestly and affectionately applied these truths for the guidance of the life in those duties which are acknowledged by all men to be binding, and to those aspirations and charities which are always as bright and sweet as the sunlight. The sermon and catechism implied earnest thinking on the part of adults and some training in letters on the part of children. There was nothing the New England minister so much deplored as ignorance and barbarism in his flock. He never discouraged study or the use of books, or the foundation of schools and colleges. He was foremost in the foundation of libraries, many of which are nearly a century old, and in stimulating culture of every description. For all these reasons every meeting house was of necessity a centre of culture, a school of good manners, a training place for decorum, an enforcement of order, in the name of the living God and in the interests of the kingdom of Christ.

The worship might perhaps seem rude to us, and the sermons unfinished and uncouth, and the culture and education from both to have been of a negative value. We should remember as we drag through the old sermons, and the books of ghostly counsel, and the poetry of doubtful inspiration, that the first preachers of New England were two generations and more earlier than Locke, three before Addison, and five before Johnson. We should not forget that Milton and Sir Henry Vane, their contemporaries, were in prose diction often pedantic and unfinished, though usually eloquent and strong. Of one thing we may be assured, that had it not been for the meeting house and the ministry of its first century, New England would have sunk into barbarism, and neither schoolmaster nor school would have flourished in New England, and if not there, surely nowhere in this land.

We ought not to forget that very early, under the inspiration of the ministry and under the very shadow of the meeting house, school houses were erected for all the children of the parish and the town, and that like the gospel, education was enforced upon all the children, and all the parents were taxed to pay for it; and the

neglect of such advantages was denounced from the pulpit as a sin against the commonwealth and against God. As the fruit of this religious inspiration and religious sanction in New England the public school system has taken its strong hold of the people of this country. The great number of select schools or academies which have from time to time come into being, some of which have become permanent and endowed, and some transformed into colleges and seminaries, is explained by the constant inculcation by the minister of the Christian duty of sustaining the higher education. The founders of all the New England Colleges have been conspicuously clergymen, and in hundreds of New England meeting houses have been heard the admonitions and teachings which have sent millions of dollars into the treasuries of our higher seminaries of Christian learning. From the earliest days till now the minister was usually one of the authorized school visitors in the smaller towns, and not a few clergymen still serve in this capacity. Nor should we forget those annual exhibitions of the schools of the town, which of necessity and of love were held in the meeting house, when the first classes of the smaller districts would vie with one another, and matches in reading, and spelling, and arithmetic, and grammar, were hallowed by the sanctuary and blessed by the minister, while the entire community looked on with sympathizing favor. Not infrequently dramatic exhibitions have taken possession of the house of worship in the interests of the village academy, and many of the devices and arrangements of the theatre have been displayed in a Puritan meeting house, which in its earlier life had never been desecrated by a *night meeting*. When Sunday schools were first introduced, about sixty years ago, a few of the adherents of the old ways shook their heads in distrust, but very soon the great doors of the oldest meeting houses were thrown open for their heartiest welcome, till the Sunday school has now well nigh usurped the functions of the minister, or the minister has in some cases ceased to teach with that authority and earnestness which in the olden days he never failed to assert for his office and for himself.

I ought not to omit the culture of sacred song as a most important accessory of public worship and incidentally a means of social and individual refinement. In the first generations of New England the poetry and singing were rude enough and very little of culture could come of either. Two or three uncouth versions of the Psalms were all the sacred melodies which the worshipers knew or used in public or private worship. And yet these are scarcely more unmelodious than the version of Rouse which has till very recently been chiefly relied upon in the Kirk of Scotland and in some of the many

secessions from that body is still pertinaciously retained as the only suitable rendering of the Royal Psalmist's words. Some five or six tunes were all that were used by any congregation. The New Englander was too enterprising and liberal to linger in this barbaric twilight, and in this particular is indicated the striking contrast between him and the typical Scotchman. Early in the last century the "new way" of singing was introduced, presumably by the new version of Dr. Watts with the new tunes. The novelties which the new melodies demanded occasioned serious divisions among the people, and now and then some scandalous scenes in the meeting house, each man following his conscience after a very unedifying fashion. But in the end the new way prevailed—as it always must, provided the new represents the true. In some congregations the advocates of the old way were permitted to leave the assembly before the last singing in the afternoon, which followed the new fashion. The commotion made by the departing malcontents as they tramped along the aisles and down the gallery stairs, was long remembered as an empathetic example of how vigorous can be the protests of an exasperated conscience. These controversies continued for nearly a half century, till finally Dr. Watts' (the new way of singing), and separate choirs triumphed, and with these came in that cultivation of sacred music, which for nearly a century at least has made the New England meeting house so efficient an incitement to the musical culture and incidentally to the refinement of the community. In connection with formal choirs, singing schools became general. In the natural course of human degeneracy, the zeal of the members of the choir would decline and with it their skill would abate. A new generation of singers would also have appeared full of promise and hope, at least in the judgment of their partial friends. Some promising leader and teacher was always ready to present himself, native or from a neighboring parish, with favorable recommendations of his skill and success, and the entire community would be engrossed for a winter with the excitement attending a new singing school under a new teacher. The excitement attendant upon the singing meetings was manifold, social and otherwise, and at the conclusion of the term a sacred concert would be required and the installation of the new singers in their places in the gallery. Those were memorable days, when a long line of singers stood around the gallery front, headed in the center opposite the pulpit by old ladies and gentlemen and terminating at either end with children in their teens. At first, but long ago, the pitch-pipe and tuning fork were the only instruments allowed, and these simply because they were necessary. Every other was ruled out by the pointed declaration of the prophet, "I will not

hear the melody of thy viols." But somehow a larger viol of greater dignity and sonorousness of sound, got in under another name, till at last an entire orchestra was established in the meeting house in spite of the suggestions of a similarity with the idolatrous concert of the "cornet, flute, dulcimer, sackbut, psaltry." The singing school, moreover, was often a convenient place for flirtation and sometimes the occasion of parish discord and strife. The musical tastes of the choir did not always harmonize the tempers nor even the voices of its members. And yet study and the practice of sacred music with reference to its effective and appropriate rendering in public worship, has been from one generation to another a most effective means of culture to thousands of individuals and families. Hundreds and thousands owe to the singing school and meeting house choir the beginning of their musical culture, and the discovery and development of what has been the solace of their lives. The singing schools and Sunday choirs of New England are in many respects distinctive and should never be omitted in our recollections and estimates of the New England place of worship. Some years ago I happened to attend Sunday worship at the Royal Chapel in Westmoreland, when the widow of the poet Wordsworth was present, and the family of the eminent Dr. Arnold. The chapel was filled with an attentive and devout congregation, mostly plain dalesmen and mechanics. Everything was decorous and edifying except the singing. This was led by the clerk, and the rattling performance of these thick-headed, thick-voiced dalesmen, might fitly be compared to the jangling of sleigh bells, "quite out of tune." I could not but contrast the performance with any, even the most unsatisfactory, which might be heard in any New England meeting house.

Probably there is no particular in which the contrast is more striking between the peasantry of Old England and the yeomanry of New England, than the singing of the country churches. Perhaps there is no single feature by which the New Englander in the country is more distinguishable than by the self-reliance and aspiration which leads him to confront any exigency and to address himself to any enterprise, whether this involves his personal fitness for any activity of life, or his confidence of success. The universality of the taste for music, the attention paid to singing, the diffusion of musical instruments among the homes of New Englanders and the New England emigration is to be ascribed almost entirely to the New England choir and the New England meeting house.

In these inquiries respecting the agencies which have governed the New England character, we must remember that this character

was not the product of a single generation under circumstances which are noticeable at the present time—but that it has been the growth of many generations and under circumstances which are very unlike those which now have influence. I have spoken of the positive village life of New England and the compact organization by which its families were formerly united together by religious and social bonds. Those influences which now exist were greatly intensified, in the earlier as compared with the present times. Few of us can adequately conceive of the seclusion of the great majority of the New England villages two generations ago. Even those which were on the great roads and rivers or harbors were shut up to themselves and their own resources. They were singularly “self-dependent and self-sufficing.” They were in an unusual degree “self-contained,” to use an expression applied by the Scotch to a dwelling, which from basement to roof-tree is a single tenement, as contrasted with any variety of tenement or apartment houses. A community which is shut up to its own inhabitants and rarely sees any other, which has few books, few letters, few newspapers, if it has any energy and power to be roused, will make the most of what it has within itself. Especially will this be true if it has the rude vigor of youth and hope and enterprise. In such a community every strong-minded man, every strong-hearted woman, every noticeable event, every sudden death, every lingering sickness, every public excitement, every striking piece of news, every sermon or public discourse, every visit of a stranger will make its definite and abiding impression. If the community be large enough and sympathizing enough it will move strongly and unitedly in response to any local excitement.

All these conditions of intense and marked individuality were fulfilled in the New England communities, and as everything in their faith was referred to the plan, and purpose, and kingdom of God, as these were expounded in the meeting house, it is not surprising that the meeting house and the weekly worship, and the minister, and the church left its impress upon every man, woman, and child. In this solemn place the members of an entire community knowing one another's history, and position, and reputation, assembled every Lord's day for their common worship. They were no stupid boors, no thick-headed peasants, but all men of marked individuality, with opinions and predjudices, an originality and a humor of their own. Many, not to say the most of them, were keen-witted, original, self-relying in their intellects, even if they were limited, and prejudiced, and obstinate. Every man of them had a character. Every man had made for himself his place in the little organism, and every man acted and reacted upon the other with more or less of quickening

energy. Even the daring unbeliever, of whom every community could show here and there one, or the habitual absentee from the sanctuary, whose house and fields were supposed to be accursed, each had his lesson to impart. Every man and woman and household became an element of life and energy in this seething commonwealth, in which every element was charged with an intense and individual vitality.

I shall never forget an evening walk which many years ago I took in a country parish, in a beautiful district in England, with its devoted and accomplished rector, since exalted to a higher ecclesiastical position. As we walked up and down the hedge rows, he explained to me somewhat of the individual and social life of his people. We met in our stroll and bowed to the lord of the manor, who a few years before had erected a beautiful Gothic church at his own expense in the old churchyard, in which grew one conspicuously sturdy yew tree, reported to be more than 800 years old. The community consisted of less than a score of farmers, a few mechanics, with a mass of laborers who dwelt in cottages, and sent their children to the parish school till the age of ten or twelve, when they were summoned to the fields. The country itself was, in beauty and fertility, not unlike that to which I had been accustomed from my childhood. Parish churches and well provided rectories stood conveniently near, and there was no want of religious or intellectual appliances on the part of zealous and faithful incumbents. But after my friend had explained to me the intellectual torpor of the laboring population, the wretched arrangements of their homes, and the depressed social condition to which they were doomed, he remarked in conclusion that to the clergyman in a strictly rural parish, it seemed almost hopeless to attempt to elevate the men who tilled the soil with their own hands. As he talked on, the landscape which had seemed so much like a New England scene, seemed so no longer, for the reason that it had lost the stimulating and quickening atmosphere which has made every New England hamlet and village such an educator to its sensitive population, and quickened the lowest stratum of its population into an intensely active and individualized intellectual and moral life.

Scant justice has been rendered to the intellectual and business activity, to the far-reaching enterprise and the domestic inventiveness of many of the best New England villages, after they had fairly emerged from the barbarous age of struggle with nature, and the military age of battle with the Indians and the French, and the maturing age of separation from England. In some of these villages in the old time of their isolation and consequent internal self-reliance

and enterprise almost every one of the trades was represented by some conspicuous workman, whose work was honestly and honorably done, and whose name was a pledge of its fidelity and trustworthiness. Now and then a single merchant in an inland village has made himself conspicuous by a successful business adventure in the West or East India trade. From not a few New England towns before the Great West or even Western New York was heard of, regular outfits were sent forth to the fabulous South, which allured many a promising young man to its profitable traffic and opened the way to large fortunes. When Vermont, New York, and Northern Ohio displayed in the eyes of New England the tempting promises which have become such splendid realizations, there were found in the most secluded New England villages hundreds and thousands of youth who were intelligent enough to appreciate their significance. When subsequently the prairie states and still later the mining territories repeated these promises, wherever there was the New England intelligence and the New England enterprise, whether in the New England at home or the emigrant New England abroad, there was a ready and bold response. It has come to be a proverb to those who have studied into this New England life, that the more remote and lonely is the hamlet at home, the more widely has its stock been expanded abroad, first through the counties of Litchfield and Berkshire, then through the settlements of Vermont and Western New York, then into Northern and Central Ohio, then into Michigan, then into Iowa and Minnesota, and still onward through Dakota, Montana, and Oregon. But wherever it goes, it carries with itself, the self-reliance, the mother wit, the helping hand, the sympathizing heart, the quickened conscience, the fear of God which the meeting house wrought into the original life of the little village; which has sent forth the threads of this mysterious life all over the continent and even across the seas.

But nothing more forcibly illustrates the excellent quality of this old village life than the development of the villages into the large and wealthy manufacturing towns and cities of New England itself. Scores of such towns and cities might be named which once yielded scanty returns from the hard hillsides and scanty valleys, but are now abundant in the profits of active invention and the accumulation of capital, all developed and gathered from within themselves, the growth and accumulation of which are to be distinctly traced to the individual genius or enterprise of some farmer's son—whom the school and the meeting house and the village life first stimulated and trained to his self-reliant enterprise and his indomitable public spirit.

In no one particular, however, has the ardent and self-relying enterprise of the New England village been more conspicuously exemplified than in its zeal for Christian missions and moral reforms. It was with a son of a clergyman of one of the most secluded country parishes in Connecticut that the dream of personal devotion to this service hardened into an unconquerable purpose, out of which proceeded the first and foremost organization for foreign missions of this country. The organization of this society was completed in another village. No sooner was it perfected than the intelligence ran through every New England township, high on the hill-tops and low in the valleys, and everywhere found or awakened a response of ardent faith and hope. From almost every one of these communities have proceeded bold pioneers, patient translators, skillful diplomats, and self-denying martyrs, who have proved themselves equal to every exigency in the kingdom of God which required tact or perseverance or zeal. In the diffusion of missionary intelligence and the excitement of missionary zeal, by its public addresses and its abundant prayers, the meeting house has been a constant inspiration. Many a time within its walls has been heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us," and many times the answer, "Here am I, Lord, send me." It has done scarcely less in arousing men to needed reforms at home in respect of individual and social vice and in instructing and stimulating their consciences to withstand the paralysis of godless unbelief or the rotting plague of intemperance and lust. Plain as their exterior has often been, uncouth and repulsive as their interior has usually seemed, it should never be forgotten that in every one of them a Prophet has continually spoken in the name of God, with more or less earnestness and fidelity, and that his words have been words of life and power to a responsive community—educating the public conscience by earnest truth and opening the way for access to the divine presence by ardent prayers.

The meeting house has fulfilled other functions than those directly and indirectly religious and intellectual. It has been also the political home of the community. For many generations the town meeting was held within its capacious enclosure. That a political meeting should be held in a house devoted to public worship now seems a grave offence to the conscience of some people of culture, and at all events a grave and rustic indecorum which is worse than a sin. The New Englander of the old time could think no such thing, for to him at first the church and the organized town consisted of the same persons. Subsequently also the doctrine was distinctly held that the town existed and should be controlled for the good of the church.

From this point of view it was impossible to see any incompatibility between a town meeting and a meeting house.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that this is a New England notion, and that no other people are guilty of sacrilege in this particular. So soon as houses of worship were erected for Episcopalians, special pains were taken to claim for them a special sacredness. The story is told of a company of boys who found themselves in the gallery of a new Episcopal church, several of whom were somewhat boisterous and irreverent, when one of them remonstrated with angry reproof: "*I say, boys, I'd have you know that this is not a Presbyterian meeting house.*" The notion which was formerly rather industriously diffused, that political and secular meetings are never held in the houses of worship belonging to the Church of England, does not happen to be correct. The author of *John Halifax* writes as follows: "The poll was to be held in the church, *i. e.*, for a parliamentary election—a not uncommon usage in county boroughs." Not very long since a message came from Boston in Lincolnshire to Boston in Massachusetts, that the same was true of St. Botolph's church in the mother city in England.

But whether or not the town meeting might properly be held in the meeting house, there can be no doubt that it was held there in fact for many generations, and that it did good service for the church and for the world. We all know what De Tocqueville has written of the New England town meeting and its relation to our political system and the growth of our institutions. What the sagacious Mr. E. A. Freeman desired most of all to witness during his recent visit to this country, and failed to see, to his great regret, was one of these meetings. Boston did not become a city till 1822, and it was in its town meetings that the fiery eloquence and the determined will of Samuel Adams inspired his fellow citizens to the decisive measures which secured the independence of this nation. The author of *McFingal* has depicted the humorous aspect of one of these meetings, as follows:

And now the town was summoned, greeting,
To grand parading of town meeting,
A show, that strangers might appall,
As Rome's grave senate did the Gaul.

* * * * *

High o'er the rout, on pulpit stairs,
Like den of thieves in house of prayers,

* * * * *

Stood forth the constable, and bore
His staff, like Merc'ry's wand of yore.

* * * * *

Above and near the Hermetic staff
 The moderator's upper half,
 In grandeur o'er the cushion bowed,
 Like Sol half-seen behind a cloud.
 Beneath stood voters of all colors,
 Whigs, tories, orators and brawlers.

Upon its graver side it should be remembered that in the better days the town and other political meetings were opened with prayer, and not unfrequently the freeman of the town were treated to a sermon. I have before me printed copies of two sermons delivered in the same meeting house before the freeman of one town—the one in 1774 on the sin of the slave trade as allowed by the State of Connecticut, and the other in 1813 on the solemnity and obligation of the freeman's oath, which was then exacted of all voters in the commonwealth.

Nor did the minister confine his political discourses to the town or freemen's meeting. We have already noticed what fearful fulminations were heard on Fast days in Massachusetts and Connecticut upon the shortcomings of the Jeffersonian party, and the impending dangers to the country, and if on Thanksgiving day a more hopeful and roseate view, as was becoming, was taken of the situation of the country, the sweet was usually tempered by a subacid for the French party. Here and there a bolder spirit did not hesitate to carry politics into the pulpit in his regular ministrations, but these exceptions were few. The New England clergymen were usually gentlemen, and observed the rules of a somewhat punctilious decorum. I need not repeat what is familiar to all, that the town meeting of New England is the one institution of all others that has been efficient in maintaining on the part of all the voting members of the commonwealth a sense of their duty to watch the officials who are called to public trusts, and on the part of the officials of their duty of rendering an account of their doings to those who intrust them with office. Every citizen is concerned to know how his money is spent for bridges and roads, for schools and the poor, and it is desirable that he should be able to ask for any explanation from the official whom he elects to discharge these trusts. The New Englander has been able to do this from the beginning, and the training of the town meeting has made many a man to be, in the best sense of the term, a statesman. Political fidelity signifies honesty in the discharge of public trusts, and honesty supposes that the trustee understands the business which he undertakes, and can to some extent explain it to others. The New England meeting house has had ample opportunities to inculcate the doctrine that there is but one kind of honesty

known to man, and that its lessons are the same for political as for ordinary duties. The meeting house, so far as we know, has never been the worse for the town meetings which have been held in it, and the town meetings have certainly been the better for the meeting houses in which they have been held. The New England pulpit may have been at times mistaken in its utterances in respect to public duty, but never in respect to the truth that political actions and interests should be subject to the law and kingdom of God.

There have been times, and these not infrequent, when it was most befitting that the town meeting should be held in the place of public worship. From those earliest days, when the few Connecticut and the Massachusetts towns were summoned to send their strength into the field against the Pequots, to the days when hundreds of towns from the same commonwealths were summoned to send their tens of thousands to assert and defend the authority of the nation, the occasions have been many when the town meeting held in the house of God has been as serious and solemn as if God had spoken in it with an audible voice. The best soldiers in all these wars have been the men who first looked their fellow citizens in the face and read therein, as it were, the message from God that they were called to go into the field. In every one of these great crises the troops have gathered within the meeting house and upon the meeting house green to invoke the blessing of heaven. The most cheering thought to many in the field, the hospital, and the prison house, has been the thought that every Sunday they were remembered in the public prayers of the congregation. In the war of our independence, the last news from the camp was the theme of anxious discussion between the Sunday services, and during our latest war the services themselves were sanctified by prayer and praises for the life of the nation. This was no less true, when in colonial times the strength and beauty of the New England villages were sent to Lake George and Louisburg to battle and die for what was thought in very deed to be the redemption of this continent for the true gospel. When the first meeting house was built there were seats assigned in it for soldiers who went armed to the house of God, and it will be a long time, we trust, before it shall cease to be ready to bless them, in the cause of good government at home or against any invading foe from abroad.

The only titles of honor which we read on the earlier tombstones are military titles from Colonel down to Corporal, with the exception of Reverend and Deacon. These military titles were then no empty symbols, but signified the daring and exposures of a soldier's life. Three series of wars called for the elite of old and young to the front and the battle field, and in some cases, more than decimated

the able-bodied among the population. In all these wars the blessing hand of God was seen in the establishment and progress of His kingdom of Christian freedom, of independent nationality, and the rights of the oppressed.

The military spirit did not always die out with the return of peace. It was upon the meeting house green that the appointed trainings and reviews were held, and upon the meeting house steps that the pastor implored the blessing of God upon the train bands of the village and township. We may not forget the half-yearly sports of ball and quoits, to say nothing of the wrestling matches which were observed under the shadow of the sacred edifice on the weeks of the spring election and of the autumnal Thanksgiving, when the old men vied with youth in earnest and good-natured strife, and the whole township was moved with active sympathy.

Now and then, but rarely, a wedding would be solemnized in the meeting house. Less rarely a funeral, when some grave and eminent pillar in the church or the town, or the pastor mourned by his flock and his fellow elders, or some youth cut down by an illness that moved for weeks his associates in tearful sympathy, or called out of life in a moment by fatal accident. On all such occasions the meeting house would be crowded to the utmost, illustrating the power of a common sympathy to move an entire community. When some mother in Israel has been taken away, a lonely widow, but with a heart large enough to respond to the joys and sorrows of the whole village, or some bedridden invalid whose suffering patience for a score of years has been a constant sermon of patience, the Sunday sermon that followed the burial has left impressions and kindled aspirations which have made the town better for the year following, and made the gospel of patient endurance and Christian hopes a living reality for all the life time of many who listened with their hearts softened by personal sympathy.

In these rambling sketches I have presumed upon the recollection of many of my readers of the incidents of their early New England life. They will all agree with me that many of the most distinct and lasting are those which gather about the meeting house. It is possible that for many the old homestead has been sold or passed into the hands of strangers or displaced by a modern dwelling. Such will understand what I mean when I say that the Old Meeting House, if it remains, is to them more homelike than any other edifice in the town. As we take our seats there of a Sunday, or enter its apparently empty enclosure on a week-day, it is at once peopled with what was once an entire generation, and as our eye passes from pew to pew, they are filled with the lusty and strong, the grave and matronly, the

loving and beloved, the gay and confident, the gentle and blushing. These all live again to our memory. Some live still on the earth, scattered hither and thither. Others live a higher life in the house of God not made with hands. But in our phantasy they never cease to live in the old meeting house on the earth.

As we visit the old village or township we shall be told perhaps that the old meeting house does not hold the same place in the respect of the community which it once did, that advanced thinkers such as formerly kept their denials and sneers to themselves, openly proclaim their contempt for the worship of what they call an unknown God, and boldly act it out, by ostentatious neglect of the Sunday worship, or that those who still hold fast their allegiance to the ways of their fathers, have relaxed very much from the earnestness and fervor of former times. What is practically most serious of all the signs of evil, is that by the removal of the population, the emigration to the manufacturing centres, to the large cities and the inviting and endless West, the old congregations are greatly diminished, the resources of many once thriving parishes are weakened, and as a consequence the old meeting houses are more or less neglected at a time when the culture of the times requires that they should be made more neat and attractive.

In many towns the old meeting house has survived its best usefulness and a better one should take its place. It is gratifying to know that there is scarcely a parish in New England, however scanty its population or resources, that cannot count among its sons, more than one, sometimes more than a score, who is well able to supply all its reasonable needs, and who if he should bethink himself of what the old meeting house has been to a former generation and of what by his aid it may become to another, would deem it an act of filial piety to replace the old meeting house by one that is new. No monument to one's name can be so noble as that provided by the repair or erection of a place of worship in our early home. No service that can be attended with such grateful recollections as that which may be rendered to the town or the village of our birth and youth. No epitaph more touching than this can be inscribed over the portals of a house of prayer in connection with one's name, *"for he loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue."*

THE OLD DISTRICT SCHOOL HOUSE.

BY JUDGE CALVIN E. PRATT,

[*Read by request before the Society on the Evening of November 13, 1883.*]

Ladies and Gentlemen: Having had a somewhat protracted and varied experience as pupil and teacher in the district schools of New England, in an unguarded moment I promised your committee to write a paper upon this subject for this meeting.

At that time I felt competent to perform the task and commenced it with considerable Yankee zeal. But when I realized the difficulty and magnitude of the subject, and saw to what a dizzy height I might have to climb in order properly to unfold the theme, I found myself very much in the condition of one of my old schoolmates, who having read "*Two Years Before the Mast*" and the "*Pirate's Own Book*" conceived the splendid idea of becoming a sailor. He accordingly proceeded to Boston on foot and shipped at once on a vessel ready to sail. The ship had scarcely got outside the harbor before the captain ordered my young sailor friend aloft to unfurl a sail. The boy looked up at the towering mast-top, and then at the captain, but made no start to climb the rigging. The captain ordered him a second time, with the same result, and then said to him: "Why don't you obey orders?" "I can't, sir," said the young man. "But didn't you ship as an able-bodied seaman?" "Yes, sir; but I am not the man I thought I was."

In preparing this paper I found I was not the man I thought I was when the promise was made. But if, in attempting my share this evening in unfurling a sail upon the good old New England ship "District School," I fall, I feel assured it will be into the ocean of your kind indulgence.

The monosyllable "*Home*" expresses more to the genuine New Englander than any other word in the English language. To a country born and brought up Yankee, this word is a gallery of

exquisite paintings and a volume of delightful reminiscences. Attachment to and love for home is the leading characteristic of New England character. Wherever duty, enterprise, ambition or curiosity may compel a Yankee to go, his great and all absorbing object is, either to find a home in some other place or to acquire means to return and enjoy one in the land of his birth.

It is apparent from the history of the New England States that the great purpose of all their laws, customs, and institutions, has been to beget and foster a love for and pride in New England home life. So deeply is this trait imbedded in the character of the people that wherever they may happen to go they take and establish New England habits and customs. Among the many and peculiar traits of character, perhaps the most prominent, were austere piety and a predominant desire for universal education.

No picture of a New England home from fifty to one hundred years ago could be formed in the mind without having in a prominent position two objects—a meeting house and a district school house. There could never be any mistake in recognizing these important points, for however the landscapes might differ these two objects were alike in all.

Last year, at the yearly meeting, you were treated to a discourse on the meeting house. This important feature in the picture having been properly celebrated, you are now asked to look away in the background, past the old homestead with all its sweet surroundings, along the dusty road, or across the stony pastures, beyond the gloomy church (for it is a week day), where you cannot fail to see a little paintless one-story building which you will at once recognize as the district school house. That weather-worn, dilapidated structure is the keystone to the arch of civilization upon this continent. Inside its hacked, scratched, marked and battered walls, many statesmen, orators, and philosophers have obtained all the education of which they could boast.

I think the late Bayard Taylor has stated that in Iceland there is believed a theory, that in the Winter season language as it is spoken is frozen solid and so remains until it is thawed out in the Spring, when it is reproduced and mingled with melodious music.

Did you ever imagine what would be the sound and the history if the walls of a district school house could give forth all that has taken place in the precinct they surround. But that little building has not only what might be termed a personal history, but it represents a democratic American idea and is the essential support of the Republic.

It is undoubtedly true, that as fast as towns were organized in the New England States, measures were taken to establish common schools, but it is sufficient to our purpose this evening merely to allude to the establishment of the system in the first settlement alone. Neither is it necessary to minutely trace the history of the school house from the early periods, as every one must infer that they were such only as the conditions and circumstances of the people could afford, commencing with the log hut and gradually improving to the present day.

The first allusion in the old colony records to schools is under date of 1635, when it was ordered by the court "That Benjamin Eaton, with his mother's consent, is put to Bridget Fuller, being to keep him at school two years, and employ him after in such service as she saw good and he shall be fit for."

No further mention is made of the subject until 1663, when it was proposed by the court "unto the several townships in this jurisdiction as a thing that they ought to take into their serious consideration that some course may be taken that in every town there be a schoolmaster set up to train up children to reading and writing." Seven years after this date the court made a grant of all such profits as might accrue to the colony from fishing with nets, for and toward a free school.

In 1671, John Martin reported an offer to erect and keep a school for teaching of the children and youth of the town of Plymouth to read and write and cast accounts.

In 1773, it was ordered by the court that the charge of the free school, which was thirty-two pounds a year, shall be defrayed by the treasurer out of the profits arising from the fishing at the cape, until such times as the minds of the French be known, concerning which it shall be returned at next court election.

The first mention of a school for females in Plymouth Colony records seems to have been made in 1793, when a committee was chosen to consider the subject, who made a report in favor of the project, which after a long and violent discussion was adopted by a small majority. One opponent vigorously lamented this new departure from long established methods, declaring most vehemently that the world would come to a pretty pass, as he termed it, "if wives and daughters would look over the shoulders of their husbands and fathers and offer to correct as they wrote such errors in spelling as they might commit."

Such is the meagre record preserved of the establishment of the system of common education in Plymouth County.

But history is not silent as to the causes which induced the Pilgrim Fathers to act with zeal and foresight in this direction. It must be conceded that the colonization of New England was a consequence of the great struggle that was then going on between temporal and spiritual tyranny and civil and religious freedom.

Many of the Pilgrims were men of learning, to whom the philosophers and writers of antiquity were familiar, and who left behind them valuable libraries in which was recorded the wisdom of ages. They left the land of their nativity to found a home in the wilderness secure from secular and religious tyranny. Even before they had subdued the forests they laid the foundation upon which the Republic now so securely rests, by providing for universal education. It is fair to claim from the great sacrifices made and wisdom displayed to build up institutions of learning, and educate all ranks of society, that even then they looked forward to colonial independence.

As appears from the colonial record I have quoted, the methods and scope of education in the common schools were crude and incomplete. A system adapted to those times became unfit for the wants of the people when commerce became extended, easy communication established, and knowledge of art and science introduced. Changes were inevitable to meet the increasing demands of society for a better preparation on the part of its members to discharge their duties as citizens of a free country.

A few examples will illustrate these progressive changes in the history of New England society.

In those early days that institution of *personal harmony* and sweet sound, the village choir, was unknown, but the psalmody was recited by pious deacons to devout congregations, who regarded it in this form as simply metrical devotion, but as the work of the evil one if accompanied with instrumental music.

"The New England primer exhibited the mournful martyrdom of John Rodgers, with the sorrows of his weeping wife in more mournful particulars, or taught in homely rhyme the important facts to be ever borne in mind by the rising generation, that in 'Adam's fall we sinned all,' and that 'Young Obedias,

David Josias,
All were pious.'

It was a great accomplishment of learning in a common school, to be able to repeat from memory a chapter of the New Testament, in the long and distinct tone blending the nasal melody of pronunciation with the wailing lamentation of bobbing cadence." * * *

These were the days when erudition was administered by dames whose discipline is commemorated by the sweet numbers of an English bard :

“ Her cap far whiter than the driven snow
 Emblem right of decency doth yield ;
 Her apron dyed in grain as blue, I trow,
 As is the hair-bell that adorns the field ;
 And in her hand for sceptre she doth wield
 Two birchen rods with anxious fear entwined.”

Improvement in text books, in the qualifications of teachers, and methods of discipline and instruction, though sure, was exceedingly slow until the present century. It is not many years since the only true guide to the English tongue was *Perry's Spelling Book*, with the wood-cut form of the venerable Noah Webster upon the first page in the full glory of his curled wig, staring out like a scare-crow to frighten the lisping from the tree of knowledge.

At a later period a decided improvement in the number and character of the text books was made, when *Scott's Lessons*, *Daball's Arithmetic*, *Murray's Grammar*, and *Le Brun's Geography* were introduced ; but the proverb, “ Spare the rod and spoil the child,” continued to command the most implicit obedience on the part of teachers, as many of us can painfully attest.

The reform in the location and building of school houses in the rural districts of New England, and improvements for warming and ventilating, and furnishing comfortable seats, may be said to have commenced about the year 1840, although there are many still left of those built at the beginning of the century.

The period, however, to which I desire to call your attention for a few moments, is that embraced between 1820 and 1850. I imagine from the state of things at this period that it fairly represents the twenty and perhaps the thirty years immediately prior thereto, except in the number and possibly the quality of the text books. If this proposition needs any proof it is abundantly sustained by the traditions with which we were all familiar in our younger days. Of course it would follow that as soon as it became profitable to print and change school books, the people of New England would not be found behind in the race of enterprise and improvement.

Before describing a school district, it is proper we should realize the condition of the towns at this period.

At this time there were no railroads, and a journey to the Capital of the State occupied several days, and to the City of New York, weeks, and neither was taken except upon rare occasions and urgent or official business.

A town of any importance always rejoiced in the possession of at least one lawyer, who always worked hard, lived well, and died poor. It also had a minister for each creed that could muster members and means enough to build a meeting house. These men were generally celebrated for their industry, learning, piety, and good works. They were, withal, a vigorous and healthy class—their assiduous attention to their pastoral duties furnishing out-door exercise, so that those diseases now so prevalent, that can only be remedied by a sea voyage, were entirely unknown. When once settled, it was, like the tenure of the judges, “for life or during good behavior.”

The “*calls to fields of duty*” in the large cities were not so loud in those days, or they lacked some potent charm accompaniment, for they were seldom heard or heeded. Ministers generally had large families of children, and when such was the case they could engage in but little *foreign* missionary work.

One minister at least, each year, was placed upon the School Committee of the town, the objects being first, that the literary and moral qualifications of the teachers might be properly examined and passed upon, and second, that scholars might be duly admonished on examination day.

There was also the usual supply of deacons to keep unruly boys in order and pass around the contribution box. The most noticeable feature about them was that they always wore, upon these dress occasions, their wedding coats and squeaking boots.

Each town also had an old-fashioned allopathic doctor, who bled blistered and dosed the people, without reference to medical ethics—his mistakes, if any, always being buried with his patients.

Another and somewhat pretentious class of persons was that of the *ex-schoolmaster*. It never seemed to me there was any place in the economy of society for an ex-schoolmaster any more than there is for an ex-judge. They have so long been viewed by their scholars with such awe, and looked upon as the fountain of knowledge, and have acquired such a dogmatic and domineering habit, that they require perfection and obedience in all with whom they come in contact. But if there is any office which they are fully persuaded it was nature's design they should fill, it is that of school committee. As might be reasonably expected an ex-schoolmaster was generally elected to fill this important office.

Each town had its necessary quota of mechanics and tradesmen, but the majority was composed of small farmers born and brought up upon the rocky farms they occupied. The oldest sons of the farmers would go West or to a trade, while the youngest would

remain and receive the homestead for seeing, as it was called, the old folks through life. Thus the changes in the habits and customs of the people were few and slight.

Great wealth had not set the example of extravagance, but plenty presided at every board and comfort sat smiling at every fireside. Every man was the equal of his neighbor and no one recognized a *boss*. Everything was turned to account to make people social. The breaking out of roads, as it was called, in Winter, was made an occasion for great sport. The raising with its inevitable black strap (New England rum and molasses); the husking with its supper and the prized red ear of corn that conferred such an inestimable privilege;* the quilting and paring *bees*; made up a round of pleasures such as no other people ever enjoyed.

The ladies did not take a pack of cards and go out expecting to make fifteen or twenty calls in a day, and rejoice when they found a neighbor not at home so they could leave a card and get credit for a call, but they started out about half past twelve, as soon as the "dinner things were put away," and spent the afternoon and invariably staid to *tea*. In this way all the neighborhood matters could be fully discussed and definitely settled.

A town was divided, according to the territory and inhabitants, into districts, each of which, by virtue of some principle of state rights, squatter sovereignty, or immemorial custom, was allowed to manage its own internal affairs, such as the location, building and repairs of school houses, election of prudential committee, and the raising and expenditure of money for school purposes in the district. This elemental system was the precursors and foundation of democratic principles in this country. * * * * *

If, as was generally the case, there was any unpleasantness between different localities in the district, it was sure to come to the surface at each recurring school meeting.

The present generation, if it has the congenital curiosity to investigate the subject, will find a fair substitute for one of these meetings by attending a ward primary of the present day.

It may not be amiss to say a word about the old school house with its pretentious porch. Like the old Queen's County court house it was placed in the exact geographical centre of the district. The people of the East would not allow it to be placed one inch farther West, and those of the other points of compass were equally obstinate. "The doorstep was a broad unhewn rock brought from the pasture near by. It generally sloped from the door, so as to

*Authorized the finder to kiss all the girls.

become in icy times a dangerous trap for the unwary," at the same time to admonish the master that he must pass out and in with due gravity and decorum. The outside of the structure was a standing memento of victory to the party of economy in the district (the name reformer had not then been invented), as its surface had received no paint within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The nails had long since lost their firm grip upon the shingles and clapboards, so that its outward habiliments resembled an old suit of ready-made clothing. But upon the surface, as high as mischievous boys could reach with their Yankee kit of tools—a jack-knife—were carved "the likeness of all things in the heavens and on earth ever beheld by a country school boy, and sundry guesses at things he never had seen," in fact, a greater variety of names, dates, and hieroglyphics, than ever adorned the same amount of space upon an Egyptian monument.

It was never difficult for a stranger to guess who was the prettiest girl in school, among the large ones, by the number of times her name was carved or written upon the walls and benches of the school house.

As we enter the porch we find one side devoted to the girls and the other to the boys. Some shelves and wooden pegs grace the sides; the former intended for dinner pails, and the latter for caps, bonnets, and shawls. On the boys' side, however, experience soon demonstrated that it was not a moral axiom that nothing was made in vain, for the proof was furnished by these disused dinner-pail shelves. It did not require more than one or two mistakes, involving the loss of a dinner, to satisfy a Yankee boy that his pocket or desk was a better place for his dinner than the shelves.

As we enter the school room we find a space about twenty feet long by ten broad which forms the parade ground of the school, at the opposite end of which is the teacher's desk upon a platform. On either side are three or four rows of desks, and a front row of low seats without desks for the smallest scholars. They are made of plank, and as a pictorial record they out rival the outside of the school house. The floor from each side of the centre space is raised to an angle of about twenty degrees.

It is not quite clear what was the design of the architect who invented this style of floor for a school room. When I attended school, the current of opinion was about equally divided between two theories. One being that each scholar should have an unobstructed view of all that transpired in the parade ground space; the other being that such a construction facilitated the master in pulling the

unruly culprits into the amphitheatre for punishment. Whatever may have been the dominant motive of the architect, it was equally and admirably adapted for both purposes.

Near the centre of this space stood an old box stove of the Revolutionary pattern (which had lost two of its legs in battle and been supplied with artificial limbs in the shape of brick) with a big zigzag crack in either side caused by some unknown boy placing a snow ball on it when red hot. * * * * *

It was always known a few days before school commenced, who was to be the teacher, and his or her merits were duly discussed throughout the district. It was not unfrequently the custom for the teacher to board around, as in this way the whole of the school money could be paid in wages. Each family would in such case board the teacher a certain number of days for each scholar it sent to school. When this was not done it was customary to treat the teacher like the town poor, put him up at auction and strike him off to the lowest bidder. I was once struck off at a dollar and a half per week. After a few meals, and much morbid contemplation, I was compelled to conclude that the fortunate bidder got the best end of the bargain. At one time a teacher was expected to sweep the school house and build the fires, but afterward it was customary for the large girls to take turns in sweeping, and the boys in building the fires, at Winter school, and they not unfrequently found it not inconvenient to so arrange matters as to carry on both occupations at the same time.

Time will not permit any reference to what were called Summer schools. These impressions being the earliest are the most deeply cut into the memory. Who does not vividly remember the outfit for this great undertaking? The Sunday clothes; the new dinner basket and primer; the awe with which we approached the teacher; the toil of learning the alphabet; the strife to wear home the medal; the characteristics of playmates; all come crowding upon the recollection at the mention of the subject.

The great feature, however,—the *sweepstakes*,—to a boy, is going to Winter school. His mind has been duly prepared for this great event by a long line of traditions. He already knows all the games and sports in their season, and also all the tricks and the penalties they involve.

His outfit generally consists of a new suit of clothes, slate and pencil, a ruler and lead plummet (for writing books remember are not made of ruled paper), necessary books, and his dinner.

He must start by sunrise in order to secure a back seat—his importance depends a great deal upon how high he sits.

The first morning is spent by the teacher, in making his set speech, and in ascertaining the names, ages and qualifications of the pupils, with a view to classifying them—by the scholars, in criticising the teacher and his methods. At half past ten a recess of five minutes is given separately to the boys and girls. This may seem to you a trivial circumstance to mention but connected with it was a custom of great importance. Each scholar was required, just before passing out at the door to turn and make his or her manners to the teacher, and the same mark of respect was required to be observed to every person met upon the road.

It is undoubtedly in a great measure due to this custom that the New Englander stands unrivaled for politeness and grace throughout the world—allowing him to be the judge.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the “nooning” as it was called, because there is now an institution near at hand that resembles it in many respects—that is, the New York Stock Exchange.

The instant the words “you are dismissed” are uttered, the air is shattered by every kind of screech and yell. The rustling of skirts and the tramp of heavy boots add to the confusion. “The packets, pails and baskets yield forth their savory contents of every description. Bread, cheese, pies, doughnuts, sausages and apples, are being devoured as if upon a wager.” In about five minutes the boys are through with their dinner. The fact is some of them have eaten a good part of theirs at recess so as to have more time to play at noon.

The ingenious political student of the present day may imagine that he discovers in this early frugality of time, the forerunner of the application of business principles to municipal governments.

The chief business of the school now commences. The boys leave the school room to engage in the various pastimes which serve in their season to make the nooning the great attraction of going to Winter school. A boy once said, “that going to school was like so many thanksgiving days except the music, the sermon, and the dinner.” It is probable if the music and dinner could have been furnished he would have consented to forego the sermon.

During the Summer and Fall the farm work prevented the boys from seeing each other often, but in the Winter little was done except the chores and the getting up of the year's stock of wood. There was plenty of time, therefore, afforded for social amusement, the plans for which were generally concocted at school.

But the spelling schools, sleigh rides, cracking the whip, ducking, coasting and skating parties, did not include all that was contrived at Winter schools.

Time will not permit a description of the various devices for mischief and amusement. The ingeniously bent pin set for the unwary boy as he took his seat, the scattering of shot upon the floor to trip some one while ascending the isle, the miniature catapult made from a quill to throw shot or peas across the school room, the inevitable paper ball, all did good service in the hands of mischievous authors.

It is impossible to describe the school teachers of this period in less than a volume. Of the school mistresses as they were called, there were but two classes, arranged somewhat according to age—the beautiful and the interesting. Of the school masters it may be said that nature seemed to have exhausted itself in producing a variety.

Teaching was not a profession but a make-shift for those engaged in the occupation. In those days in Massachusetts there were just two ways to rise very high in the world, one was to become a clerk in Boston, and the other to go through college. Young men would “struggle for years between despair and a latin dictionary,” to obtain what *until recently* was conferred for being Governor for one year.

Young men working their way through college found in teaching a profitable method of spending their Winters. Various other classes of young men essayed the attempt while waiting for a more lucrative opening in life. It is therefore apparent that the interest in and qualifications for teaching were meagre indeed.

The great desideratum was to maintain order. The master who could prevent all whispering, shuffling of the feet, and loud studying, was regarded as an excellent teacher. But if in addition he took occasion evenings, when not employed setting copies in the writing books, to call upon parents, and indulged in a little judicious flattery of the children, he was a prize.

The various penalties inflicted for school crimes were based upon the legal theory, to wit, not only to punish the offender and satisfy the offended majesty of the law, but to deter others from like offending. Holding a book at arms length, or keeping with the forefinger a nail from coming out of the floor, standing on one foot, wearing the fool's cap, up to having the palms blistered with a ferule and the sedentary portion of the body tingled with a birch rod, were familiar methods for enforcing discipline and promoting moral culture. Added to this was the old, and by boys the ever-dreaded, New England custom for the parents to repeat the dose at home.

Many a time under this code has the sister or younger brother kept the big brother on his good behavior for half the Winter by

promising not to tell when he had been punished at school. There was only one penalty which perhaps might be properly termed capital punishment, and that was making a boy go over and sit on the girls' side of the school room.

But however we may view these quaint ways, in justice to the ancient school teacher, male or female, it must be said that parents were never required to see that their children mastered their tasks, and the school room was a place for study as well as recitation.

It was expected of the teachers, and the teachers expected, to see that the pupils learned their lessons, and they never supposed their whole duty was performed by merely hearing a child recite what had been learned at home the evening before. With this exceptional and very modern fault it must be conceded that there has been an astonishing progress in the text books and facilities for teaching the young.

It would surprise a student of Packer or the Polytechnic to see the text books and hear a class of fifty years ago. The writers of school books were sovereigns in their several departments of knowledge. They never deigned to explain the reason or philosophy of the subject, but filled their books with rules to be learned by heart as it was most properly called. Faith and memory were the great requisites to make a successful scholar.

But it will not surprise many in this audience if it is stated that during this period it was in the district school houses of New England that the fires of abolition were kindled, which at last spread over this entire country, melting in their fervent heat the chains of slavery. The reading books began to be filled with selections from anti-slavery orators. The geography, I recollect, contained pictures of slaves at work in the cotton fields with a Legree overseer, whip in hand, in the foreground, to appeal to the sensibilities and impress the minds of the young.

I must allude to one answer in the old Olney's geography that I easily learned and always remembered. I shall always recollect the significant and familiar question: "What is the occupation of the Indians?" The answer was: "*Hunting, fishing, and war.*" We never answered this question without a pang of regret that we were not born Indians.

There was another geographical answer that once amused a school which illustrates the old fashioned methods of reciting from memory. A pert, prompt little fellow was asked who was Christopher Columbus? He immediately answered at the top of his voice, apparently fearing some one in the room might not witness his masterly

intellectual triumph: "Round like an apple and flattened at both ends."

But notwithstanding the unphilosophical text books, and the defective methods of instruction, it must not be assumed that the Yankee schoolboy was devoid of natural wit. In the latter part of the period to which I have called your attention, some persons either from a desire to supply the books or some other cause succeeded in introducing into the schools an elementary treatise on physiology.

It so happened that the construction and purpose of the organs of the throat were the subjects of the lesson. The teacher undertook to explain in this wise: "You will remember there are two passages down the throat, one for food and the other for drink, and there is a valve or clapper hung between these passages so that when the food is going down it fits over the drink passage and when drink is going down it goes over the food passage, and this accounts for often hearing people say that something has gone down the wrong way." One of the boys, of a practical turn of mind, immediately replied: "That clapper must play like the devil eating pudding and milk." * * * * *

It might not be unpleasant to recall some of the prominent characters that figured in our school days, but it is a waste of time, for they have already crowded themselves upon your memory. From the little girl buzzing over her lesson like a bee over a honeysuckle, to the great lubberly boy of twenty attending school for the last season, who divides his time between his books and gazing at the mistress of his heart upon the opposite side of the school room.

Every conceivable quality of heart and mind was represented. But there was, in every school, at least one who was always unpopular if not sometimes an object of hatred, and that was the good, the moral boy of the school. He who was always held up by the teachers and parents as a model whose qualities it was hopeless to emulate. He always had his lessons perfect, spoke up loud, toed the crack in the floor when called out to spell, always told the master the pranks of the other boys, staid in at recess to study his lesson, never tracked in any snow or mud at noontime to make work for the girls. If there was any conspiracy to lock out the school master, stuff the chimney, or commit any other mischief, he was sure to find it out and expose the conspirators.

It was, however, a great mistake to dislike this class of boys, for they became afterward an indispensable portion of society. This class furnished the quartermasters, commissaries, and sanitary commission agents in the last war, as well as many of the reform statesmen of the last few years.

But the time approaches for a district school to come to an end as well as this paper.

There is to be no more fun for the season of which I have been speaking. It is the afternoon of the last day of school, the grand field day of review, and dress parade, all in one. "The scholars are seated at their books. The writing books have been gathered in to be placed before the school committee. The master is there with his best coat and hair combed in the most genteel style." The scholars know pretty well what questions they will have to answer, and have been told to speak up "loud and distinct." The school room has been swept as clean as an old broom and some boughs can make it. Chairs have been borrowed from the neighborhood for the visitors. The last *injunction* is issued against whispering and the scholars are in palpitating expectation.

The minister and ex-school master and prudential committee, and some of the parents, finally arrive and are received with bows and courtesys, and the examination goes on according to the programme previously understood by the master and pupils.

At the end the annual speech of the minister is made, wherein the scholars are reminded of the superior advantages they enjoy over their forefathers, and that they live in a country where all can be Presidents, Senators, Judges and Members of Congress. These being *country* schools they never added the office of alderman as the shining goal (or jail however you may pronounce it) to which their ambition might aspire.

After the speeches a prayer is offered and school is dismissed. The last snowball is thrown, the last trip-up attempted, the last words exchanged, and the boys and girls wend their way to the old homestead to remain until December comes round again.

Many of the old district school houses still remain in New England, but much the larger number have given place to new structures, with all the improvements required for comfort and health. The oldfashioned school master, with his ferule and pen-knife, has disappeared. The white cap and apron blue has given place to the vigor and energy of greener age and the best capacity of the youthful and beautiful. "The experienced and gifted have been devoted to the good work of improving the minds and expanding the capacities of those who are to be the men of affairs of another generation, to whom is to be transmitted our inheritance of rights, and on whom is to rest the responsible duty of sustaining and perfecting the institutions that New England patriotism has planted and wisdom matured."

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

SIXTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL

OF

THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN,

INCLUDING A PAPER READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY, FEBRUARY 4, 1886, BY
HON. W. P. SHEFFIELD, OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, ON
"THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF NEW ENGLAND."

OFFICERS, DIRECTORS, COUNCIL, MEMBERS,
STANDING COMMITTEES,
AND
BY-LAWS OF THE SOCIETY.

BROOKLYN.
1886.

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OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn is incorporated and organized, to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers ; to encourage the study of New England history ; to establish a library, and to promote charity, good fellowship and social intercourse among its members.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

ADMISSION FEE,	\$10.00
ANNUAL DUES,	5.00
LIFE MEMBERSHIP, <i>besides Admission Fee,</i>	50.00


Payable at Election, except Annual Dues, which are payable in January of each year.

Any member of the Society in good standing may become a Life Member on paying to the Treasurer the sum of fifty dollars ; or on paying a sum which in addition to dues previously paid by him shall amount to fifty dollars, and thereafter such member shall be exempt from further payment of dues.

Any male person of good moral character, who is a native or descendant of a native of any of the New England States, and who is eighteen years old or more is eligible.

If in the judgment of the Board of Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society, a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society.

The friends of a deceased member are requested to give to the Historiographer early information of the time and place of his birth and death, with brief incidents of his life for publication in our annual report. Members who change their address should give the Secretary early notice.

 It is desirable to have all worthy gentlemen of New England descent residing in Brooklyn, become members of the Society. Members are requested to send applications of their friends for membership to the Secretary.

Address,

THOMAS S. MOORE, *Recording Secretary,*

102 Broadway, New York.

OFFICERS.

1886.

President :

JOHN WINSLOW.

First Vice-President :

CALVIN E. PRATT.

Second Vice-President :

BENJ. F. TRACY.

Treasurer :

WILLIAM B. KENDALL.

Recording Secretary :

THOMAS S. MOORE.

Corresponding Secretary :

REV. A. P. PUTNAM.

Historiographer :

PAUL L. FORD.

Librarian :

CHARLES E. WEST, LL.D.

[At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Society held on the second day of February, 1886, Mr. BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN, the President, declined a re-election, and Mr. JOHN WINSLOW was elected for the ensuing year.]

DIRECTORS.

For One Year :

BENJAMIN F. TRACY.
HENRY W. SLOCUM,

A. S. BARNES.
GEORGE B. ABBOTT.

NELSON G. CARMAN, JR.

For Two Years :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN.
GEORGE H. FISHER.

HIRAM W. HUNT.
WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

HENRY E. PIERREPONT.

For Three Years :

WILLIAM H. LYON.
WILLIAM B. KENDALL.

ALBERT E. LAMB.
J. LESTER KEEP.

J. S. CASE.

For Four Years :

CALVIN E. PRATT.
JOHN WINSLOW.

RANSOM H. THOMAS.
CHAS. N. MANCHESTER.

JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

COUNCIL.

A. A. LOW.
A. M. WHITE.
S. B. CHITTENDEN.
A. F. CROSS.
S. L. WOODFORD.
HENRY COFFIN.
CHARLES PRATT.
C. L. BENEDICT.
THOMAS H. RODMAN.
AUGUSTUS STORRS.

ARTHUR MATHEWSON.
D. L. NORTHRUP.
HENRY SANGER.
W. B. DICKERMAN.
H. W. MAXWELL.
SETH LOW.
ISAAC H. CARY.
H. H. WHEELER.
W. A. WHITE.
DARWIN R. JAMES.

J. R. GOWING.
A. S. BARNES.
JOHN CLAFLIN.
JEREMIAH P. ROBINSON.
J. S. T. STRANAHAN.
WILLARD BARTLETT.
L. S. BURNHAM.
HENRY EARL.
JASPER W. GILBERT.
M. N. PACKARD.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Finance :

WILLIAM H. LYON,

GEORGE H. FISHER,

ALBERT E. LAMB.

Charity :

BENJAMIN F. TRACY,

HENRY W. SLOCUM,

J. F. KNAPP.

Invitations :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

JOHN WINSLOW,

A. P. PUTNAM.

Annual Dinner :

HIRAM W. HUNT,

CHAS. N. MANCHESTER,

RANSOM H. THOMAS.

Publications :

NELSON G. CARMAN, JR.,

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS,

J. S. CASE.

Annual Reception :

PRESIDENT and VICE-PRESIDENTS.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn was held in the Directors' Room in the Academy of Music, Monday evening, December 2d, 1885.

Mr. BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN, the President of the Society, called the meeting to order, and officiated as chairman.

The minutes of the Fifth Annual Meeting, held Dec. 3, 1884, were read and approved.

Hon. WILLIAM B. KENDALL, Treasurer of the Society, presented his Annual Report, showing a balance on hand of \$12,240.76 deposited in the following institutions:

Brooklyn Savings Bank.....	\$3,000 00
South Brooklyn Savings Institution.....	3,000 00
Dime Savings Bank	3,000 00
Williamsburgh Savings Bank.....	3,000 00
Brooklyn Trust Company.....	235 73
In Treasurer's hands.....	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$12,240 73

which was on motion approved and ordered to be placed on file. There was appended to the Treasurer's report a certificate signed by the Finance Committee that the same had been examined and found to be correct.

The PRESIDENT made his Annual Report, which was as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

In making the report required by the By-Laws, you will not be displeased that I am under the necessity of substantially repeating what has been said at each preceding annual meeting—that the Society is largely prosperous, and enabled fully to perform all the duties which it assumed. It commemorates the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and cherishes and

strengthens our reverence and affection for their characters and memory. It preserves the history of their deeds and their virtues, records the mighty results which, throughout our vast country have followed their teachings and example, and it has promoted charity, goodfellowship and social intercourse among our members.

The Report of the Treasurer, Hon. Wm. B. Kendall, shows that the balance in the treasury at this date is \$12,240.73, and our membership, as appears by the report of Hon. Thomas S. Moore, the Secretary, is four hundred.

In this connection I desire to call attention to the practicability and the expediency of a large increase of members of the Society. It will be easy for each of us to introduce one or more new members during the coming year. If gentlemen do this, there will be no difficulty in doubling or trebling the membership within that time. This will enlarge our means of beneficial action, and will increase the fund from which we hope to dispense aid and comfort to those of our number who may hereafter be in need. I would earnestly commend this subject to the favor of every gentleman present.

The annual festival is near at hand—on the twenty-first of the present month. We have every reason to believe that it will be as distinguished in the character of our honored guests, as those which have preceded it have been. I need not say, for you all well know that the previous festivals were conspicuous, not only for their social pleasure, but for their high intellectual interest. If there are any members who have not yet procured their tickets for the approaching dinner, it is important they should do so before the 10th inst., after which date tickets cannot be reserved for members, but will be sold to such proper persons (whether members of the Society or not) as may apply for them.

It is proposed to hold a meeting of the Society about the middle of February (at which members can introduce their families), and at which an address will be delivered by the Hon. William P. Sheffield, of Rhode Island, on the subject of the Military and Naval History of New England, a chapter of history in which all of us feel the deepest interest, and of which we all are, and may well be proud.

The suggestion was made by our late Historiographer, Stephen B. Noyes, Esq., and is renewed by his successor, Paul L. Ford, Esq., that each member shall furnish for record in the books of the Society a note, stating the country from which his ancestors came to New England, the period of their arrival, the places of their residence and such other particulars of their history, and of the history of their descendants, as may be attainable. Such a record will not only be of much interest, but in many cases of great and lasting value.

It appears from the Report of the Historiographer (who has furnished brief sketches of them), that eight members of the Society have died during the past year. They are:

WM. H. TAGGARD was born in Boston, Mass., March 3, 1816. When about eight years old his father moved to New York. Mr. Taggard entered Columbia College at the early age of fourteen, was graduated at eighteen; entered Messrs. Johnson & Kent's law office, as a student at law, remained there three years and was then admitted as an attorney in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, in 1838. He was admitted as a counsellor in the same court in 1841. He practiced law in New York until his death, which occurred on January 8, 1885. He married, in 1841, Mary E. Seymour, daughter of Wm. W. Seymour, of New York. His wife died in 1872, and he never married again. Mr. Taggard was a profound thinker, well informed on most subjects, a keen reader of character, thoroughly versed in his profession, and so enlisted in the behalf of his clients that their interests were ever of far greater consequence to him than his own. He was a refined and accomplished gentleman, a man of sterling integrity, unusually methodical in business transactions, and in manners exceedingly reserved and dignified, but withal genial and kind to intimate friends.

ABEL FRANKLIN GOODNOW, son of Edward and Rebecca (Beaman) Goodnow, was born in Princeton, Mass., June 1, 1822.

He received his education in his native town and at Phillips' Academy in Andover, Mass., where he was fitting for college, when interrupted by a severe illness, from the effects of which he never recovered, and which compelled him to relinquish all idea of college. He soon formed a business partnership with Nathaniel and Ebenezer Lamson, of Shelburne Falls, Mass., for the manufacture of cutlery, whose steel has since gained a reputation in this country under the name of Lamson, Goodnow & Co. In 1848 Mr. Goodnow came to New York to establish his firm in that place, taking up his residence in this city.

He married at Greenfield, Mass., December 30, 1852, Jane, daughter of Cephas and Mary (Johnson) Root.

In 1867, on account of ill health, he retired from all active business. Mr. Goodnow took an active part in Brooklyn affairs and was interested in many of our institutions and charities. He was a member of the Church of the Pilgrims. He died at Brooklyn, N. Y., February 17, 1885, leaving a widow and two sons, and was buried at Greenfield, Mass.

STEPHEN BUTTRICK NOYES was born at Brookfield, Mass., Aug. 28, 1833, son of George R. Noyes and Eliza Wheeler Buttrick Noyes. He was the lineal descendant of a "learned minister" of the gospel, whose sons, James who had studied at Brazen-nose College, Oxford, and Nicholas immigrated for religion's sake from Choldrington, County of Wilts, England, and took passage on the "Elizabeth and Dorcas," arriving in New England in the month of May, 1634,

and settled in Newbury, Mass. James became the first minister of Newbury in 1635. Nicholas, from whom Stephen B. was descended, cultivated a large farm "of several hundred acres of land." His wife, in 1653, was "presented for wearing a silk hood and scarfe," but was discharged on proof that her husband was worth over two hundred pounds.

His ancestor on the mother's side was William Buttrick, who took passage for New England on the "Susan and Ellen," Edward Payne, Master, on the 12th of April, 1635. The vessel, however, did not sail till after the 9th of May. He served the town of Concord, Mass., honorably as a sergeant, a post then of distinction.

His greatgrandfather was Major John Buttrick, who commanded the militiamen at Concord fight, April 19th, 1775. Says Bancroft, "This is the world-renowned battle of Concord, more eventful than Agincourt or Blenheim." Stephen removed to Cambridge, Mass., in 1840, with his father who had been appointed Professor of Hebrew and other oriental languages in the Divinity School of Harvard College. He was educated at the Hopkins Classical School. E. B. Whitman, Master, and entered Harvard College in 1849, was graduated in 1853, in the same class with President Eliot and Justin Winsor. After leaving college he was assistant in the Boston Athenæum, where he learned his profession under the distinguished cataloguer and eminent theologian, Ezra Abbott. He went to New York, October 10, 1855, to be a clerk with the firm of Noyes & Whittlesey, with whom he remained until the fall of 1857, when he returned to Cambridge. February 20, 1858, he again went to Brooklyn, N. Y., having applied for the position of librarian of the Mercantile Library Association of that city, which had just been organized. On March 1, 1858, he was appointed librarian of the Mercantile Library of the City of Brooklyn. At that time the books of the library were kept separate from the books of the Brooklyn Athenæum. He superintended the arrangement of the books and issued a catalogue of the library in 1858. The number of volumes in March, 1859, was 11,400; March, 1860, 14,260; March, 1865, 19,000.

September 28, 1865, he was offered a position in the Library of Congress, which he declined, but on October 3, 1865, he was offered another position in the same library, by Mr. A. R. Spofford, which he accepted.

His resignation as librarian of the Mercantile Library of the City of Brooklyn was accepted October 10, 1865, and he soon after left for Washington.

June 15, 1868, he was officially informed that he had been unanimously chosen librarian of the Mercantile Library of the City of Brooklyn, and on August 31, 1868, he arrived in Brooklyn to take charge of the library.

He was married to Sophia O. Anthony, October 20, 1870, by whom he had two children, Annie Anthony, born December 4, 1871, who survives him, and George Holland, who died aged nine years. His wife died, and he was subsequently again married, and the second wife was Miss Susan Wilson Wylie, to whom he was married June 14, 1882, and by whom he had a son, Sydney Buttrick Noyes, born March 24, 1883. Her father was James Wylie.

Mr. Noyes, after having been for a long time confined to his home by Gastric fever, sailed for Florida December 20, 1884, where he died, March 8, 1885. His remains were brought to Brooklyn and interred at Greenwood Cemetery, March 15, 1885.

He was a member of the Long Island Historical Society of Brooklyn, and the New England Society of Brooklyn, of which, at the time of his death, he

was the historiographer. He was also elected a corresponding member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, October 6, 1858.

The Mercantile Library was opened to the public in May, 1858, about two months after Mr. Noyes was appointed librarian, with 7,000 volumes on the shelves. At the time of his death the number of volumes in the Brooklyn Library was over 80,000. In 1881 was published his "Brooklyn Library Catalogue," a work which placed its compiler among the first of librarians, which will long be consulted by the librarian and scholar.

MARCUS P. BESTOW was born at Coolville, Ohio, December 23, 1834.

In 1853 he removed to Cincinnati, where he practised the law till the breaking out of the rebellion, when he entered the army as a Lieutenant in an Ohio regiment, in which he served with honor till the end of the war. He was a brave officer, and was promoted to the rank of Brevet-Colonel for gallantry at the battle of Lookout Mountain. On the mustering out, in 1866, he resumed the practice of the law; in 1870 he removed to Brooklyn.

In 1862 he married Anna Webb, of Winthrop, Maine, who died in 1882, by whom he had one daughter; and in 1884 he married Mrs. Fannie Gormon.

He died at Coolville, July 9th, 1885.

REV. WILLIAMS HOWE WHITTEMORE, son of Samuel Whittemore, was born at Bolton, Conn., February 2, 1800, and died at Port Chester, N.Y., July 25, 1885, in his eighty-sixth year, leaving four children.

Losing his mother at two years of age, he lived with his grandfather Wales till he was six, when he went to Belchertown, Mass., attending the district school—which he afterwards taught—and the High School, in that place. He prepared for college under his pastor and the Rev. Philo Judson of Ashford, Conn.; entering the class of 1825, in Yale, in the sophomore year, teaching during the vacations, and after graduating in the High School in Newark, N. J. In 1828 he was licensed to preach; and in May, 1829, took charge of the Presbyterian Church in Rye, N.Y., where, on the 22d May, 1831, he married Maria, second daughter of Ebenezer and Ana (Marselis) Clark. In the autumn of 1832 he took a church in Abington, Mass.; and in August, 1833, was installed in Charlton, Mass. In 1836 he was settled in Southbury, Conn., where he remained till 1850, when he preached for a year in Prospect, Conn., and thereafter taught until the spring of 1864, when he acted as agent of the National Freedmen's Relief Association.

In May, 1868, he came to this city to live with his daughter, uniting with the Church of the Pilgrims in 1870.

At the time of his death he was the Librarian of this society.

JOHN B. HUTCHINSON, a life member of this society, was born in West Cambridge, Mass., in 1814, and died at his residence, 789 St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn, August 13, 1885, aged 71 years.

When sixteen years old he entered the dry goods house of Kimball & Jewett, in Boston, and was admitted as a partner in 1836, till the winding up of their business in 1847, when he connected himself with the commission firm of

J. C. Howe & Co. of that city, of which he became a partner two years later, and removed to New York, prior to July, 1856, as a leading representative of their branch house, established there.

In 1874 that firm was succeeded by Wendell, Hutchinson & Co., from which Mr. Hutchinson retired December 31, 1880.

He was one of the original directors of the Home Insurance Co., Vice-President of the New York and Manhattan Real Estate Association, and prominently identified with the Home Missionary Society, Brooklyn Orphan Asylum and other charitable institutions, and for many years a deacon and trustee of Plymouth Church in this city.

DAVID S. BABCOCK, son of Paul Babcock, was born in Stonington, Conn., August 13, 1822. When sixteen years old he went to sea with his brother-in-law, the famous captain Nat Palmer; and at twenty-five was in command of a ship himself. In 1850 he married Charlotte R. Noyes, of Stonington. During the civil war, though offered a position on General Casey's staff, he chose to remain at sea, in command of a vessel chartered by the government, in which he carried troops to various parts of the south, notably in the Burnside expedition of 1861-62, against Roanoke Island. He was very energetic, active and persevering, and received the thanks of Admiral Dupont for his skill and seamanship. He commanded several other ships in the public service during the war, at the end of which he went to Nicaragua, where for two years he took charge of the Central American Transit Company. In 1867 he became President of the Providence and Stonington Steamboat Co., and in 1869, Vice-President of the New York, Providence and Boston, R.R. He was killed by a train on that road, at Stonington, Conn., Monday, August 24, 1885.

Captain Babcock was bold, brave, strong-minded, clear-headed, courteous, efficient, warm-hearted, and faithful to every friend and every duty.

RICHARD H. HUNTLEY, son of Richard H. Huntley, was born at East Lyme, Conn., May 6, 1821. Began his life as a sailor; married in 1844, Nancy M. Conkling of Essex, Conn., and about 1850 took up his residence in Williamsburg, in the practice of the law, in which he gained distinction through his connection with many famous cases, chiefly in admiralty. In 1854 he represented for one term the Thirteenth Ward in the Common Council, being elected by the Whigs. He was one of the commissioners who were instrumental in having Ridgewood water and gas introduced into the city. He was a member of the Board of Education from 1875 to 1881; and while in the Board aided largely in inaugurating the present Truant Home system.

Mr. Huntley was a Republican, and took a great interest in politics till 1872, when he became a Democrat, receiving a nomination for Congress in 1876, but was defeated by Simeon B. Chittenden. He died at Lawrence, L. I., September 24th, 1885, in his 65th year, leaving a widow and three daughters.

HORACE BRIGHAM CLAFLIN, son of John and Lydia Clafin, was born in Milford, Mass., December 18, 1811. He received a common school education, and at the age of twenty, with his brother Aaron and his brother-in-law, Samuel

Daniels, succeeded his father in business on the retirement of the latter. In 1832 they established a store at Worcester. In 1833 Aaron took exclusively that at Milford, and Horace and Mr. Daniels continued in business at Worcester. On November 22, 1838, he married Miss Agnes Sanger, daughter of Col. Calvin and Anna Phipps Sanger, of Sherburn, Mass.

In July, 1843, the two brothers dissolved their partnership, and Mr. Claflin with Mr. William F. Bulkley formed an importing and jobbing house in New York City under the name of Bulkely & Claflin, at 46 Cedar Street. In 1850 they built and occupied the store 57 Broadway. In July, 1851, on the retirement of Mr. Bulkely, the firm became Claflin, Mellen & Co. In 1853 the large edifice known as Trinity Building, 111 Broadway, was erected by Mr. Claflin and others, and the business of the firm was thereupon conducted there until 1861, when it was transferred to their immense building at the corner of Church and Worth streets, extending to West Broadway. In January, 1864, Mr. Mellen retired, and the firm name was changed to H. B. Claflin & Co., and so continued till Mr. Claflin's death.

He was one of the foremost merchants of his day. The business of his house was vast, and "from 1865 to the time of his death far exceeded that of any other commercial house in the world." It was well known in every commercial mart in Europe, and had relations, through its Manchester branch, with India, Africa, and South America. The sales in one year during the Rebellion amounted to \$72,000,000. In all the commercial crises and vicissitudes which occurred during his career, he bore himself boldly, bravely and wisely, and so deep and universal was the confidence in his rectitude of mind and of purpose, and of his force and judgment, that the arrangements necessary to carry his house through the tempests were promptly concurred in by those having dealings with it, and all to whom it was at any time indebted were paid to the uttermost farthing. Its great success enriched its members, and it enjoyed to the end a most honored and enviable reputation. Mr. Claflin was unstintedly benevolent and generous, and his name was ever the synonym of kindness and uprightness. He was a liberal but unostentatious giver to the needy, and after his death a large sum from his estate was, by his direction, applied to charitable purposes. He was a man of great steadiness of mind, and amid all the cares and responsibilities of his vast business, was always serene and cheerful. He regarded life as a boon, was ever grateful for it, and seemed glad in every hour. His bright and sunny disposition shed cheerfulness on all about him.

This brief notice would be very deficient were we to omit mention of his noble bearing when it "cost something" to business men (and to few could it be more expensive than to him and his house) to avow their hostility to slavery. When Castle Garden meetings and newspapers vied with each other in upholding it, and assailing those who favored its abolition, Mr. Claflin expressed his aversion to it with "no uncertain sound," and his willingness to be enrolled among those who desired its overthrow.

Mr. Claflin was one of the original trustees of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, and prominent in nearly every public institution in this city.

He died in the 74th year of his age, at his country residence at Fordham, N. Y., November 14, 1885, leaving a widow and two sons, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

To this sad record must be added the name of another, an honorary member of this society, whose history is known, and will be known of all men, so long as history endures.

It is a welcome reflection that

GENERAL GRANT

was always a willing, as well as a welcome guest with us, that he delighted to be among us and within our walls. His intercourse with us, his presence at our festivals, and his cordial sympathy in the purposes of this society will always be among our most cherished memories and records.

On motion, this report was accepted and ordered to be spread upon the minutes, and also to be published in the Annual Report.

The terms of Messrs. Calvin E. Pratt, John Winslow, Ransom H. Thomas, Charles N. Manchester and Asa W. Tenney, as Directors having expired, the Society proceeded to elect by ballot five Directors to hold office for four years. Messrs. Calvin E. Pratt, John Winslow, Ransom H. Thomas, Charles N. Manchester and Joseph E. Knapp were elected, and their election duly declared by the Chairman.

On motion of Mr. Geo. H. Fisher, it was resolved that the historiographer be requested to obtain from the members of the Society sketches of their family history; that he send to the members blanks to be filled out for that purpose, and that he keep a book of the records thus collected.

Adjourned.

THOMAS S. MOORE,
Recording Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES
AT THE
SIXTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL,
HELD

MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1885,

In commemoration of the Two Hundred and Sixty-fifth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims.

The Sixth Annual Festival of the New England Society in Brooklyn was held in the Assembly Room of the Academy of Music, and in the Art Room adjoining, on Monday evening, December 21, 1885.

The reception was held in the Art Room, and at six o'clock the dinner was served.

Three hundred and three gentlemen were seated at the tables.

The President, HON. BENJ. D. SILLIMAN, presided.

Upon his right sat REV. NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D., REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, HON. JOHN WINSLOW, REV. WILLIAM A. SNIVELY, D.D., REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK, HON. STEWART L. WOODFORD, HON. JOHN W. HUNTER.

On the left of the President sat HON. WILLIAM P. FRYE, HON. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, FRANK R. LAWRENCE, ESQ., HON. CALVIN E. PRATT, HON. SETH LOW, HON. DANIEL D. WHITNEY, and WILLIAM SULLIVAN, ESQ.

Grace was said by Rev. Wm. A. Snively, D.D.

MENU.

 Oysters.

Soups.

Broth Souveraine.

Green Turtle.

Side Dishes.

Olives.

Timbales Imperial.

Celery.

Fish.

Salmon, Rouenaise fashion.

Potatoes persillade.

Fried Smelts.

Joints.

Fillet of Beef with truffles and Madeira.

Baked Cauliflower.

Entrees.

Braised Capons, Chevreuse fashion.

French Peas.

 Terrapin, Baltimore style.

PUNCH RÉGENCE.

Game.

Canvas-back Ducks.

Quails.

Cold.

Pâté-de-foie-gras.

Lettuce Salad.

Sweets and Confectionery.

Plum Pudding, Pilgrim fashion.

Jelly.

Charlotte Russe.

Cakes.

Pyramids.

Fancy Ice Creams.

 Dessert.

Fruits.

Coffee.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

After the various courses had been duly discussed, and coffee and cigars succeeded, the President of the Society, Mr. SILLIMAN, rose and said :

Gentlemen :

Delmonico, (who is doubtless a lineal descendant of the steward of *The Mayflower*), has detained us by his good things from better things, to a late hour. I will not detain you longer from those better things, but will refrain from any protracted discourse, and, following the usage of Congress, will "ask leave to print in the *Record* what I now omit." [*Laughter.*]

I will, therefore, merely report at this time that all is well with our Society as to its membership, and as to its treasury—and that all is well with New England, save the continuance of her extreme humility, her extreme modesty, her extreme diffidence, and her extremely humble opinion of herself—of her past, her present, and her future. [*Laughter.*]

Yet she continues wisely and well to educate, guide and govern the country, and to place her sons, and their descendants, everywhere liberally on the Bench, from the head of the Supreme Court of the United States to the Justices' Courts ; in the Legislatures, National and State ; and in the chief chairs of State, including both our Mayors, incumbent and elect, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Governor, one, or both our Senators, and the President of the United States—all of whom are of New England stock. [*Applause.*]

Moreover, she sees triumphant the great principles and measures of government for which she has fought in the forum and in the field, from the landing of the Pilgrims to this day. [*Applause.*] It is her pride and glory too, and is inscribed in the records of imperishable history, that those Pilgrims in the cabin of *The Mayflower* devised, "framed and signed the first compact for liberal government under equal laws, of which history has any record," and that the system so devised has been extended and adopted throughout this broad land, and secures liberty, safety and equal rights to all the people in

every State in this great Union. [*Applause.*] And now the citizens of the United States, of whatever origin, are as one man in their devotion to this system of government.

Again, New England has been foremost in wise and enlightened reforms and improvements in jurisprudence; and her legislation in this respect has been widely adopted in other States.

She has, indeed, had a great mission, and well has she performed it. Were her political existence to end to-day, were her population to be superseded and supplanted by incoming strangers of other races; still her moral existence, her political influence and power would remain. Her children and their descendants—her principles, and their promulgation, her great enactments, and their adoption, were never more established, active and potential, everywhere throughout America, than they are to-day [*Applause.*] We rejoice too, that they now have the concurrence and vigorous support of our enlightened fellow-citizens of other origin than our own.

But I must refrain from this tempting theme that we may listen to our distinguished guests.

Before passing to the toasts of the evening, I would mention that a meeting of the members of the Society (and their families) will be held about the middle of February, at which an address will be delivered by the Hon. William P. Sheffield, of Rhode Island, on the Military and Naval History of New England in all our wars—a branch of history of which no people ever had a less boastful or more brave and honorable record. Miles Standish, Greene, Prescott, Ethan Allen, Stark, Knox, Putnam, Lincoln, Hale, Knowlton, Perry, Hull, Decatur, Miller, Lyon, Wadsworth, Terry, McClellan, William Tecumseh Sherman, Ulysses S. Grant, and a legion of other gallant sons and descendants of New England, were the actors, and their deeds on land and sea are the glories of the Republic. [*Applause.*]

In cherishing the memory of the heroes of our own household we are proud, too, that the history of other parts of our common country records the achievements of so many of

“ The few immortal names
That were not born to die.”

[*Applause.*]

The President :

Gentlemen,—We had hoped for the presence of the President of the United States this evening, but in a letter expressing the pleasure it would otherwise have afforded him to be with us, Mr. Cleveland states that he is prevented by the pressure of official engagements and the death of the Vice-President.

Let us drink to the toast of

“THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.”

(The toast was received and drank with applause, the whole audience rising.)

The President :

Gentlemen,—Another is absent whose eulogy is in all our hearts.

It is a welcome reflection that

GENERAL GRANT

delighted to be with us at our gatherings, and none of us can forget the interest and pleasure his presence imparted. This great soldier, this great patriot, whom, not only his own countrymen, but all nations, vied in honoring, commanded armies larger than those that Cæsar led, and conquered in the greatest of civil wars. His *Commentaries* will endure longer than those of Cæsar have, and it is not the least wonderful of General Grant's achievements that he composed and wrote his great work while tortured by the frightful malady which ended his life, and by business troubles which, to him, even exceeded his bodily anguish. Such fortitude, such triumph of the mind—of the soul—over mortal agony are hardly equalled in human annals.

When it became known that his recovery was hopeless, a committee of this Society expressed to him your sympathy and your sorrow for his suffering, in a letter (written by the Rev. Dr. Putnam) which I am sure you will ratify. We have reason

to believe that it was among the affectionate and consolatory expressions which were most welcome to him.

I will request Colonel Lamb to read a copy of the letter.

Colonel Albert E. Lamb read the letter, which was as follows:

BROOKLYN, March 31, 1885.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

Dear Sir:

The Committee who have had the honor of inviting you to the several Annual Festivals of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, beg, in view of the great suffering and trial through which you are passing, to extend to you the earnest expression of their heartfelt sympathy and sorrow: and they feel that they do but execute the wish and will of those whom they may be supposed officially to represent, when they assure you how deeply the sentiment is shared by all the members, as it is, indeed, by the whole body of their fellow-citizens.

We shall ever remember, with gratitude and pride, how, again and again, we have been permitted to welcome you to our celebrations, and what signal interest your presence and utterances have imparted to these occasions. But especially shall we all, in common with the people at large, and with their descendants to the latest generation, cherish the profoundest admiration of your illustrious character and of your glorious deeds in the service of our country and of mankind. It was your own strong arm, more than any other human instrumentality, that saved the nation in the hour of its direst peril, and posterity will never cease to acknowledge the debt. Your patriotism never wavered, and never was questioned. Your courage was as void of fear as your patience was inexhaustible. It was your skill and wisdom on which we all so confidently reposed, and in our trust we were not confounded. You were as calm and magnanimous in the full flush of power and victory, as you had been resolute and heroic in the most gloomy seasons of difficulty and danger. With increasing delight we recall your ever honest word and life, the manifold virtues and goodness you have so conspicuously exemplified,

and the fadeless lustre which your private and public career has shed upon the American name. These are an imperishable part of the record of the history of our Republic, and will swell the vast acclaim of praise and love, whose gathering voices from every section of the land we even now begin to hear. Venerated soldier of the Union and servant of Liberty, we thank you; and we devoutly pray that God will abundantly sustain and comfort you, and that, as He has so often crowned you with triumph hitherto, He will, in the last conflict, whenever it may come, make you Conqueror still. And we remain,

Most respectfully and affectionately,

Yours,

BENJ. D. SILLIMAN,
JOHN WINSLOW,
A. P. PUTNAM.

At the close of the reading there were strong marks of approval by the Society.

The President :

Gentlemen,—Let us drink

“TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL GRANT.”

The whole audience rose and observed the toast in solemn silence.

The President :

The next toast is

“THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.”

In response to this we will invoke the Puritan of Puritans—the distinguished man, whose brawny frame, and brawny brain, and untiring force, bespeak his race, and the land from which he came. Let us listen to the Reverend HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is a popular impression that once in a year the descendants of New England ancestors assemble to puff themselves up with self-laudation. [*Laughter and applause.*] And if any class of people have a right to be proud of their ancestors, we are they. [*Applause.*] But if our ancestors were all here to-night in our places, whether they would be as proud of us I cannot say. [*Laughter.*] I am a New Englander of New England, born in Connecticut, a State in every way to be praised, not alone because it is easy to get out of [*laughter*], for the genuine New Englander wants more room than Rhode Island gives him or Connecticut. The eagle can be hatched in a nest but he cannot fly in his nest; he must emigrate. So I came away from Connecticut, from its green hills that all summer long coquet with the heavens, and are most beautiful, and in winter are as rugged and as stern as death itself. And yet, it is not of New England that I am going to speak to-night, but of the class of men who populated it originally. We hear a good deal about the landing of the Pilgrims. I do not know that I have ever heard anything much about the landing of the Puritans. When they landed into the country I don't know, but President Porter, who is a better historian than I, can probably tell you about that. [*Applause.*] After they were once landed on our shores they began to run together, and now the landing of the Pilgrims and the Puritans is one and the same thing. But the characteristic which made the Pilgrim is distinct from the Puritan, though he was a Puritan. He was a Puritan in all that was substantial about him, but the Puritan had the extra Pilgrim about him. He believed in toleration, the Pilgrim; the Puritan did not. The Puritan believed conscientiously in the non-interference of State or any tribunal with the rights of man. A man was large enough to be allowed liberty of judgment and conscience and action so long as that liberty did not interfere with other men's rights and duties. The Pilgrim though, strictly speaking, had one element, one feather in his cap extra. But the Puritan! That is the name that consecrates the children of New England. [*Applause.*] I am not going to speak of the Puritan as historic, however. He is historic, though, which was an accident. There were Puritans long before Europe was

civilized ; there have been Puritans long before there was any crusade developed in this world, and the word, although historic, has psychology in it. As I understand it, the Puritan was born in no place in particular, or that he settled in any particular country, but the Puritan is that which father and mother under God made him, in and of himself. It is a name that designates a set of men from another. And I call him to be a Puritan who has first predominantly in his constitution the moral sense ; who regards the clear line between right and wrong and who lives the right ; the clear line between lie and truth, between virtue and vice, between liberty and oppression. [*Applause.*] He has the moral sense. Thousands have moral sense, but they are not Puritans, for the Puritan, added to this, had a will power to make himself the champion of the cause of rectitude in whatever shape, in whatever nation he lived. He believed in right as distinct from wrong in the moral sense, and he believed also that he was called upon to carry out the right and fight the wrong whatever he was. [*Applause.*] More than that, he had the third element that went to make the Puritan. Besides the moral sense of right and wrong, of will-power, he had the willingness to be sacrificed and to meet death if need be for the sake of principle [*applause*] whether in England, Scotland, or any other place. It is that which has made good Puritans wherever they are to-day. [*Applause.*] And so when we come to give a definition of what constitutes the Puritan, you see at once how large the sphere is, and how you can cast aside the historic line and say of such men, they are Puritans, although they are not of the Puritans. There are everywhere throughout the world the men who believe in rectitude, and who believe in making that the instrument of reform and correction, and of peace ; the men who refuse to be praised when it is due for civil supremacy or any other influence ; men who not only believe in rectitude but who have also the will-power to carry out their belief, and who will morally do it even at the expense of having reputation lost, and even in the face of death itself. [*Applause.*] All such men are Puritans. [*Renewed applause.*]

When we look abroad in our own land, who are the Puritans? The mother of the Puritans is the woman who, dwelling in poverty and circumscription, believes that this

side of the throne of God there is nothing so sacred for her child as an ennobled manhood, and who suffers poverty, obscurity and everything that endears life in order that she may, dying at last, leave in the memory of her children the idea of the saintship itself. [*Applause.*] The obscure Puritan of the domestic hearth! Then all they that have at heart the elevation of the whole mass of mankind. Whatever pulpit that believes in the gospel of humanity, and dare preach it for the Chinaman, for the slave, for the poor, for the oppressed, for the working classes; whatever set of men who have their humanity broad enough to bring the whole force of the gospel to the elevation of those who are hungering after it, and who are glad to suffer a little for it—they are Puritans.

When a man, for the sake of God, for the sake of that which is noblest and highest in humanity, gives himself to the propagation of manhood and to the elevation of mankind, and suffers, if it need be, the loss of property, the loss of name, and the loss of everything else, he knows that joy which is only this side of God himself. [*Applause.*] All those among that great army in our community who go forth to teach in our destitute settlements; all those holy men who go preaching the Gospel at their own expense with impoverished table, impoverished garments, impoverished support, bearing and forbearing as the apostle did, knowing thirst, hunger and cold—every such man is a Puritan. He is seeking the welfare of men and their elevation at the expense of his own suffering, and he has the joy no banquet, no delicacy of fragrance can give. These banquets are all well enough, but they are like the smoke going up, not well spent but very savory while it is up. [*Applause.*] Every man, without regard to the section of the world in which he is, who has it in his heart to do the best for humanity without counting the cost—every such man I include in the brotherhood of the Puritans. There were a great many Puritans in Georgia; they were ignorant but they meant right; and in Alabama and in the Carolinas; I think some in South Carolina. [*Applause and laughter.*] And all the way through I have no doubt that there were multitudes of men who had to give up as no people ever had to on the face of the earth. When I see what the South dared and strove to do, and saw everything passing away from them; their sons

slaughtered, their families, once wealthy, growing poor, everything that could make their home attractive disappearing, struggling and struggling on to the last, I say there is heroism there, when the party lines are drawn, that we ought to-day to celebrate. [*Applause.*] They were on the wrong side. [*Applause.*] They acted under false ideas, but they acted nobly in that sphere. [*Applause.*]

I must express again, and in the presence of my fellow citizens of the North, the fact that I was born an abolitionist, that I fought slavery bitterly, and that I never relaxed until victory was assured, and now, after twenty years, I desire to go on record—I hope that at least will be quoted correctly [*laughter*] by the reporters. I am somewhat like the woman in the gospel. I have suffered many things and am not much better, but very much worse. [*Laughter.*] I am under very many obligations to the reporters however; in some things not so obligatory though. [*Laughter.*] But I desire to say this, that since the human race existed the spectacle of a great proud people running through the different States after the war for reconstruction, which was begun with a courage and a zeal which substantially assured unity, such as we never presented to the world, a picture that history has never had to record before. [*Applause and cheers.*] I think there are some Southerners out there. [*Applause.*] There are Puritans of the South and Puritans of the North, but the Puritans of the North proved stronger in God's Providence, thank God. [*Applause.*]

And now every man who conducts the press and is not thinking of what will pay and what will please, but what will elevate and confirm men in virtue and in strength of purpose and truth—I look upon every such man as a Puritan. And if his paper grows slim on the subscription list, and he grows grim in his courage, if he holds on to the very last and seeks to make men high-minded and grand and finally dies in poverty, that man is a Puritan in the full sense of the word. The men who live for pleasure are very often nice fellows, but that is all you can say of them—they are nice. The men who live for mere money are not so nice. It is perfectly proper that both pleasure and wealth should be in the hands of the right man. The man who lives his life, not for the sake of pleasure and popularity, not for the sake of mere wealth, but

so that the pleasures and refinements of every kind, art and all the customs of agreeable society shall inure to the benefit of civilization; men who regard gold and silver as mere levers to lift up the four corners of the globe—all such men are Puritans [*applause*], though they may not know it. “It is a wise child who knows its own father” is a true saying, and it is applicable in this instance. There are thousands of men who are Puritans, but they don’t know it. Thomas, of the Army, was a sturdy Puritan; Sherman was a Puritan, generation after generation will remember; Grant himself [*Cheers and applause*] was a typical Puritan. [*Applause.*] Grant was himself grander and greater than any of his deeds. The silent, deep, widespread manhood that was in him. Silent, because no man ever heard him praise himself; no man ever saw him show any symptoms that he was elevated by his success in the world or by the praise that had been showered upon him. Grant was without any of these because God made him so; he could not help himself. He was a man who believed in the right and hated wrong, and was willing to lay down his life for its sake. [*Applause.*]

With this brief definition of what I mean by the Puritan element, which is so broad and large that it includes the best men of every age and nation, in whose specifications I could easily embrace all the gentlemen who are to speak here to-night, allow me to withdraw by saying that the last time that I was present at this meeting of the New England Society of Brooklyn, I sat for the third time on like occasions, in New York and Brooklyn, by General Grant’s side, and with that humor that was peculiar to him, knowing that being a chaplain I was a captain [*laughter*], he on rising to speak called me “Colonel,” [*applause and laughter*] and said to me: “The next time I am at the New England Dinner with you I will make you General.” [*Applause.*] When General Grant spoke kindly words to me I said to myself: “No man can put honor on me hereafter; I have reached the top of the ladder.” He has gone from us, but his memory will be precious as long as the world endures; and he was a Puritan. His ancestors were from England or Scotland or Wales or somewhere—[*A voice: “Ireland!”*] Oh, ah! I think not. [*Applause and laughter.*] An Irishman knows an Irishman, and I know he came from

Scotland. [*Applause.*] His ancestors brought with them the best elements of that noble people, and they brought them to the best people in the world, in New England. When they went to Ohio, his mother carried him in her loins, as the safest way, and he did the best he could by growing up a typical American and a typical Puritan. We are celebrating to-night "the day we celebrate"—celebrating not only the historic name, but we are adding testimony, admiration and pride to those qualities of rectitude and will and self-sacrifice that enable a man to make the earth better than it was when he came into it. I am proud, therefore, to give you that toast again—"The day we celebrate."

The President :

Our next toast is,

"THE COLLEGES OF NEW ENGLAND."

"There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;
the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."

We shall have the privilege of hearing, on this most interesting subject, the very eminent and learned President of Yale College. We need not assure him that for the great and venerable institution over which he has so long, so ably and so usefully presided, deep pride, interest and regard are felt by all whom he sees assembled here. We cannot wish for her, or for the country, a better result than that his successor in his great trust may administer it as wisely, as efficiently, and as well as he has done. [*Applause.*]

We shall gladly hear from the Reverend President Porter.

ADDRESS OF REV. NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D.

President Porter rose and said :

Toward the end of the war I met a man who was fresh from the State of Tennessee, who said that he had "bought himself" a few years before. Finding him specially voluble in certain directions, I was tempted to ask him "Can you read?"

"Give me a text and I can preach." [*Laughter.*] I have the text furnished me, but I do not propose, after the eminent example that has been furnished you by Brooklyn's great preacher, to preach from it, but only to make special application of it to the subject in hand, only presuming that the text or motto was suggested by a very instructive incident in the early history of New England.

Plymouth Colony was settled in 1620, but the Puritan, as distinguished from the Pilgrim movement, was established near Boston in 1630. Eight years later—in 1638—Harvard College was founded, and in 1644, six years after Harvard College was founded, there was a meeting of the commissioners of the free plantations of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island; the first great prototype of other congresses or conventions, such as finally culminated in the establishment of our Federal Union; the first example, in embryo, of what was to make us, after that model, so great a nation.

There were but few members present. Very humbly, and in stress of danger and sorrow, they met together to consult for the common defense and welfare. But they were not unregardful of the college which six years before had been established in Cambridge. And at that meeting, on the 5th of September, 1644, a proposition for a general contribution for the maintenance of future scholars at the college at Cambridge, presented by Mr. Shepherd, was read and fully approved and agreed to. "It was commended"—I read the language of the resolve—"to every family which was able and willing to give throughout the plantation, to give yearly by the fourth part of a bushel of corn, or something equivalent thereto." In those days of feebleness and of fear, the little college that has just been founded and was struggling for life, was not forgotten, and the tax and assessment of a peck of corn was proposed and ordered. [*Applause.*]

This act of theirs illustrates the side in New England character to which Mr. Beecher has only alluded and passed by, and to which I therefore beg leave to call your attention. That side was his regard for institutions and his high appreciation of them as the condition of what most makes life worth living and elevates man above barbarism.

It is commonly conceived of the Puritan, and oftentimes

charged to his discredit, that he was an individualist, ran to individualism, and cared for nothing but himself; that even if he cared for his conscience and his God, it was only because it was *his* conscience and *his* God, and that there the matter ended. No idea can be more false or defective than this. The New Englander came to New England not merely to obtain wealth, or to assert his freedom, but to more conspicuously realize his ideal of the perfect state and the perfect church. For this he was ready to suffer, to struggle and to die. [*Applause.*]

The church in his view was more than the bishop, the state was greater than the king. The bishop did not make the church, the king did not make the state. He would never say of the state as Louis XIV said: "The State—it is I!" He would never consent that the commonwealth should be embodied in or identified with any living man. Had Louis the XIV gone across the English Channel and put that sentiment into an act, his head would have gone the way of Charles the First's, who, in the judgment of the Puritan sought to realize his sentiment by act. And yet, on the other hand, though the New Englander never allowed the state or the church to be represented by an individual, he would see the vicegerent of God in the village constable, and the prophet of the Lord in the village minister. Herein was the peculiar glory and the distinctive element of his character.

In order to maintain a state and church according to this ideal, the school was essential. And the school led to the college, because the New Englander knew full well that if he did not educate his children they could neither appreciate the spiritual state nor the spiritual church. And so the school, low and high, the village school, the intermediate school and the college, were all essential, not merely to propagate his private opinion, but to secure the successful working of his system. For this reason Harvard College was founded so early, in such feebleness, and yet with a spirit of consecration and public spirit, and for the same reason colleges have been planted so thickly and maintained so generally in New England.

Of course it was essential to the idea of a school and a college that the New Englander should believe in truth. You may talk about his superstition and narrowness of mind—and I

am willing to concede that he was narrow in theology and in his science, and even in his conceptions of the state—yet he held that truth must be established by evidence, and that so established it would carry conviction with it. Herein was the secret of all that we, in these days, call scientific or liberal thinking. We should not forget when we talk about our forefathers the times in which they lived. We should not forget that in 1626 the fathers in old England and New England had hardly begun to believe in the Copernican system. Some of them still questioned very much which went round the other, whether the sun or the earth. We forget that all our modern ideas of political philosophy and political economy were unknown, that Plymouth was settled and Harvard College was established seventy years before Locke's essay on the Human Understanding became public property. And we forget much more; but we ought to remember that the colleges have been true to their original inspiration, however slow they have been to reach the conclusions we now possess; that from the beginning to the end of their public life the New Englander has believed in truth as established by discussion. Hence it is true that the college has made New England what she is, and on her altars the fires of truth have been kindled and watched till they shot up into a glowing flame. [*Applause.*]

There is one other aspect of the New England colleges to which I wish to call your attention, namely, to their influence upon what we call our national life. It would seem to you to be a very small thing that four or five eminent men should have spent four years as college classmates, occupied with the same studies and breathing and inspiring the same common life. Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite, Hon. Wm. Maxwell Evarts, Hon. Edward Pierrepont and Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, were members of the class of which I was the first instructor, in the days of their and my own youth. [*Applause.*] Those gentlemen met each for four years and came to know each other most thoroughly as boys and youth and incipient men. This early college experience of every one of them, as they grew up in each other's sight, has been to each one of them something which cannot be adequately estimated in respect of their intellectual power, and the capacity to use that power for good. So has it been in the generations

before and since. Thousands and tens of thousands of young men have been brought in contact with each other over the country from sea to sea. Every year they have gone out in every territory you can name; to the mining regions, in ranches and camps, hither and thither, and far away. But they never forget the ties which bound them together, as they were knit together when they sat around the common hearthstone where they spent their youth. Bonds like these hold a country together with a force and freshness that no man can estimate. They show the power of the New England idea that in truth believed, in conviction established, in personalities woven together into network that cannot be broken, are the true bonds of our national life; and that in these humble institutions though you may call them, which cost very little money, great results are continually achieved.

How much does it cost to maintain a college? Not as much as it costs to build and maintain a ship of war. I have known Yale College somewhat familiarly. When I first knew it its permanent funds did not yield annual income enough to shingle its roof. Since then great additions have been made to its capital and its income, but nothing like what you would call large expenditures of money.

These remarks are somewhat in a didactic strain, but my theme was a text, and you need not be surprised, therefore, if my remarks have been something like a sermon. [*Applause.*]

The President :

The fifth toast is,

“THE NORTH STATE—DIRIGO.”

Some of us can remember when there was no such State as *Maine*, but only a vast region—mainly of wilderness—known as the *District of Maine*, and the property of *Massachusetts*. Since then she has become “The Northern Star in the Constellation of the United States,” with the proud motto “*Dirigo*,” boldly vying with our own “*Excelsior*.”

We all recollect when her regiments of giants passed through New York at the very outset of the Rebellion, and

we all know their fame in the battles, and the fame of the great men she has delegated to our national counsels.

We have much pleasure in welcoming to this part of New England one of her distinguished senators, the Hon. William P. Frye, a lineal descendant of the first general who was commissioned by the Continental Congress in the Army of the Revolution.

ADDRESS OF HON. WILLIAM P. FRYE.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the New England Society in Brooklyn :

President Porter says, "Give me a text and I will preach a sermon." Now, your President, with an unbounded, overflowing generosity, gave me half a dozen texts: "The Pilgrims and the Puritans;" "The Poets of New England;" "The Heroes of the Revolutionary War;" "The Heroes of the last Civil War;" and I have found generally, that the unselfishness of presiding officers, on occasions of this kind, is like that of the horn of plenty. Luckily for you, want of time prevented me from accepting any of these toasts.

If I had undertaken a polemic discourse on the Puritans and Pilgrims, it would have been a serious affliction to you, and an irritation, too, for I am a radical both in religion and politics. [*Applause.*] I have a profound reverence for that old Pilgrim householder, who, on a cold winter's Sunday, went to the unwarmed meeting-house on the hill, sat patiently and quietly through his minister's thirty-seventhly, and never showed a sign of satisfaction when he heard the solemn "Amen!" [*Laughter.*]

And if I had undertaken to have pictured in words the contrast presented by the modern worshipper it would have given offense. [*Laughter.*] Mr. President, I am strongly inclined to think that much of the boasted liberality of these days in religion is only a thin veneer through which the slightest scratch discloses license. [*Applause.*] Thad. Stevens, whom you all knew well, when he was in the House of Representatives, hated pretence, and despised pretenders. One day, when one of the latter, in his opinion, was speaking, the old commoner stalked out of the hall; at the door met a friend,

and said to him, with an expletive, "The speaker is a scoundrel!" Says the friend, "You are mistaken; very much mistaken. He is a very respectable gentleman; in fact, he is a religious man!" "A religious man?" said Stevens; "what, pray, is his religion?" The friend named a popular and highly respected religion, whereupon Stevens said, "You call that religion? Why it is nothing but the varioloid of religion!" [*Laughter.*] Now I am very much afraid that many professors of religion, and even some ministers, before they were converted were thoroughly and effectually vaccinated. [*Laughter.*]

And if I had undertaken the next toast—to harmonize the Pilgrims and the Poets—only think of it! The ruggedness, the determination, the patience, the will, the common sense, the plain matter-of-factness (if I may use the word) of the one are hardly suggestive of the legitimacy of the other. Some learned teacher, I admit, in the doctrine of evolution, might possibly trace the kinship. I, myself, have had a dim perception of it. This last Summer I was down on a beautiful salmon river in the Provinces and had the pleasure of meeting the distinguished Vice-President of this Society, my genial and pleasant host. I saw him return from the river one day. He had struck five salmon, and lost them all. His walk was stately, his mien was full of dignity, his face was rugged, his lips were set, his conversation was *nil*. He looked to me just as I imagine some old titling man must have looked on Sunday to the mischievous boys in the gallery. I saw him the next day coming home, and behind him were two Indians bearing three magnificent salmon, the trophies of his skill. What a transformation! His step was as light as a boy's—a hop, skip and a jump; his face all gleaming with smiles; his conversation full of jest and joke. Delightful companion! Success had mellowed Judge Pratt! [*Laughter.*] Now it may be that the warm sun of prosperity, for two centuries shining down upon the sons of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, has mellowed them, too, and that the ruggedness of character of the one is now the gentleness of spirit of the other.

The "Heroes of the Revolution" would not have done for me at all. I should have had a row with every son of Massachusetts here in less than five minutes! In those old days Maine was a kind of colony to Massachusetts, and shared the

fate of all colonies—furnished the men and the money while the mother State seized all the glory! [*Laughter*] as in the War of 1812 Maine endured all the suffering and Massachusetts did all the growling. [*Laughter.*]

“The Heroes of the Civil War.”—I was surprised when the President offered me that toast. I had supposed that cursed was to be the hand of the man that raked over the dying embers of civil strife. And I am reminded here to-night that that it ought to be cursed. I am reminded that it is thought well, in these piping times of peace and reconciliation, to say nothing of loyalty or treason. I am reminded that it is proper even on Memorial Day to scatter beautiful flowers on the graves of the Gray as well as of the Blue. [*Applause.*] I am reminded that even it might be well to furl the battle flags our brave boys won on battle-field, and lay them away in dark, hidden places. I am reminded that neither in the pulpit nor on the platform is it safe to talk of the rights of citizens secured and sealed by the blood of our brave soldiers. [*Cheers.*] Mr. President, can it be that “patriot” and “traitor” are synonyms? I am thankful, Mr. President, that you relieved me from all these, and gave me Maine for my subject. I shall offend no man in talking of her, because it is a well settled and recognized principle that it is a mean man who will not boast of his own.

I love the State of Maine better than any spot in the wide, wide world. The farther I travel, the more I see, the better I love her. This may seem strange to some luxuriously fed and clothed and housed, son of the Empire State. But let me refer to what you would call the disadvantages of my native State, and illustrate the magnificent law of compensation. “Your climate is cold, your snows deep, and long continued.” True, but our homes are warm, our firesides bright, our winter evenings long, our books plenty; and the result is thoughtful, earnest, active, home-loving men and women. [*Applause.*]

“But your soil is hard and unproductive.” Yes, no poet with any practical knowledge of it would talk about “tickling it with a hoe to make it laugh with the harvest.” No tickling process will do there, but it responds gratefully to hard work; and you, sir, and I know that success attained by adequate achievement is that alone which is worth anything.

Did you know that Maine last year raised more wheat than all the rest of New England put together? Her hay crop was worth \$15,000,000; and we have an agricultural county in the extreme north-east part of the Republic called Aroostook which has quadrupled in population and wealth since 1860. They last year raised 3,000,000 bushels of potatoes—the peach crop of Maine. [*Laughter.*] Carried 1,700,000 bushels of them to starch mills in their own borders, owned by themselves, and manufactured them into starch. It will do no harm to make a practical suggestion to an intelligent audience like this. There are a good many theorists, now-a-days—learned theorists, I admit, who think the millenium is Free Trade. You take the duty off that starch and every one of the thirty-two starch mills will cross over the border into Canada, and the 1,700,000 bushels of potatoes will rot in the cellar. [*Cheers.*]

“But the surface of your State is rugged, hilly, mountainous.” Yes, it is; but remember that every single mountain has a fertile valley, and that 5,000 rivers seek the sea through those valleys, with currents so swift and strong that to-day they can carry every spindle in the United States of America.

They are fed by 2,500 square miles of magnificent lakes. And let me say to my sporting friends here—and I know there are some—that in many of these rivers the salmon are so well educated that they will rise readily to a “Jock Scott” or a “Silver Doctor,” and that in many of these lakes there are spotted trout that never disdain a “Brown Hackle.” [*Laughter.*]

“But these rivers and lakes are ice-bound one-third of the year!” Yes, but 6,500 men cut it into crystal blocks, load it on 500 Maine vessels, and send it to every port in the United States; bringing back to us \$2,000,000 annually.

“But your coast is rock-bound, dangerous, tempestuous!” Yes, and there are 3,000 miles of it, too. A paternal government does not scatter dynamite down there, as it does in the harbor of New York; [*Laughter*] and yet we don’t levy black-mail in the State of Maine on every vessel that comes in there, in the shape of compulsory pilotage. [*Applause.*]

Again: there are every year 600 fishing vessels sailing out from that coast, as good a fleet of small vessels as there is in the world, equipped by 10,000 sailors, the most courageous and skillful in the world. And let me say to you that

the fisheries to-day of New England are the only nurseries for American sailors in the Republic. [*Applause.*] Now; when you here in New York are demanding reciprocity with Great Britain, so that Canada may send her fish free into your city, wouldn't it be well, considering the fact that you may have war some time or other upon the seas, and that the life of the Republic may depend on these very sailors, for you to say, "If free fish offend my brother fisherman, I will eat no more free fish while the world lasts!" [*Great laughter and applause.*]

Again: you have to-day carrying the American flag in the foreign trade 373 ships; 253 of them were built on that same coast of Maine. [*Applause.*] Now, in the last war, if I may be permitted to mention it [*Laughter and applause*], I won't call it Rebellion, but use modern language—the War of Secession—[*Laughter*] it was absolutely necessary that we should blockade the longest coast over which a blockade was ever attempted in the history of the world, and we hadn't a dozen ships to do it with. Your government, in her peril, called on the merchant marine of the United States and the ship-yards of Maine, and in ample time you had 673 ships in your navy, your blockade was complete, no intervention came, and the Republic was saved! Now, when you here in New York talk glibly in favor of the policy of admitting foreign-built ships to American registry; when an Administration, if you please, or a part of an Administration, deliberately breaks down a man like John Roach, the leading ship-builder of the whole Republic, I ask you to consider whether in the hour of peril you may not need these same ship yards. [*Tremendous cheering.*]

Again: our coast is rock-bound, I admit. But 7,000 men cut and hammer and chisel that rough granite into things of beauty to adorn every city in the Republic; load them on 500 more Maine vessels, and every year bring us back \$1,700,000 in cash.

"But you have immense forests in Maine!" Yes, we have. We have one forest in the center of which you might plant the whole Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and then the entire population would be compelled to hire guides to find their way over the border. [*Laughter.*] But they are forests of pine, and spruce and hemlock, and 10,000 men, every year

cut the trees, haul the logs, drive them to 848 saw mills, manufacture them into lumber, load them on 600 more vessels, and bring home annually \$7,000,000.

Again: every island on that coast and every bay is dotted with beautiful summer cottages, and thousands of the wealthy and the fashionable of the world come down to occupy those cottages through the summer months, bringing to us shekels and good manners, and taking from us long life and good morals. [*Great applause.*] Said I not well that the law of compensation is marvellous?

But, after all, the best product of the State of Maine is its men and women. The fathers scattered the seed of patience, of endurance, of honesty, of faith in God, and of hope of a glorious immortality, and a hundred years of Indian wars, in which one in every twenty of our people was slain; a ceaseless strife with the Earth and the Sea for the necessities of life, strengthened that seed. Neither despotism, nor slavery, nor great wealth, nor extreme poverty, nor ease, nor luxury choked its growth. This Republic of ours has reaped from it a magnificent harvest and grown strong. [*Applause.*]

I had occasion, last summer, to ride about two hours into a country town, an agricultural town, without a village in it, to the summit of a beautiful hill, where was the old Puritan Meeting House and the old Puritan School-house, and where a gem of a library building was that day to be dedicated. I saw there a cradle in which one mother had rocked one United States Senator, one Cabinet officer, five members of the National House of Representatives, four Governors of States, two Ministers Plenipotentiary, one Major-General in the U. S. Army, and one Captain in the U. S. Navy. [*"Three cheers for that mother!"*]

She was one of our distinguished divine's (Mr. Beecher's) Puritan mothers. At the foot of the hill I could see a house in which were born a United States Senator, a Postmaster-General, and a member of the National House. Riding an hour to the east I could find the house in which were born two Governors of States, a Secretary of the Treasury and two members of the National House. An hour's ride to the west and I could see the house in which were born a Vice-President of the United States and a United States Senator, two Gov-

ernors of States, and a member of the National House. Standing on that hill, with a sweep of my eye I could see an agricultural county in which were born ten Governors of States, twenty-two members of the United States Senate and the National House of Representatives. [*Applause.*]

And I have seen you men of Brooklyn, and you men of New York, pay tribute—and graceful tribute—to a Maine man. I stood in a room on Fifth Avenue two years ago and saw tens of thousands of your best citizens march for hours under a pelting rain, and their refrain was “Maine, Maine, James G. Blaine!” [*Tremendous cheering.*] He only lacked one thing for success; he was not born in Maine! [*Laughter.*] “’Twas ever thus!” “Thou lackest one thing,” has had a thousand applications in this life. The mother of Achilles forgot to baptize his heel [*Laughter*], and the poor unfortunate Scandinavian mother Frigga, neglected the modest mistletoe, and Baldaur, her son, was slain [*Aside: Am I talking too long?*]

[*The President*—No, sir! no!]

[*The audience*—No, no! go on! go on!]

What I say of Maine is equally true of all New England. Were you to sound the bugle of recall to-night, what a magnificent procession of the great, the powerful, the learned, the successful, would take up their line of march back to old New England. Why Brooklyn herself would mourn for her sons I see before me, and refuse to be comforted because they were not. And all the States and Territories of the great north would look with dismay upon the wonderful exodus which was taking place.

And only think of the inspiration of New England!

Every great reform, every notable advance in civilization, every struggle for liberty, every contest for the rights of man, every grand educational movement, almost every concerted attempt to proclaim the gospel of peace in foreign lands has found its inspiration in New England. [*Applause.*] They say, some of them, carping critics, envious men, I have no sort of doubt, that New England is not New England now; that by emigration and immigration her character has been lost. I know that General Butler, shortly after he reformed [*Laughter and applause*] made a speech to a crowd of like reformers in Connecticut, most of them of foreign birth, and said, “Gentle-

men, Irishmen to-day control Connecticut, and in a few years they will dominate all New England!" These critics forget, and he forgot, that the leaven which was sufficient to leaven the whole lump of this Republic has not lost its power with her adopted sons. I believe that Irishmen will shortly control Ireland [*Applause*] and I trust in God that they will have Home Rule. [*Applause.*] If they do, the success of the experiment—to what extent no man dare say—may depend upon the inspiration of New England; love for freedom, devotion to liberty and to the rights of man. [*Applause.*] Suppose we had no emigration nor immigration, what would New England have been? Why we should all have been translated, I reckon. It would have been Paradise regained, without any serpent; a kind of a Golden City. We could not have remained unequally yoked with the rest of this barbarous country, and would have been compelled to secede. This reminds me of a story. There were two Irishmen—and Irishmen do not love negroes—who had heard of Fred. Douglass, and that he was going to lecture upon slavery, a subject upon which he is always eloquent, and they determined to lay aside their prejudice and hear him. They listened to his speech; were carried away completely by it. Coming down the aisle one says to the other, "Tom, that was magnificent!" Says Tom, "Well, what of that? He is only half a naygur!" "Half a naygur!" says the other. "Well, Howly Moses! what would he have done then if he had been a whole naygur?" [*Great applause.*] But I weary your patience. [*"Go on! Go on!"*] Well, then, I will close with a kind of a benediction. Sons of New England, speak not, think not lightly of the religion of the fathers! Let no taunt of bigotry make you forgetful of their sublime faith in Almighty God and their bright hopes of a blessed immortality. Emulate their virtues, rather. Strive to be their equal in devotion to human rights, in fidelity to liberty, and, in the words of Lincoln, "This nation shall have a new birth of freedom. That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth!" [*Great and prolonged cheering, ending with "three cheers and a tiger."*]

The President:

Gentlemen,—Our next toast is,

“THE INFLUENCE OF AMERICA IN EUROPE.”

The years are few in which America has actively influenced Europe. Some of us who are here to-night can remember when the head-lines in the newspapers usually announced, “Thirty days later from Europe,” “Forty days later from Europe,” and one person now present recollects the announcement of an interval *very* much longer than either of those named. Steam was not, then. Then knowledge and thought of us were mainly limited to the few on the other side the sea, who had commercial dealings with us; and most of the rest thought and knew, and cared as little of, or for, us as we do of or for Australia, Chili or Peru.

All is changed. Now, thought on the two sides of the sea is simultaneous, and American opinion, action and example simultaneously and potentially influence Europe. We are happy in the opportunity of listening on this subject to the views of the accomplished statesman who recently represented our country at the Court of Italy, and whose study and observations have given him large information, and well-considered opinions on the subject. We welcome the Hon. William W. Astor.

SPEECH OF EX-MINISTER WILLIAM W. ASTOR.

I thank you, Mr. President and gentlemen, for the kindness of your welcome and for the honor to which you have bidden me, which I shall always remember with gratification. I am asked to say something as to the influence of our country in Europe, by which I understand the force of the example of the self-ruling American people. Our government wisely adheres to the old-time principle of non-intervention in the affairs of other nations. Our diplomatic agents abroad have no share in the mazes of European politics. We have no alliances and we do not rank among the belligerent powers. But since the close of our civil war we have presented to foreign eyes the spectacle of

a vast community that, having passed safely and victoriously through a tremendous convulsion, dismisses its armed forces and sets about governing itself in an orderly equitable way, year by year increasing in education, in prosperity and in happiness, while qualifying for its larger destiny upon this continent. We exhibit to the world a self discipline, a love of intellectual attainment and an energy in upright purpose which remain with us as a reflex of the earnest, simple-hearted Puritan spirit of old. Of the country where it was my privilege to represent the United States—of Italy—I will say that there a real interest and sympathy are felt in our progressive character, in our practical abilities, in the liberal yet conservative working of our institutions. Italy is at once the oldest and the youngest of the European states, and in this present day of her regeneration she turns not infrequently for inspiration and impulse to the civilization of free America.

The President:

Gentlemen,—Fill your glasses to the seventh toast,

“THE OLDER AND THE LATER NEW ENGLAND
—NOBLE SIRES AND WORTHY SONS.”

Of this theme we never tire, and no one ever tires of hearing, on any theme, the voice of the eloquent gentleman on whom we will call to commend the past, and, we trust, the present of New England.

SPEECH OF HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

This is the day of the Mayflower; and it seems to me that I have never seen it in finer bloom than it is at this moment in this room. We have already perceived that its perfume is wit, wisdom and eloquence. We know of old that conviction, courage and constancy are its imperishable seed, and wherever to-day from the Bay of Fundy to the Golden Gate, from the home of Senator Frye to New Orleans on the Gulf, in a

renewed faith and a brighter hope of American liberty, of American union and of American patriotism, the Mayflower blooms again and makes glorious summer of the winter day. I think that the hardy quality of that plant is shown by nothing more than this; that every year it puts itself forth with marvelous temerity in the very face of our excellent brethren the worthy children of the old Knickerbockers, among whom we find ourselves at this moment, and we must confess, as good Yankees, that although we thrust our Mayflower in their face, that face is still undaunted, and their cheek is always equal to emergency. If our eloquent and intrepid friend, Mr. Chauncey Depew, were at this moment at this table, he would again prove to you, as with resistless urbanity he proves once a year, that whatever the Yankee may have done, the Dutchman did it a great deal better, and a great while before; that the Yankee is, after all, a kind of second-rate Dutchman; and that the decline and fall of New York began with the transfer of the Province to the old English Crown, but was not fully completed until the arrival of the New England Yankee.

But whatever the opinion of the Dutchman may be of the Yankee, this dinner of Brooklyn Pilgrims on the anniversary of the day on which Bradford and his comrades passed over from Clark's Island and made the first landing upon Plymouth soil, and the dinner of our brethren, the New York Pilgrims, to-morrow night, on the anniversary of the day on which there was not a Pilgrim within thirty miles of Plymouth Rock—both show at least the Yankee's just estimate of himself. He is so vast, so important a personage in American history that he naturally supposes that it took him two days to come ashore, and with perfect propriety he devotes two consecutive dinners to celebrating that event. Certainly two days were not a long time for that transaction, for in the persons of Carver and Bradford and Brewster and Winslow, political liberty, religious liberty, personal liberty, and the American Republic came ashore. Yet all these good angels were very closely veiled. They were all wrapped in the cloak of old prejudice, and their faces were hidden in narrow, ecclesiastical veils and hoods, so that their full beauty was not seen; but all the eager, hungry years since have been tearing cloak and veil and hood away, until we to-night see those men as they truly

were—Angels of the Annunciation—harbingers of the good time coming. In the benignant and catholic Channing we see what was hidden in Brewster. Our Governor Andrew, was Governor Bradford fully grown. Worthy sons and noble sires! Those were the men who made the older New England; these the men who have reproduced it in the later day.

I was talking, not very long since, with a distinguished citizen of New York, who, like his eminent predecessors in the chair of its highest magistracy, Cadwallader, Colden and the later DeWitt Clinton, has done much to stimulate the local pride of this State, and he said to me that it was the good fortune of New England always to have had the good sense to take good care of the good name of its famous men, and of its famous places. I replied that it was the good fortune of New England always to have had great men and places famous by their association reverentially and honorably to care for. There is one spot which especially illustrates this truth. There is Fanueil Hall in Boston, one of the most famous spots in New England, or upon this continent. Rufus Choate said of Fanueil Hall, that it breathes and burns of Webster. So it does, but not of him alone. The story of Fanueil Hall is like the Milky Way—studded with stars, arching our history with light. The story of Fanueil Hall, from Sam Adams to Wendell Phillips, is a long line of unbroken light, and our end is as lustrous as the other. There are three generations—Adams, Webster, Phillips—independence, union, liberty. Noble sires and worthy sons. Or, let me take another illustration. I went, three months ago, to the old town of Concord, in Massachusetts, which then celebrated the 250th anniversary of its foundation. Concord of Concord Bridge; Concord of the 19th of April; Concord of the Provincial Congress; Concord the neighbor of Lexington; the Concord also of Emerson, of Hawthorn, of Henry Thoreau. That ancient town has erected memorial stones at all its famous spots. On the sight of the hut of the Sachem from whom the land for the town was peaceably bought; the site of Peter Buckley's house, the first settler and pastor; the site of the first church, and of the first school; the farm on which the Revolutionary stores were hidden; the field in which the

minute-men gathered; corner where the farmers of Middlesex fell with withering fire upon Britons retreating from the bridge; and all these memorials of patriotism, of courage, of constancy, of devotion, clustered near and far, like his moons about Jupiter, around the statute of the minute man which stands upon the very spot where American freemen obeyed the first command to fire upon the British troops; a statue of noble imaginative power; a figure of the old New England farmer, but the figure also of the young Pilgrim grown into Young America.

I never knew a town so proud as Concord. I never knew a town with better cause for pride. But that cause was not in the older New England alone; it was also in the later day. I do not see why the foot of the traveller should be drawn to Boccaccio's Garden in Italy, or to the English haunts of Isaak Walton, or to Gilbert White's Sellborne with a finer charm than attracts them to Hawthorne's Old Manse, or to Henry Thoreau's Walden. The heart of the traveller has thrilled with grateful admiration and heroism of the Concord farmers at the bridge, triumphantly maintaining and asserting political independence and political liberty, bends in reverence before the equal heroism of the scholar at the other end of the village as triumphantly maintaining and asserting, in the power and genius of Waldo Emerson, intellectual and moral liberty and independence. His own words are the motto of this hour and of every meeting of New Englanders to commemorate their ancestors:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers, lo! thou must,
The youth replies, I can."

That was always the reply of the Puritan. When duty summoned the fathers from England to Holland, they said, "We can." When the same duty beckoned the young Pilgrim across the bleak ocean to a savage wilderness to meet exposure, sickness, death—the Pilgrim of 260 years to whom life and love and this warm world were quite as dear as they are to our children—the youth replied, "I can."

We are told that New England has lost the secret of power, that the later New England belies the old; but upon

every great event in this country, every forward movement in every department of human activity and interest, from the landing of the Pilgrims to this day, New England has marched in the van. From the first campaign against the Indians to our own terrible Civil War; from the earliest federation of New England States to the reconstruction of constitutional government; from Jonathan Mayhew's morning gun of the Revolution to William Lloyd Garrison's answering shot, "I will not hesitate; I will not equivocate; I will not retreat a single inch;" from Nathan Dane's Northwest ordinance to Thomas Allen's Jencke's Civil Service Reform bill (for no more was Nathan Dane the father of freedom in the North-west than is Jenckes of Rhode Island the father of Civil Service Reform); from William Bradford, the earliest historian, to Bancroft and Prescott and Motley and Parkham and Palfrey of to-day; from the old Day Psalm Book and Ann Bradstreet, the first notes of New England song, to Whittier, and Holmes and Lowell, the living chiefs of our poetry; from Eli Whitney's cotton gin to Bell's telephone; from Dr. Franklin's lightning-rod to the sewing machine, and to Dr. Jackson's anesthesia; from the gray-haired Brewster preaching upon Plymouth Rock, to the gray-haired Beecher preaching upon Brooklyn Heights, in every movement which is forward, charitable, religious, scientific, inventive, political—in every movement leading to a wider independence, to greater liberty—old New England and the new New England has written its name, large and at the head, as the New Englander John Hancock wrote his name on the Declaration of Independence. Mr. President, the Golden Age is not behind us. The men of Plutarch, the men and women of Shakespeare, are the men and women that we know and have known. It is like the dawn, which seems to be in the East; but the golden light of the morning is around us.

Philip Sidney did not die three hundred years ago in Flanders; we saw him how often in the high resolve and heroic sacrifice of our younger brothers in the war. We did not know Washington but we knew Abraham Lincoln, and when the ear heard him then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. We

read of Miltiades, whose laurels would not let Themistocles sleep. They seem to us men beyond our world; heroes of a nobler port than ours, whose figures are already faint and vanishing in antiquity. But just now Grant was here, whose peace of mind no renown of others could disturb; the glory of whose triumph was magnanimity and fraternal union; in whose victorious hands liberty was as in those of Washington and by whose bier his generous foes walked, sorrowing. The sires were noble, sir, but the sons are worthy. *Noblesse oblige*. We can be as good as our fathers only by being better; and as we, like them, reach forward to the things that are before, we may be very sure that we shall grasp them, only by the faith of Brewster, the constancy of Winslow, the courage of Standish, the rectitude of John Winthrop, the zeal of John Davenport and, above all, by the unquailing trust in soul liberty of Roger Williams.

The President:

We come now to the eighth regular toast,

“THE MAYFLOWER AND HER EVOLUTIONARY SUCCESSOR, THE YACHT PURITAN.”

In a goodly tract, which I saw some years ago, was an elaborate wood-cut representing the embarkation of the Pilgrims on the *Mayflower*, in the harbor of Delft, on their voyage to Plymouth, in 1620. Prominent in the same picture was a large side-wheel *steamboat*, puffing steam, the black smoke pouring from the smoke-stack, and tearing the water with her paddles. But it was not generally suspected until the recent appearance of the yacht *Puritan* that her predecessor, *The Mayflower*, was a fast sailing clipper; that she had gaff-topsails, spinnakers, a balloon-jib, centre board, or forty tons of lead on her keel (though such endowments were not more remarkable than her contemporary steamboat); whatever was known on the subject was a secret of *The American Yacht Club* and

was utilized by them in the late race between the *Puritan* and the *Genesta*, with results of which we are all proud.

Perhaps the honored amateur admiral, now present, will confirm this view of the case? We shall all be glad to hear from Frank R. Lawrence, Esq.

SPEECH OF FRANK R. LAWRENCE, ESQ.

It is well that you do not call upon a sailor to respond to this sentiment. The discovery of a connection between the ship "Mayflower" and the yacht "Puritan," reminds one of the story of the naturalist, who described the crab as being a fish, red in color, and which moved backward: to which a critic replied that this description was quite accurate, except that the crab is not a fish, is not red in color, and does not move backward. Still, if the New England Society in the city of Brooklyn has determined that the "Puritan" was evolved from the "Mayflower," it will never do for those of us who live in that part of Brooklyn which lies on the other side of the Bridge to come over here and question the statement. We are to imagine a swift and shapely boat, handsome and bright, knowing neither trouble nor toil, freighted "with youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm," evolved, as the product of time, from a vessel, heavy and slow, laden with gloomy, fanatical men, borne down with memories of persecution, and hate and recent suffering, leaving their native land to go out into the wilderness and lay the foundation of a new race of people. Little in common do we see between the two vessels. The yachtsman of to-day goes forth, if he pleases, commissioned by an officer of the National Government, under the authority of an act of Congress, "to sail for pleasure," and for nothing else. Think how the Pilgrim Fathers would have regarded the idea? They never did anything for pleasure! The punishment of witches, the ducking of common scolds, the whipping of people that had the smallpox, and similar pastimes in which their souls took grave delight, were all done, not as matters of pleasure, but from stern convictions of duty, and in accordance with the customs of the age. If a modern New England yachtsman, sailing for

pleasure, should be cast upon some rocky coast in an unknown region beyond Cape Cod and Marblehead, and could, by any chance, fall into the hands of some grim, forgotten remnant of his Puritan ancestors, they would pounce upon him, one and all, constables and selectmen and catch-poles and elders, and would make it plain to him that an idle life is not a thing to be encouraged. There were some voyagers who sailed for pleasure, even in the old Puritan days. Captain Kidd was a conspicuous example, but, owing to annoyances to which they were persistently subjected, this type of yachtsmen have vanished from our coasts. Time, in its progress, works mighty changes. The hardy Pilgrims who landed from the "Mayflower" in 1620 peopled the wilderness and overcame its savages. The colonies they founded flourished and extended, and a hundred and fifty years later their valiant descendants began at Lexington and Bunker Hill the greatest struggle for human freedom recorded in history. Still another century has gone by. Among the descendants of the Puritans there has grown up, through the natural increase of riches, a class of men no longer obliged to struggle for subsistence, and who turn their attention to matters of less pressing need. Refined, though not enfeebled, through contact with luxury and the possession of wealth; with the old fiery spirit as keenly alive in them as in their forefathers; when a stranger sent out a challenge to a contest for yachting supremacy, who, of all the races represented in our people, might so fittingly respond to the summons, and build and man a vessel to dispute the victory, as the latest descendants of the Puritan colonists who came over in the "Mayflower?" The stranger was of gentle birth, and proved a valiant and a worthy foe. When the two yachts sailed forth side by side, each disdaining all aid from steam or machinery, or any modern appliance, and as perfectly dependent as the "Mayflower" herself, upon the strength of wood and iron, the favoring breezes, and the stout hearts of their intrepid crews, victory seemed evenly suspended in the balance. The result we all know. The yacht "Puritan" proved worthy to be the successor of her great ancestress. New England triumphed over Old England in this friendly struggle, and at the close of the last race, when the "Puritan" became the winner, could the old Pilgrims have been present

at the scene—Bradford and Winthrop, the sturdy Miles Standish and the youthful John Alden—may we not believe that they would for a moment have emerged from their habitual gloom, flung their antediluvian head-gear high in air, and made the welkin ring, with plaudits for the victor! And the winsome “Priscilla,” had she also been there, would she not have forgiven the exclusion of her namesake from the race and joined in the applause as heartily as the rest? Mr. President, in the popular eye, the yachtsman figures as a mere idler—one of “the gay motes that people the sunbeam.” Yet, in his favorite sport, he must be manly and vigorous and encounter many dangers. He is among the first to test and demonstrate the value of every improvement in marine architecture. His life is freedom itself. If you ask him where he is going, he will tell you, “I am going where the wind blows me.” Thus, free from care, is he from day to day. In the victories of the “Puritan” over the “Genesta,” and in similar events, we see not merely a triumph of one pleasure boat over another. In the emulation they excite and in the attention they attract, such contests go far to keep alive that spirit of conquest and adventure animated by which sailors have explored and peopled the globe. Upon that spirit we must depend in the future to acquire that maritime supremacy which, with thousands of miles of sea coast, and countless thousands of men imbued with a sailor’s daring, is rightfully ours. In the “Puritan” to-day survives the spirit of the “Mayflower” two centuries and a half ago. The circumstances, indeed, are greatly changed. The characteristics are essentially the same.

The President :

We can all testify that, as to municipal matters, the citizens of Brooklyn rest in peace. They are disturbed by no fears of incompetency, timidity or dishonesty in the conduct of our city government, for intelligence, courage, energy and integrity are at the head, and in the subordinate officers and ranks of the officials. The Mayor who has for four years past presided with such great distinction is about to retire, and we count on a continuation of good government by the gentle-

man who is elected to succeed him. In deference to the "early hours" to which that gentleman is addicted, we will invert the order of the two next toasts and call on him for a response as to

"THE FUTURE OF BROOKLYN."

I need not introduce to the Society the Mayor-elect, the Hon. Daniel D. Whitney.

ADDRESS OF HON. DANIEL D. WHITNEY.

I am glad I am here to-night for several reasons, the first of which is for this sumptuous repast to which we have been invited and with which we have regaled ourselves. Then there are so many kind friends here, I find, with whom I am personally acquainted and many others whom I have known favorably by reputation. All of you are so kind to me that it makes this occasion one of great pleasure. I thank you for this cordial greeting. I am asked to speak of Brooklyn. To speak of Brooklyn as she deserves, requires a more eloquent tongue than I possess, and yet, having received so many kindnesses from the people of Brooklyn, it would be ungenerous on my part not to say a kind word of the city we all love so well. You must remember that I am an embryo Mayor. I am not full grown yet. I am under age to-night, but I am very glad that we have one with us this evening who is full grown, and who is perfectly qualified to represent Brooklyn as she deserves. It would be ungenerous of me not to say something for Brooklyn, however feeble it may be. There are so many things that I might say. But I will leave that for another who can do that better than I. Yet I might point to-night with a great deal of pride and satisfaction and pleasure to our long streets and beautiful avenues, our parkways, our drives, our boulevards, and our parks and our schools, and colleges, and seminaries of learning, and then I could speak of the charitable institutions; the water rushing through our streets and into our houses—all these are sources of pleasure and gratification, all of which my successor, who

will follow me, can speak better upon than I can. I have only to say, in passing, one thing. In all my wanderings around this world of care, in all my observations, I think there is one thing certain, that there is not another city in the United States—no, not in the world—of the same number of inhabitants that Brooklyn contains, where there is so little of ignorance, poverty and suffering as there is in the City of Brooklyn. And now, if this is so, I think it is correct to ask the question, Why is this thus? I think I can solve the problem: It is because there are so many people in Brooklyn who are descendants of New England stock. Gentlemen, I do not propose to detain you to-night any longer. I will give way to a full-fledged Mayor—a Mayor *de facto*, who has ruled so well for these last four years.

The President :

And now may we have the Valedictory from our honored friend, the retiring Mayor, as to

“THE CITY OF BROOKLYN,”

the Hon. Seth Low.

ADDRESS OF MAYOR LOW.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the New England Society:

Four years ago a young and untried man upon whom Brooklyn had laid a very great honor, and a very great burden, stood up in your presence to bespeak for himself your help, and the help of all good citizens, in the discharge of the duties of the office to which he had been called. To-night, a little older, and a little stouter, perhaps, as becomes a man who has companied for four years with our City Fathers, I am here to thank you and all the people of Brooklyn for the willing help you have given to me during all this period. No man has ever sat in the Mayor's chair of Brooklyn, I am sure, and I venture to think few officials anywhere, have been able

to approach the end of their official terms with so deep a sense of obligation to the whole community for the support accorded to them in the discharge of their official duties. First of all, the press of the city, with a most unusual degree of unanimity, supported me in almost every public measure. The instances of difference have been rare at the most, and hardly more frequent, perhaps, than was necessary to establish on the one hand the infallibility of the press, and on the other the independence of the Mayor.

In this acknowledgement of my obligation to the press I wish especially to recognize the City Hall staff of our Brooklyn papers. In a position to give to every item a color according to their desire, they have treated me with conspicuous fairness, and merit at my hands the warmest thanks. Beyond this, a quite unusual number of men unaccustomed to giving their time to civic matters, have cheerfully undertaken the duties and responsibilities of public office during these years, thereby not only placing me under great obligations to them, but enlarging most helpfully, as I conceive, the circle of people among whom something like accurate knowledge of the city's affairs is to be found. Again, during both of my terms, it has been my great good fortune to be associated with officials, in every department of the city government, with whom I could work most cordially. The Board of Aldermen and the Mayor have been at loggerheads at no time. In only two instances has the Board pressed its views on any resolution to the point of overriding a veto, and the chances are that, at least as often as this, the Mayor's office was in the wrong. This acknowledgment seems to me to be especially due to the Board of Aldermen, because, for the last two years, at all events, there has been no time when, if a division had been made upon party lines, every veto might not have been set aside. But what is of more importance to the city than this negative support, is the positive co-operation which the Board has given me in every endeavor to forward the interests of the city. The increase of the water supply, the procurement of new water rights, the enlargement of the police force, the enlargement of the fire defences of the city—all would have been impossible except for its active co-operation. Even the Legislature has so far consulted the judgment of Brooklyn's

officials during this period, that absolutely no law has been placed upon the statute books in the whole four years which has been seriously objected to here, and, what is more to the point, every law that was desired, with the exception, perhaps, of three, has been enacted, thereby enabling the city in the first instance to prepare itself for the passage of the constitutional amendment limiting its debt, and thereafter to conform its methods to that amendment, beside making possible the solution of the arrears problem. In this connection, and while I am still Mayor, I desire to bear my testimony to the services of Senator Daggett to Brooklyn during the last two years. Not only did he forward every local measure which met with my approval, and prevent the passage of many bad bills, but at the closing session of the last Legislature, he defeated a bill under circumstances entitling him to the gratitude of every fair-minded citizen of Brooklyn. The bill proposed to place the jurisdiction of the Concourse lands belonging to the county under the Town of Gravesend. It was urged by some of his most conspicuous friends, and he knew when he took the stand he did that it was not at all improbable that their displeasure would be visited upon him, without his securing, on the other hand, the recognition of those on whose behalf he spoke; but, with a courage equal to the situation, he threw himself into the breach, and by so doing, prevented this most disastrous bill from passing the Legislature. I am aware that it might be a more popular thing in some quarters if I were to say less upon this head, but I do not know how the public is to expect faithful service from men if no recognition is made of it when it is rendered under difficult circumstances. Of those who have been especially associated with me in the administration of the city government through the occupation of places to which they have been appointed by the Mayor, it is not necessary that I should speak in detail. As a whole, they have served the city well, and have fully justified the confidence reposed in them. One thing may be said, however, that the city government has been fully equal, not only to the performance of the ordinary duties of administration, but also to coping with very unusual problems. It has not been necessary to create new agencies for the carrying on of the city's work. The arrears problem has been solved by the Board of

Assessors, acting in a judicial capacity, in lieu of a separate commission, and it is to be stated to their credit that the work was actually completed in a year and a half, although it involved the passing upon the condition of nearly 30,000 separate parcels of property. In the City Works Department the whole duty of securing the land and water rights needed for the extension of the water works has been performed with no other increase of its force than the necessary personnel to attend to the added labor. In this way it seems to me that Brooklyn has not only escaped the expense of an aqueduct commission, but has also made more rapid and efficient progress toward the end in view. In the main, the heads of departments have received at the hands of the public due recognition of their services, but in one instance I cannot but think that criticism has been indulged in out of proportion to the praise which is really due. It ought to be said of Commissioner Fleeman, that to him alone among the city officials so far as I am aware, is due the creation of the Wallabout Market, while, at the same time the successful and ample preparations which have been made for the extension of the water supply have received his cordial and intelligent support at all times. I do not mean to say the criticism which has been made upon him has been in no case justified. To say that would be to rob my judgment of all it is worth. But I do feel that his services, in the hurry of passing events, have not always received the recognition to which they are justly entitled. It has been inevitable, under the peculiar features of Brooklyn's charter, whereby the Mayor is made the responsible head of the city government, that much of the praise really belonging to subordinates and to co-operating officials has been bestowed upon the Mayor. If I have seemed at any time to accept such utterances without remonstrance it has been because the Mayor is inevitably the representative for the time being of the administration of the city. I beg you to believe that I have not appropriated to myself personally all the kind utterances of good will and appreciation which have been made with reference to the administration as a whole. And now, gentlemen, I am approaching the end. I had thought to outline in a few words the position of the city to-day with reference to some of its large interests as compared

with its position four years ago when I entered upon the duties of my office; but my tongue refuses to engage itself with such themes any longer.

Among the greatest sources of the pleasure with which I return to private life is this, that the necessity will no longer exist for me to enlarge upon what has been accomplished in these years. I leave that theme cheerfully, and I may add fearlessly, to others.

In thanking you once more for the help that you have given to me, and through you the whole people of the city, I desire to bespeak for my successor, the same cordial support. It is impossible for any man to administer the affairs of the city to the best advantage unless the tone of public sentiment is such as to give him a fair chance. Beside this, he must have, as he asks for it, the active and cordial co-operation of those who desire for our city good things. It gives me pleasure to assure him in this presence, as I have already done personally, that the obligation under which Brooklyn has laid me, by the honors conferred upon me, shall be repaid to him as Brooklyn's Mayor to the full extent of my power as a private citizen. Four years of work for Brooklyn on my part now are almost closed. This much I may claim for myself: that with singleness of purpose, and with all the ability I have, I have served the city in season and out of season, as I have seen its interests from day to day. Personally, I go out of office as I went into it, with "malice toward none, with charity for all." But it is impossible that in the four years of active life I can have avoided all cause of offense to others. I would be glad if the personal antagonisms and differences of my life as Mayor, might perish with it. I would ask of all that it may be so, from the humble citizen of Brooklyn, who in a moment of petulance or impatience has failed to receive the attention at the hands of the Mayor, which was his due, to the great engineer of the bridge of which all are justly proud, toward whom the exigencies of the situation, as I saw the duties of the hour, devolved upon me a most difficult and delicate duty.

Gentlemen, once more I thank you and all my fellow citizens.

The President :

New England is not alone a land of toil and prose. Whittier and Halleck and Bryant and Longfellow, have made her sterile soil and mountains and rugged rocks, a land of song as well—and another of her poets will describe to us to-night,

“THE PILGRIM WAY.”

We shall have the satisfaction of hearing the Rev. John W. Chadwick.

SPEECH OF REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the New England Society:

I was present at a pleasant rural festival not long ago, at which one of the speakers told an affecting story of a good woman, who was drawing near to death in Ashfield, Mass., where Mr. Curtis spends his summers, “far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife.” At some time in her life she had lived in Montana, and she now endeavored to extort a promise from her husband that she should be buried there. But he, aware that the expense of such a journey would be great,

“For even when on pleasure bent,
He had a frugal mind,”

made some objection. Whereupon she protested, that if she were not buried in Montana, she should not lie quietly in her grave. At length her husband, exhausted by the passion of her importunity, said: “My dear, I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll have you buried here in Ashfield first, and if you don’t lie quiet I’ll have you taken up and carried to Montana.” The moral of this story is, that I have been buried here this evening under your hospitable attentions, and I have been resting quietly enough and I have not had the least desire to be taken up and carried to Montana or to this dizzy height on which I have been placed. Indeed, I have been resting, I think, a good deal more quietly than any other gentleman who is slightly elevated here—I mean above the general company. For, having my speech in rhyme, all nicely written out, I have

been able to devote myself exclusively to the good things of the *menu*, while they have been excogitating the good things they were to say. Delightful, said Lucretius, is the situation of the landsman on the shore who sees the storm-tossed mariner upon the sea. From my experience I am sure it must be so. You have been told that I am going to read a poem. It is called, "The Pilgrim Way, *Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum*." Perhaps it may turn out a song—perhaps a sermon.

THE PILGRIM WAY.

You know the picture : On the windy beach
 John Alden and Priscilla stand apart,
 Speaking no word ; so still it seems that each
 Might hear the beating of the other's heart.

No dream is theirs of that degenerate time,
 When one, a scion of their vigorous stock,
 Our gentlest poet, in a tender rhyme,
 Shall all the treasures of their hearts unlock.

That lessening sail against the eastern sky—
 What costly freight is buried in her hold,
 Whose loss should make the April sunshine lie
 On sea and shore so cheerless, gray and cold ?

Their thoughts are all with her ; but they outwing
 Her laggard course across the treacherous deep,
 Nor pause till they can nestle where the Spring
 In English lanes has just begun to peep

How sweet it were to keep their bridal there,
 When, after April, May should come apace,
 And then the Summer, as an angel fair,
 Should laugh outright in June's all perfect face !

To hear the joy bells in the ivied tower
 Ring out their nuptial gladness to the breeze,
 And so move homeward through a gleaming shower
 Of blossoms falling from the hawthorn trees !

It may not be ; but only yesterday
 It might have been ; so near, so very near,
 The Mayflower, swinging at her anchor, lay,
 And who would go, and who would tarry here ?

What sounds were those that, on the eastern gale,
 Come to them there, and not to them alone ?
 Voices that made the ruddiest faces pale,
 Sadder than ocean's melancholy moan.

"Oh, fools!" they cried, "upon this barren shore,
 A better State or Church to hope to find,
 Or aught that can your reverence kindle more
 Than the dear things that you have left behind.

"The homes wherein your fathers lived and died,
 The fields they tilled with manful toil and sweat,
 The churches where they worshipped side by side,
 The shores where they the rash invader met,

"The ordered custom, the unwritten law
 A million precedents have welded fast
 In such a bond as never others saw
 In all the mighty immemorial past—

"What sweeter kernel in your rougher shell?
 Yours, who already on the bleak hillside
 Have smoothed for corn the graves that else would tell
 How many of your bravest ones have died.

"Nay, but you cannot cheat the savage foe,
 Nor so obliterate your dead that he
 Shall not how feeble is your remnant know,
 And band against you with the unpitying sea.

"Come back, come back! ere yet it is too late,
 Leave your poor huts, your undistinguished dead,
 Crowd the frail deck, upheave the anchor's weight,
 Quick be the parting, ay, the cursing, said."

Voices and voices! on the barren lea,
 They heard them cry across the cloudy rack;
 And every bush and century growing tree
 Had found a voice, and seemed to echo, "Back!"

"Back!" From the forest's depths they heard it sound,
 The voice of spirits, eager for their doom.
 "Back!" From the lonely graves it came, and drowned
 Their tempted hearts in seas of deadlier gloom.

But that was yesterday; and now to-day
 Their poor ship falters in the offing there
 Twixt sea and sky, as if she would allay
 With one last hope the inevitable despair.

Yea, she is gone, nor bears upon her deck
 One man or woman of the Pilgrim band,
 For all the horror of the Winter's wreck
 There in the desolate and homeless land.

No backward step! More than the voices told
 Of merry England in their hearts they knew;
 More than the graves had echoed, and the old,
 Witch haunted forest, pierced their bosoms through.

But they had chosen and they would abide;
 Here they had come, and they had come to stay,
 Whatever loss or sorrow might betide.
 No backward step; this was the Pilgrim way.

The thing that has been, it shall be again;
 So runs the promise of the ancient word;
 And, oh, how often since that morning, when
 John Alden and Priscilla might have heard
 Each other's heart beats, men of Pilgrim stock
 Have had their voices, as they stood forlorn
 On their own bleak and barren Plymouth Rock
 In some great Epoch's cold and cheerless morn.
 "Come back!" How clear has come the pleading cry
 From old Tradition's ivy mantled towers,
 From haunts where Ease and Comfort sleeping lie,
 Dreaming away the irrevocable hours!

What old Abuse, what hoary Precedent,
 What chattering ghost of Faith once fair and sweet,
 Has not some measure to the music lent,
 Still tugging backward their reluctant feet?

Why should they care a higher truth to win
 Than that which glorified their father's creed?
 How should they dare denounce as 'twere a sin
 That which their law and custom had decreed!

So from the Past; and at the Future's gate
 Has crouched and howled at them a giant Fear;
 "Go back, go back, ere yet it is too late!
 All hope abandon ye who enter here."

Back have they gone? Not if their spirit stuff,
 Not their flesh only, was the Pilgrim kind,
 Which, ever as the way grows steep and rough
 Shows a more fixed, unalterable mind.

The time goes on, the symbol does not fail;
 For us, as for the generations gone,
 Good things with bad must struggle to prevail;
 With Error's night, fair Reason's radiant dawn.

And we, like them from whom our stock derives,
 Elect on ways we have not known to go.
 'Gainst the night-watches how God's morning strives
 In our own bosoms soon or late must know.

There will be voices sounding in our ears,
 Warning us backward from our fatal quest—
 Voices of all the dead and vanished years,
 Voices of Doubt and Fear and Peace and Rest.

Then when we wonder if it were not well
 To strive no more and yield the vantage won,
 As men plucked backward from the mouth of hell,
 Clear as in heaven our own New England sun,

May our resolve be taken: It is meet
 For us to be Pilgrims of our day;
 Whatever graves may open at our feet,
 No backward step; this is the Pilgrim way!

The President :

Gentlemen,—It will be our good fortune to hear a few unpremeditated words, inspired by the occasion, from our Rev. Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. William A. Snively.

REMARKS OF REV. WM. A. SNIVELY, D.D.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the New England Society (who remain): [Laughter.]

When the first intimation came to me that I was to be your chaplain to-night, I considered it so distinguished an honor that I set aside important engagements to accept the invitation. That an ecclesiastical descendant of the Church of England should be asked to officiate in that capacity at a New England dinner which celebrates the landing of the Pilgrims, is one of the strange results of the whirligig of time.

My observation this evening has taught me two things: first, that excessive modesty is not an indispensable characteristic of a New England dinner speech; and second, that the word Puritan is synonomous with the word Catholic, as we have been told that all that is good and noble in the aspirations and endeavors of men, is the outgrowth of the Puritan spirit. Therefore, if I claim to-night to be a Catholic, in the broader and truer sense of the word, I am simply a Puritan.

I remember that the Pilgrims were Puritans of the English

stock, who left the Church of England, possibly for the Church of England's good,—certainly for its peace and quiet;—but also I remember that as they sailed away from the chalky shores of Devonshire, the Elder Higginson, standing upon the after-deck, with his comrades around him, said: "We will not say 'Farewell, Babylon!' we will not say 'Farewell, Rome!' but we will say 'Farewell, dear Church of God in England. It is only her errors and her mistakes that we leave behind.'"

When, however, their voyage was ended, and they trod the American shore, circumstances were greatly changed, the dissenters became the Established Church; and they who before had been the Established Church, now became the dissenters.

A distinguished churchman in tracing his ancestry back to the Quaker and Puritan lines whose blood mingled in his veins, relates the story of two young persons who had determined to unite their lives in the holy bonds of wedlock. There were serious objections however to the match. The Quakers disapproved of his marrying *out of* the society, and the Congregationalists of his marrying *into* theirs. So he said to the young woman, in the presence of her family, "Ruth, let us break away from this unreasonable bondage. I will give up my religion and thou shalt give up thine, and we will go to the Church of England, and go to the d—l together." [*Laughter.*] The speech, rude as it was, is a rough memento of the estimate in which the Church of England was held in that day; though possibly it was only the ancient form of the more recent but now venerable chestnut which says that the Episcopal Church does not interfere either with a man's politics or his religion. [*Laughter and applause.*] For this reason I deem it an unusual distinction to be your chaplain to-night.

In regard to that much-praised piece of granite, The Plymouth Rock; I ask myself what would the Pilgrims who landed there think of the new Old South Church of Boston, with its splendid architecture, its gorgeous frescoes, and its exquisite wood-carving in pulpit and pew? Would they not say, "surely we have found our way into a Popish mass house." [*Laughter and applause.*]

Or if they should enter the church which bears their name, on the corner of Remsen and Henry Streets, whose poly-

chromed walls echo an eloquence more brilliant than their own rich colors,—and especially if they should pause and look upon the fragment of Plymouth Rock imbedded in its tower, would they not ask in anxious alarm, have our descendants adopted the custom of worshipping the relics of the saints?

But time makes all things equal, and an ecclesiastical descendant of the church from which the Pilgrim Fathers seceded, is your chaplain to-night, at the dinner which celebrates their landing on the stern New England shore. Things which were fought over then, do not separate us now; and the mellowing influence of time, and the larger thought of to-day, obliterates the importance of many an opinion and doctrine which then was deemed a fit subject of controversy or a just cause of war.

And while Plymouth Rock has been much praised and much eulogized, in song and ovation and story in the last two hundred years, there is one aspect of that theme to which justice has never been done. I refer to the distinguished superiority of the *descendants* of the Pilgrims over the original Pilgrims themselves. I have never yet met a descendant of the Pilgrims whom I did not admire and love more than I did the venerable heroes who stepped from the deck of the Mayflower to the historic Plymouth Rock.

Thanking you for your warm and cordial reception, I am proud to have been your humble servant; and I bid you good night. [*Applause.*]

The President :

And now we hail our beloved friends,

“OUR SISTER SOCIETIES.”

But first, I grieve to announce that our always eloquent, and always welcome friend, General Woodford, bent on early rising, has left the room and is not here to respond for the New England Society in New York, to our words of cordial greeting.

But the sleepless President of our honored allies, The St.

Nicholas Society of Nassau Island, is here, to respond to our brotherly salutation, and thus we shall be happy in hearing Hon. John W. Hunter.

REMARKS OF HON. JOHN W. HUNTER.

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the New England Society:

We may congratulate the sons of New England in their happy manner of preserving their historic traditions. It is said that a people without traditions is like a tree without roots. It cannot be said that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers have neglected to water the roots of their traditions. Have they not rather added new leaves and foliage to the original tree? The Hollanders, though earlier in their settlement, have not been so fortunate nor industrious in the cultivation of their traditions. A certain history of New York may be very pleasant reading, yet it cannot be said to contain a proper account of the early trials and traditions of the first settlers of this country. But what may be said of Holland, and the Hollanders? A people who rescued their land from the sea, who, after many years of desperate struggle drove out the Spaniards, who, for twelve years tolerated and purified the Puritans before they drifted over to the shores of New England and established freedom to worship God in the way they pointed out, and it was not very comfortable for those who sought some other way. But for the indomitable patience, labor and skill of the people, there would have been no Holland; the land would have been swallowed up by the sea. If there had been no Holland, England, perhaps, might have become a Spanish province. If there had been no Holland, there would have been no Pilgrims. If there had been no Dutch settlement at New Amsterdam, there would have been no Yankee, and no "Yankee Doodle." The New Englanders were not pleasant neighbors to the Dutch; indeed there was continual unpleasantness going on between them. Hard words, hard names, and sometimes hard blows were exchanged, But we have arrived at a better understanding now; both people are blended into one, and have helped to make a nation, proud, perhaps, of former derisive names. Now a word of

explanation on the subject of "Yankee" and "Yankee Doodle," as well as of the "Dutch"—both names given originally without much respect. Dr. Moore, in a paper, read before the Society of New York, says that "Yankee" is derived from the verb "yanken," in the vocabulary of the early New York Dutch. "Yanken" meant in that dialect to grumble, snarl, or yelp, and its derivative noun "Yanker" means about the same thing. In the collision between the New Englanders and the New York Dutch, bad blood was aroused, and the New Englanders despised the Dutchmen, while the latter abominated the former, the feeling being very fervid on both sides. Hence the use of the word "Yankee" by the Dutch; every circumstance points to its birth in the collisions between the Dutch and the New Englanders. To this day the Yankees are looked on with distrust by the remnant of the real Dutchmen of New York. The word "Yankee" was known to the settlers of this country before the tune "Yankee Doodle." The words and tune were put together by Dr. Richard Schuckburgh, who was with the British army at Albany when the colonial troops from New England joined the regulars on the way to fight the French. The appearance of the colonial troops excited the derision of the British regulars, and the latter used the words and tune as arranged by Dr. Schuckburgh to show their contempt for the former. The term "Doodle" means a trifler, and is used in old English in that sense. Dr. Moore gave accounts of other derivations, the most plausible and most commonly used being that of "Yengees," believed by many to be the Indian phonetic attempt to utter the word English; but he made it clear that this derivation, with the other less probable ones, could not bear examination, and he showed that the derivation from "Yanker," a Dutch word, expressive of great contempt was the true one. "Yankee Doodle" was played by the Colonial troops at the surrender of Burgoyne and at Yorktown when the British were unwilling to surrender to the despised Colonials, and turned to the French contingent to ground arms, Lafayette ordered the French band to play "Yankee Doodle," to which tune the arms were laid down and the war ended. And what a glorious ending was this! The proud and lofty humbled by the poor, despised Colonists, with the music which they had

inaugurated in derision, ringing in their ears, and adding bitterness to defeat. So may it be to all the enemies of the "Yankees" and of "Yankee Doodle."

The President :

Our trusty and welcome friends, the St. Patrick Society of Brooklyn are here, by their eloquent, right-minded, and right-hearted President, William Sullivan, Esq., whom we shall gladly hear.

REMARKS OF WILLIAM SULLIVAN, ESQ.

In behalf of the St. Patrick Society I congratulate you on the prosperous condition of your society, and also thank you for your cordial reception of me as its representative, and for your bountiful hospitality. In the New World the interest and sympathies and destiny of Jonathan and Patrick are identical. They are closely allied by reciprocal friendship and regard, resting on similitude of character, and mutual desire as citizens of a common country to promote its well being by extending the influence of those great ethical and political principles which as expressed by your worthy president on a former occasion, have given New England such wide sway in the affairs of the nation, and which are essential to the best interests and perpetuity of the Republic. Nay, more, they are indissolubly united by the bonds of affinity and the ties of consanguinity. The prolific sons of St. Patrick have contributed to the perpetuation of the principles and virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers by preserving their descendants from extinction. They are the connecting links between the Pilgrim Fathers who landed on Plymouth Rock and the twenty million Yankees who can trace their lineal descent as far back as the arrival of the Mayflower. Now, in the glorious days of old Ireland every man—as you are all aware—was a warrior or a statesman or both, and every warrior was a general, and every statesman was a king. The pristine glory of the nation disappeared, and the people lost their liberties when they gave the suffrage to the women, who at once evinced their ingratitude by voting to double the tax on whiskey. From that

event dates the opposition of the Irish to female suffrage, and their advocacy of universal manhood suffrage. In view, then, of the quality of the connecting links between the Yankees and their Pilgrim Fathers, the Irishman must certainly admire the Yankee for his noble pride of ancestry. When, therefore, Mr. President, an Irishman who has the honor of being present at a New England society dinner while the speeches are being delivered, hears the orator of the evening recounting the glorious achievements, and extolling the virtues of the prolific ancestors of the Yankees, he realizes that, in the language of the Scriptures, "the glory of the children is their fathers'," and his heart dilates with emotions of filial reverence and piety, and he begins to feel that New England belongs to Ireland by right of sovereignty—squatter sovereignty—and that Forefathers' day is a great day for "ould" Ireland. The Irish celebrate St. Patrick's day because St. Patrick was the first Pilgrim who went to Ireland with the intention of remaining there. Your Pilgrim Fathers, because they did not understand the vernacular of the Aborigines, had to carry guns with them wherever they went so as to convince the natives of the peacefulness of their intentions. But St. Patrick spoke Irish, and consequently he succeeded in carrying his point without the aid of even a shillelah. The New Englander carries New England with him wherever he goes, except when he leaves for the purpose of becoming a Mormon. When, like Joe Smith, he migrates for this purpose, he has to leave New England behind him. I am somewhat inclined to think that the Irishman's method of settling the Mormon question is preferable to the Yankee's way of dealing with it. There is no use of trying to drive New England ideas into the head of a Mormon. When, however, the Irish take possession of Utah, the Mormon question will be settled satisfactorily to everybody but the Mormons; for an Irishman with one wife can beat any Mormon with a dozen wives. The sons of St. Patrick, no less than the sons of New England, believe in the principles which are sometimes termed "New England ideas." They believe in the diffusion of education among the masses by the establishment and support of free schools. They believe in the sanctity of the marital relation and in the purity of domestic life. They believe in the freedom of individual conscience.

They believe in just and equal laws impartially administered and honestly enforced. They believe in the sacredness of the elective franchise, and they realize the dignity of American citizenship and recognize its obligations. They believe in local self government, in home rule, and in all those fundamental principles of popular liberty which lie at the foundation of our system of government, and which guarantee equal rights to all, and insure the permanence of free institutions everywhere throughout the land. "When," in the language of a distinguished historian, "we contemplate, in the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the beginning of a mighty nation; their confidence in God and liberty; their struggles, hardships, and sufferings; their zealous vigilance of rights, and their visions of growth and greatness—we may hear in the prayers and exhortations which were echoed in the wilderness, the divine proclamation 'that the voice of the people is the voice of God.'" The sons of St. Patrick, Mr. President, cherish the principles and virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers, and thank God that this is a nation of which liberty is the soul, the treasure, and the fundamental law.

DOXOLOGY.

" Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below,
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

The Annual Reception of the Society was held in the Art Building, 174 Montague Street, on Thursday evening, Feb. 4, 1886, and was attended in large numbers by the members and their families, who listened with great interest to the following address by the HON. W. P. SHEFFIELD, of Newport, Rhode Island, upon

“THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF NEW
ENGLAND.”

The President, Mr. Winslow, introduced Mr. Sheffield, who spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the New England Society:

We of New England lineage delight to dwell upon the hallowed memories of our New England ancestors; to recall their high resolves, their trials, their conflicts and their unpropitious surroundings; to contemplate their principles of action, their perfect faith in Divine Providence, their rigid devotions, their fortitude, their foibles, their shortcomings and their patience in suffering. Then by an easy transition of thought, we are made to realize our gratitude for the territory they opened to civilization, the institutions they founded, the self-denial they practiced, and are brought to the consideration of how much of the growth and prosperity of this, the most powerful country on earth is due, and for how much of their happiness the happiest people of our time are indebted for what they are, and for what they have, to what has come down to them from the Pilgrims and Puritans of New England.

For a brief hour let us contemplate the courage and endurance of the founders and of the descendants of the founders of New England, as illustrated in its history. This is a hackneyed theme; but where other hands have reaped and gathered the

harvest, may we not perform the humbler office of gleaning the field?

A blending of light and shadow is necessary to the perfection of every work of art representing anything in nature; and as we recall the courage and consider the endurance of our New England fathers, let us not forget while we survey them and their surroundings and exult in their achievements that they were not wholly exempted from the infirmities inseparable from human existence.

For centuries before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth a conflict had been carried on in England between the rulers and the ruled to liberate the creeds and consciences of men from the determinations and restraints of law, and to absolve their persons and estates from the control of despots. During this long period the struggle for freedom was not at all times under intelligent direction; indeed, it may be well doubted if the ultimate logical result of the conflict was clearly comprehended, but this was rather left to be developed as the controversy progressed. The efforts to throw off the restraints imposed upon men by the tyrannies practiced by governments in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were arduous, sometimes made by good men actuated by high purposes, and sometimes the cause was advanced by bad men instigated by bad motives, but the advance of the race towards the goal sought for, was always opposed by tyrants and bigots. From the results of this great and continued struggle, it is apparent that there is ever working in human society an unseen force, a subtle influence unappreciated, which is nevertheless operative in elevating men in society, advancing them in civilization and assisting them in working out the great problems of human life. This influence directs wars, crimes, accidents and great oppressions, to contribute to results the opposite of those to which they appear to naturally tend. The apprehension of the fires of Smithfield and the terrors of the Tower of London drove the Puritans out of England and across the sea. The threat of a brutal king that he would make the Puritans conform, or he would hurry them out of the land, or he would do something worse, he would hang them, was uttered with terrible earnestness of purpose, and the Puritans understood its import.

When arraigned before Governor Haines, of Massachusetts, for heresy, that Puritan of Puritans, Roger Williams, announced his religious beliefs, and adds, substantially, these are the things which I believe; for them you may kill me, but they will live, because they are God's truths, and God is stronger than all his adversaries. If the awfully sublime philosophy wrapped up in this sententious sentence, that God is the author of right and will vindicate it against all of its adversaries, had burst into the besotted mind of James I., the vision would have shaken it as with an earthquake shock and overwhelmed it. In the order of things it appears to be necessary to shock the human understanding by some great crisis in human affairs to arouse men to the performance of the greatest actions. Civilization is but a continual confirmation of the great fact that He who rules the universe "makes the wrath of man to praise Him."

Henry VIII. waged an unjust quarrel with the Pope, and in his resentment absolved his subjects from their allegiance to the Holy See, Henry then arrogated to himself the duties of the pontifical office in his kingdom and thereunder assumed the spiritual control of his subjects.

After Henry came the short uneventful reign of Edward VI.

Then came Mary, eldest daughter of Henry, to the throne, who, maddened by the wrongs her mother had received at the hands of her brutal father, restored the authority of the Pope throughout her kingdom. The record of the reign of Mary is written in the blood of her subjects. She died in 1588.

Elizabeth succeeded Mary. The fact that induced Mary to be a Catholic made Elizabeth espouse the cause of the Protestants. She at once proclaimed uniformity of worship, and declared herself to be the head of the church. She became pope within her kingdom. Soon after a law was enacted making revolt from the church treason to the State.

The tact and knowledge of men and affairs which had characterized the administration of Elizabeth were wanting in the succeeding reigns of James I. and Charles I., and dissenters then multiplied with rapidity, and the officers of the law exerted themselves with energy to have prosecutions and punishments keep pace with the progress of dissent.

James reduced the Puritans to a choice between the surrender of their faith, exile and death.

Groups of these unfortunate persons gathered from time to time in the towns, villages, in the by places, and in the hamlets of England, to take counsel together upon the choice of the alternatives before them. Men and women, allied to their native land by ties of kindred and birth, and by the traditions of its history, gathered at these consultations. The election must be made: Could they yield their convictions of duty? The weak among them faltered, but there were there lofty spirits who believed that duty to God could not be treason to the king. No Tudor or Stuart could hold their souls in bondage, for they owed their highest allegiance to the King of Kings. The dangers of the sea, an inhospitable climate, the terrors of the savages and of a wilderness could not be put into the balance to be weighed against the frowns of an angry God, or to atone for violated duty. Here is the sublimity of exalted courage. The valor of Lannes at Lodi, or of Augereau at Arcole, acting in the white heat of battle, sink into insignificance when compared with the high resolves and lofty courage of the Pilgrim and Puritan founders of New England. Their exodus was the genesis of America. When these people left England they left behind the English Church and the British empire. Their aim and aspirations were to establish a new church and a new State. They had not yet advanced to the partition wall that was to be reared between the two, but were content to found their State on the church, and to make it an instrument in giving effect to the will of the church; they dethroned both pope and potentate and vested their powers in the church. They at first stopped at the half-way house in their advance toward religious liberty, but it was a wonderful stride to accomplish half the journey from Archbishop Laud to Roger Williams. From the standpoint thus attained other and more adventurous spirits than the governing Puritans took a new start, and boldly struck for the severance of church and State, and for the kindred idea that governments are instituted solely for the benefit of the governed, and that officers are agencies selected for the benefit of the people.

It is said that the early settlers of New England persecuted the Baptists and Quakers, and hung witches; and this is true. But in this they acted up to the light they had received, to

the understanding which their intellectual growth had attained; and, like Saul in his journey to Damascus, in doing these things they really believed that they were doing God service, and the world, save a little spot indicated on the map of New England so obscurely that it would easily escape casual observation, was overshadowed by the darkness in which they were enveloped; but the clouds soon gave way, and the sun-light of soul liberty broke in upon them, and has since then been progressing in its march over the world.

The Puritans had placed themselves where three thousand miles of ocean, with its perils and penalties separated them from the prelatical hierarchy of England, and more than that, from the Roman pontiff. They acknowledged spiritual allegiance only to the sovereign of the universe. The Rev. John Robinson had admonished the Pilgrims on parting with them at Leyden "that God had new truths to reveal from his Scriptures," and added, in sorrow, that "the Lutherans could not be drawn to go beyond Luther, or the Calvinists to go beyond where Calvin had left them; these," said he, "were precious shining lights in their times, yet God had not revealed his whole will to them, and were they alive they would be as ready to embrace further light, as they had been to embrace the light which they had received." This admonition abided with the men who had received it, and slowly made its way, and is even now exerting its influence in the theology of New England.

The institutions which they left behind them were based upon the divine right of kings; to this dogma the founders of New England opposed at first the divine right of the people in church estate. Emerged from a sea of corruption and tyranny, the accumulation of centuries, about the British government, the Puritans sought to establish in the wilds of America, institutions founded on the principles of the most exalted virtue. That they fell below their aim none will deny. They sought to environ their civil state with the sanctity and goodness of the church to attain their purpose. They were unwilling to leave dominion over the minds of men to Him who alone has perfect cognizance of human thought, and in their criminal code they laid too much stress upon offences such as heresy, profanity and Sabbath-breaking, against which they denounced

penalties apparently designed to represent the Divine wrath, rather than a just appreciation of a violation of the laws of sinful men.

When these people first landed on the shores of New England they found themselves hedged about with difficulties on every side—the forest peopled with wild beasts and savage men, was before them; the ocean on whose troubled bosom they had been borne hither was behind them; inclement skies were over them—yet they were to provide for themselves and for those dependent upon them, food, clothing, habitation and civil society. In the presence of these circumstances, darkness and gloom well nigh sunk them to despair, but when the future of the country whose foundation they had come hither to lay, was opened to their vision, a new inspiration animated them with a high and holy zeal and carried them up to the highest plane of human action, and they nobly embraced the work of founding a State which had been committed to them.

A provision for the necessities of life, the establishing of churches, schools and colleges, with the making of provisions for protection from and the conversion of the savages, were subjects of their extreme solicitude. Theirs was no everyday routine life, for each day brought with it new duties, new cares and new responsibilities.

In the beginning they encountered the problem which has ever hung upon and perplexed our frontier life—the conflict between civilized and savage existence, a conflict the evils of which in given instances might possibly have been mitigated, but have not, and in the present condition of human society cannot be wholly avoided. The Indian has retired or been driven back before the pioneer in his westward march, until these unhappy children of the forest are already crossing the Rocky Mountains to meet their kindred who are on their way eastward, crossing the Sierras before the coming tide of civilization setting in from the shores of the Pacific, perhaps to find a common grave for their race between these great mountain ranges.

For two centuries and a half the Indian race has been in contact with the borders of civilization, yet this race has made little progress in the arts of civilized life; the lion and the lynx have not yet been domesticated; the eagle will not rear its

young in confinement; and while I would forego no reasonable effort to ameliorate the condition of the Indian, I can indulge no very strong confidence in the ultimate result of such effort unless he is taken from his tribal relations when young and is not again allowed to return to them.

The pioneers of New England early encountered savage hostilities. The conspiracy of the Massachusetts Indians for the destruction of the whites, the murder of Oldham at Block Island, and of Stone and Norton at Connecticut, disclosed the intentions of the savages towards the whites. Miles Standish and his followers broke the Massachusetts conspiracy at Weymouth, John Endicott and Captain Underhill made a demonstration upon Block Island, and Colonel John Mason, on a high ridge, in the east part of Groton, attacked the Pequots, and made the early morning lurid with the fire which consumed this enemy and their dwellings, and dissipated a warlike tribe of savages. In the war with the United Provinces, in 1653, Rhode Island alone, of the New England colonies, went to the assistance of the English settlers on the east end of Long Island, against the Dutch and Indians; with twenty men, the prisoners in the colony, and four privateers, they captured an Indian fort and conquered a peace.

In 1675, Philip's war broke out, and the colonists of New England were then subjected to their severest trials. The murders, the marches, the ambushes, the burnings, the cruelties and terrors of that time, indicate the endurance, the courage and power of the men who won the victory in that conflict. Philip was cunning, energetic, persistent, but cowardly and brutal. Canonchet who joined Philip in the war, was brave, and though a savage, had much nobility of soul; when captured he wished to die before his heart got soft, and before he had done anything unworthy of himself.

Our blood grows cold with terror as we contemplate the battle of December 19th, 1675. Three thousand Indians were within a fort containing five hundred wigwams on an island in the great swamp in South Kingston, Rhode Island. This was sixteen miles from any considerable white settlement. The colonies had 1,500 men in arms in the neighborhood. It was intensely cold, and the air was filled with snow with which the ground was deeply covered. The Indians were

aware of the approach of the whites. The conflict was opened and persisted in with great courage and energy; finally, the fort was set on fire, Indians attempting to escape were killed, and those who remained were burned up. After night had set in, the army started through a pathless forest in the blinding snow to seek shelter and food at Smith's trading house. Many of the wounded had to be carried, or to be assisted, by freezing men. The horrors of the battle and of that night's march baffle description, but in that conflict the power of the Narragansetts was broken, and the last hope of Philip for gathering another formidable army east of the Hudson, and west of Maine, perished.

In 1689, New Englanders, under Sir William Phipps, on the breaking out of King William's war, conquered Acadia, now called Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, from the French, but this territory was restored to France by the treaty of Ryswick in 1697. In 1710, during Queen Ann's war, Acadia was again conquered by New England troops, and was finally ceded to England by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713.

France now made considerable settlements on the northern frontier of New England, and had made advances on the north-western border. Before the war between England and Spain, in 1739, which was the prelude of the war of the Austrian Succession, France had cultivated the most friendly relations with the Indian tribes of Canada and New York, through the agency of Jesuit priests. These priests were extreme fanatics, partaking of the worst spirit of the times in which they lived. They believed in the divine right of kings, such as acknowledged the pontifical authority of the pope, and that any service they could render the king, without regard to its moral quality, was a service to God. Acting in the full realization of this faith, they instigated the Indians and the Acadian inhabitants of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, to loiter on the borders of the New England settlements, and ambush and slaughter the dwellers there, as they were at work in their fields, or alone in their homes, to burn their dwellings, kill their cattle and take families into captivity. With these tragedies our school books used to be filled, and our minds when we read them recoiled with horror from their recital, save the terrible retribution inflicted by that New England mother who with her

nurse and infant were taken into captivity, the infant while on her journey was snatched from her arms and dashed against a tree. I read, I confess, with some exultation, that part of the story of her captivity in which is told how in the midnight she with her faithful nurse and a Worcester boy arose from their couches and killed and scalped ten of the twelve Indians sleeping about her, and then took the Indian weapons, and she and her companions with the Indian scalps in a bark canoe floated down the Merrimac and safely arrived at her home.

Early in the war with Spain the colonies were called upon to supply troops for an expedition against Cuba, and seamen to join Admiral Vernon before Carthagena. Of these troops not one in ten returned. The yellow fever was a more potent enemy to them than the armies of France and Spain. Before the breaking out of this war New England had been extensively engaged in carrying on a commerce with the West Indies and with the Spanish Main. Their captains were familiar with every island, shoal and trading port in that portion of the French and Spanish dominions. The British government authorized the colonies to commission private armed vessels to cruise against the common enemies. New England, under this authority, sent out many of these cruisers, some of which returned deeply freighted with spoils taken from their enemies. Bishop Kip, in his book on Early Spanish Missions, repeats a description of a single adventure of one of these privateers on the Spanish Main, who laid waste fifteen hundred miles of territory, as reported by a parish priest to his bishop. To the description thus given of the adventure of the Prince Charles of Lorraine, of which Simeon Potter was commander, I may add that the adventure was the subject of an international correspondence, and the British government ordered Judge Strenghfield, an Admiralty Judge, to investigate the conduct of Captain Potter. The Judge took much testimony, and reported that all he could find in the affair was, that Captain Potter, considering the means in his power, had done more for his Majesty's service than any other of his Majesty's subjects.

New England engaged heartily in this war. The French on their frontier lines was their objective point ; and some of

the New England people were stimulated further to exertion by the fact that Sir Charles Wager, then the First Lord of the Admiralty under Walpole's administration, had been reared amongst them.

The spirit of New England was too high and moved with too great rapidity for her people to be satisfied with the routine movements of the home government. The Fortress of Louisburg, on the Island of Cape Breton, was a standing menace to every fisherman who attempted to enter the St. Lawrence, Massachusetts taking the lead. New England resolved upon the capture of that fortress. A formidable expedition was fitted out, and the fortress was captured; but to the very great regret of the New England colonies, it was receded to France in the treaty of 1748.

After this treaty there was no peace with the French in America. France claimed all the territory west of a line drawn from the marshes of Nova Scotia to Crown Point, then down Lake Champlain, and along the ridge of the Alleghanies to the Spanish possessions bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, and extending southward to the Rio-del Norte.

At this time the Dutch in New York were not enthusiastic in supporting the claims of the British government. The Quakers of Pennsylvania had to stand by their testimonies, New Jersey was behind Pennsylvania and New York, and deemed herself too secure from attack to hazard the result of a war, and the legislature of Virginia would not vote men or money to resist the claims of France unless their royal governor would forego the charge of a pistole for every grant of land he signed. The governor deemed this demand upon him to be an attempt to degrade his office, and he would not accede to it. Yet Virginia sent out an expedition under George Washington to make demand upon the French commander to remove their forts and force from the border, but Washington was defeated, and a second force was sent out under Braddock, which was defeated also, and the commander was slain. This was the beginning of the seven years war, and this beginning set Europe on fire.

Large forces were annually recruited during this war in New England for the defence of the northern frontier, but with little result, except when Lyman the Yale professor and

Winslow the Marshfield farmer were accidentally in command, beyond inflicting very great sufferings upon the recruits until a change was effected in the British ministry. Johnston and Loudon were each incompetent to command, but upon the change of the ministry, when Pitt was placed at the head of affairs, and Amherst and Wolf were sent to take command of the armies in America, the character of the conflict was changed. This war came to its crisis on the plains of Abraham, September 13th, 1759, when the power of France on the northern and north-western frontier of the American colonies was buried forever in the grave of Montcalm.

The private armed vessels from the ports of New England were out with added force, and did gallant service during the seven years war.

The Puritans did not regard the war as being only a war of races, but their energies were quickened by the belief that it possessed something of the character of a conflict between the followers of Calvin and the followers of Loyola.

England received from the wrecks of empire occasioned by this war for its salvage service, the French possessions in the north and west of the British American colonies.

The conquest of this territory not only released their hold upon the British colonies, but had a like effect upon the hold of the colonies upon the British government, for the colonies were no longer available to the government in carrying on a war against France; and the aid of the government was no longer necessary to protect the colonies against the French and their allies. So that the only power at this period of colonial existence that was seeking to oppress the colonies was "the home government." In the Spanish-French war, and in the seven years war the colonies had been inspired with a military spirit and had acquired a good degree of military experience and discipline. General Charles Lee, under date of October 29, 1774, says "Virginia, Rhode Island and Carolina are forming (military) corps. Massachusetts has long had a sufficient number instructed to become instructors to the rest. Even this Quaker Province (Pennsylvania) is following the example. I was present at a review of some of their companies at Providence, in Rhode Island, and really never saw anything more perfect."

It is difficult to ascertain precisely where and when the revolution commenced. The first clause of the opening chapter of Stedman's history of this war refers to the forcible taking of forty pieces of cannon of different sizes belonging to the Crown from the fort in the harbor of Newport. This act was done under the authority of the colonial legislature, and Stedman adds that they did not hesitate to own that it was done to prevent the cannon from falling into the hands of the King's troops, and that they (the colonists) meant to use them against any power that should offer to molest them.

Arthur Brown, a native of New England, who went abroad before the revolution, and never returned to his native country, author of Brown's Civil and Admiralty Law and other works, the associate of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, Hume and Garrick, writing upon the subject of the commencement of the Revolution, says: "The discontents of America are usually dated from the Stamp Act, in 1765, but they really originated in 1763, immediately after the peace (1762) from the interdiction of their trade with the Spanish Main." * * * He adds, "I myself saw one American fort fire upon the Squirrel, a King's ship, in 1764, in the harbor of New Port." The truth is, that the war was evolved as a necessary result from the character of the colonists and of the British government, and in the relations they sustained at the time to each other.

Massachusetts, as early as 1641, denied the power of the British Parliament to legislate for that colony. The other New England colonies, as did Massachusetts, based their exclusive right to legislate for themselves upon provisions of their respective charters.

Pervading the entire colonial systems of government in these colonies, from the beginning, was a desire for independence,—independence of that country which had driven the Puritans into exile.

The presence of any officer of the crown, in any of these colonies was regarded as a menace to their chartered rights. Chalmers says of Rhode Island and Connecticut that "they were pure democracies—the former exercised without restraint every power deliberative and executive. In 1704, Montpesson, Chief Justice of New York, wrote to Lord Nottingham that

when he was at Rhode Island "they did in all things as if they were out of the dominion of the crown." Chalmers says further, "Connecticut being inhabited by a people of the same principles, though of different religion, they acted the same political part as those of Rhode Island;" quoting a dispatch of Lord Cornbury to the board of trade, he adds of these two colonies that "they hate everybody that owns any subjection to the Queen."

The Crown and Parliament of England claimed the right by their acts to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. The colonies denied the right of the Crown and Parliament under their colonial charters to bind them in any case whatever, and here the parties were at issue. When the revolution came it was the coming in forcible contact of the system of government of the old world and of the new—the meeting face to face of the civilization of Europe and America in a contest of arms for the mastery. Coming generations beckoned the Whigs on in the conflict for the abolition of old methods and the inauguration of the new, to dethrone the king and exalt the people.

Clouds of strife had long been gathering, at times they had opened in fitful bursts, but the storm of war did not set in while its evils could be postponed.

The conflict came, and at Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Bennington, Saratoga, Rhode Island, in the Middle States, at Yorktown, and every battle of the revolution north of Yorktown, the New Englanders demonstrated their valor and made offerings of their blood a sacrifice upon the altar of their country.

According to the report of General Knox, Secretary of War, to Congress in 1790, there were enlisted into the armies of the revolution 231,796 men. Of these there were enlisted from New England 118,350, from the Middle States 54,116, and from the Southern States 59,330; thus it appears there were enlisted from the four New England colonies or states, 4,904 more men than from the remaining nine colonies or states. In addition to this, the public and private armed vessels of the Union drew their crews largely from New England. The smallest in territory of the New England States issued at least two hundred commissions to private armed vessels. The

character of the men engaged on board of these vessels and the services they rendered the country I have considered elsewhere; here it is only necessary to say that no braver men ever trod a plank or encountered an enemy than the New England privateersmen engaged in the American revolution.

The French war made the revolution and American Independence possible. When we consider the part taken by New Englanders in these wars, we are impressed with the obligations of the people of the American Union to the descendants of the Puritans for the results of those wars; for, had it not been for New England men, the revolution might not have been, and it is among the possibilities that the people of the United States might even now have been inhabitants of British Provinces.

The founders of New England were impoverished by their exile. But poverty is not an unmixed evil. It is a strict disciplinarian. It chastens the spirit, and restrains a disposition to form habits of dissipation and extravagance. It incites to industry, and inspires the aspiring youth with energy and enforces economy. Wealth relieves its possessor from the necessity to toil, and affords the means of creating tastes for and indulging in habits of excess and idleness.

The Puritans aimed to put within the reach of their children the means of educating themselves up to the extent of their capacity for usefulness, and made a reasonable pressure upon them to ensure the attainment of this end.

Self-reliance was, however, the great lesson of early New England life. Without this, our fathers believed and taught but little advance could be made onward or upward in the scale of human existence. If a man depends upon others or upon his surroundings for elevation or advancement in life he will generally be disappointed, for individual effort, continued and well directed exertion, work out results for men and in men which neither wealth nor friends can obtain for them.

I love to dwell in thought upon the heroic self reliance under God of our forefathers as they boldly threw themselves upon the ocean and went out in search of and to establish homes churches, schools and States in an unexplored land. To reflect how almost single-handed they entered the forest and there braved the savage hordes they encountered, and of their reli-

ance upon the elements about them for food, clothing, habitation, and the means of future prosperity, I feel exalted as I walk the streets they laid out, and visit the scenes consecrated to history by their deeds.

If one is asked for the names of descendants of the Puritans who have become illustrious in their vocations, he is embarrassed by the wealth of material out of which to reply, and can only with difficulty from the many, select a few from some of the leading pursuits of life. Among her scientists, may be found the names Franklin, Silliman and Pierce; of her artists, Copley, Stuart and Powers; of her statesmen, John Adams, Roger Sherman and Daniel Webster; of her jurist-consults, Henry Wheaton, Joseph Story and President Woolsey; of her judges, Curtis, Shaw and Parker; of her orators, James Otis, Rufus Choate and Wendell Phillips; of her men of letters, Edward Everett, Nathaniel Hawthorn and James Russell Lowell; of her poets, Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier; of her historians, Bancroft, Prescott and Motley; of her philosophers, Jonathan Edwards, Ralph Waldo Emerson and William Ellery Channing; of her generals, Greene, Knox and Putnam; of her naval commanders, Hull, Perry and Porter; of her discoverers and inventors, Morse, Whitney, and Morton; of her philanthropists, Peabody, Slater and Rich.

On a lower plane, but far above the common masses of men, have been the sons of toil who, from youth to manhood and from manhood to age have pursued their daily labor, subduing fields to culture, building towns and cities, accumulating intelligence, establishing happy homes, and providing an easier lot in life for those who may come after them. These men, without complaint, with wonderful fidelity in the daily round of duty, have exhibited a courage and endurance worthy of all admiration. It is from the children of these men that you obtain recruits to carry on the great enterprises of life, and in times of public danger as well as in posts of private duty, here is an unfailing source for a supply of men who are ever ready to answer the call of their country to the field of honor for its defence.

The wheels of Providence do not run backwards, nor do they run by chance. "There is a divinity which shapes our ends," a subtle influence which pervades all human conduct, and

works results superior to it. Our actions do not always tend to the end for which they are designed. The annexation of Texas was intended by its promoters to broaden the domain of human slavery. This act brought on the Mexican war. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo supervened, and by this treaty New Mexico, Arizona and California were annexed to the United States. There was a secret wrapped up in the bosom of California destined to defeat the designs of the promoters of these great enterprises. The secret came out. Gold was discovered there. New Englanders and the descendants of New Englanders made haste to the New Eldorado. This new territory arose at once to Statehood, and the spirit and inspiration of New England which animated its people made it a free state. Kansas, in the same interest, by violence, fraud and crime was sought to be brought into the union with the cloud of human bondage overhanging it; but the descendants of the Puritans went there and forbid it. A good action never dies; it passes into the sum of human conduct, and there does something towards leavening its mass. Slavery, maddened by its disappointments in reference to California and Kansas, struck the union. The blow recoiled upon the hand that gave it, and annihilated slavery. The price in blood and treasure paid by the nation for universal liberty, in which the sons of New England nobly spent their part, I will not enumerate, for the ashes have gathered over the coals of that struggle, and I will not disturb the slumbering embers.

Men of New England claim that justice should be the aim and end of organized society, and that the hopes of the Puritans cannot be fully realized until civilization is carried forward, where party shall be lost in country and creeds be merged in Christianity. Human slavery has been blotted out of our social system, and the time has come when the spoils of office shall be no longer an incentive to political action; when professional politicians should be dismissed from employment; when the equality of right in all men in spirit and in deed, before the law, shall be acknowledged, and every man shall recognize that by his allegiance to the state he is burdened with the duty of working for the public welfare, and, to this end let us stretch out our arms to their utmost tension to bridge any

chasms which may have been opened in the past between men who sincerely love our common country.

Mind is ever active in proportion to its motive for action. The New Englander has ever been engaged in a contest with the forces of nature. The necessity for supporting physical existence constitutes the most powerful motive for exertion. Even the religion of the Puritans was an incentive to action; for by that he saw clearly that he had a heaven to gain and a hades to avoid. The virtues are taught in a Spartan school: coarse fare and a severe discipline are necessary to their highest development. An unyielding soil and an inhospitable climate were to be overcome by the Puritans. The savage, liable to ambush him at his toil, made him cautious, and his encounters with the savage nerved him for the conflicts of life, and strengthened him to overcome the obstacles which obstructed his progress. The example of the Puritans when their mother country cast them off, in their helplessness to shift for themselves, as being unfit for her nurture, inspired their descendants to resistance, when they exhibited strength and power, and that same mother manifested a disposition to swathe their limbs by limiting the scope of their toil and enterprise and by forcing contributions from them to be expended in the gratification of parental ambition, and by keeping them in a state of perpetual pupilage. To a resistance born of the cause of the exile of their fathers, and nurtured by the continued wrongs they had received at the hands of the mother country, quickened by the moral necessity for freedom upon them, with the fear of God and nothing else before them, they entered that unequal contest.

The life of New England during every period of its history has been a life of conflict, and the results of those conflicts are recorded with their triumphs on the cultivated hill sides, the fertilized valleys, the happy homes, the busy workshops and cunning implements of toil, school houses, churches, colleges, and the varied means of ameliorating the conditions of the unfortunate everywhere scattered over this section of the country. Then New England with a prodigal hand has sent forth her sons to build up states and empires of states like unto herself, Her enterprise and her capital have largely assisted in binding together the continent with hooks of steel, the Golden Gate

and Massachusetts Bay, and in other great public enterprises. The foremost men in science, in art and in enterprise everywhere over the land receive inspiration from the spirit and culture of New England.

Could our Pilgrim or Puritan fathers be rehabilitated on earth and be vouchsafed a vision of the land consecrated to liberty and humanity by their toil and suffering, and behold the progeny that has succeeded to the inheritance they left, a rapturous vision would be opened to them. The country they found a wilderness, in which they opened but here and there a field for culture and left it, is now changed. The savage no longer haunts the forest or lies in ambush to waylay the white man. The waterfalls have been arrested in their progress and pressed into the service of civilization; and hamlets and villages of happy homes, with schoolhouses and churches, have been gathered about them. The forests have been hewn down; cultivated farms and comfortable farm houses have been located where they stood. Here and there a large city has grown up, and the population has been wonderfully multiplied, but the products of the earth and of human industry and all that goes to subserve the wants of man have increased beyond the growth of the population.

We pause on the narrow isthmus of time, which separates the past from the future, to note our appreciation of the blessings that have come down to us from our New England ancestors; to hail the teeming millions who will fill our places in the coming time, and to lay aside for them the admonition that they cherish the memory and imitate the virtues and avoid the shortcomings of our forefathers; that they be ready to receive new truths evolved from nature or revelation, and that they will seek to advance the human race in all of the arts which go to civilize mankind in the future, and pursue a course onward and upward, nearer and nearer to the millennial paradise from which our first parents fell.

BROOKLYN, February 4th, 1886.

HON. BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN.

Dear Sir:

We, the undersigned, Officers and Directors of The New England Society in this city, appreciating the great value of your services and the honor you have conferred upon the Society during the past six years as its President, beg leave to extend to you a cordial invitation to meet them at Dinner at The Brooklyn Club, Thursday, February 18th inst., at seven P. M.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN WINSLOW,
B. F. TRACY,
C. E. PRATT,
A. P. PUTNAM,
THOMAS S. MOORE,
GEO. B. ABBOTT,
NELSON G. CARMAN, JR.,
HIRAM W. HUNT,
J. LESTER KEEP,
CHARLES N. MANCHESTER,
W. H. WILLIAMS,
JOSEPH F. KNAPP,
JAMES S. CASE,
RANSOM H. THOMAS,
A. S. BARNES,
STEWART L. WOODFORD,
HENRY W. SLOCUM,
HENRY E. PIERREPONT,
W. H. LYON,
GEO. H. FISHER,
WM. B. KENDALL,
A. E. LAMB.

56 CLINTON STREET,
Brooklyn, Feb. 8th, 1886.

Gentlemen:

I am very grateful for your kindness in honoring me with an invitation to meet you at dinner on the 18th inst.

I need not say that it would give me very great pleasure to do so, but a protracted and disheartening cold quite incapacitates me, and compels me to forego the privilege of being with you.

We may well rejoice in the distinguished success of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, and on the good and great influence which it exercises, and is destined to continue. The principles and purposes, which we all have at heart, warrant us in believing that the Society will have a long, honorable and useful existence. As "truth is great and must prevail," we cannot err in adhering to, and inculcating the moral and political principles, to the triumph of which, our Pilgrim Fathers devoted their lives.

Congratulating the Society on your devotion to its interests and aims, and with warmest personal regard, I am, gentlemen,

Most sincerely yours,

BENJ. D. SILLIMAN.

Messrs. John Winslow, B. F. Tracy, C. E. Pratt, A. P. Putnam, Thomas S. Moore, George B. Abbott, Nelson G. Carman, Jr., Hiram W. Hunt, J. Lester Keep, Chas. N. Manchester, Wm. H. Williams, Joseph F. Knapp, James S. Case, R. H. Thomas, A. S. Barnes, Stewart L. Woodford, H. W. Slocum, Henry E. Pierrepont, Wm. H. Lyon, George H. Fisher, William B. Kendall, Albert E. Lamb.

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING
AND
FIFTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL
OF
THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN.

INCLUDING A PAPER READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY, NOVEMBER 19, 1884, BY REV. JOHN
W. CHADWICK, ON "WITCHES IN SALEM AND ELSEWHERE," AND A LECTURE
DELIVERED AT THE FRIENDS' INSTITUTE, LONDON, ON THE 18TH OF
JANUARY, 1866, BY BENJAMIN SCOTT, F.R.A.S., ON "THE
PILGRIM FATHERS NEITHER PURITANS NOR PERSECUTORS."

OFFICERS, DIRECTORS, COUNCIL, MEMBERS,
STANDING COMMITTEES,
AND
BY-LAWS OF THE SOCIETY.

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OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn is incorporated and organized, to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers; to encourage the study of New England history; to establish a library, and to promote charity, good fellowship and social intercourse among its members.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

ADMISSION FEE,	\$10.00
ANNUAL DUES,	5.00
LIFE MEMBERSHIP, <i>besides Admission Fee</i> ,	50.00


Payable at Election, except Annual Dues, which are payable in January of each year.

Any member of the Society in good standing may become a Life Member on paying to the Treasurer the sum of fifty dollars; or on paying a sum which in addition to dues previously paid by him shall amount to fifty dollars, and thereafter such member shall be exempt from further payment of dues.

Any male person of good moral character, who is a native or descendant of a native of any of the New England States, and who is eighteen years old or more is eligible.

If in the judgment of the Board of Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society, a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society.

The friends of a deceased member are requested to give to the Historiographer early information of the time and place of his birth and death, with brief incidents of his life for publication in our annual report. Members who change their address should give the Secretary early notice.

 It is desirable to have all worthy gentlemen of New England descent residing in Brooklyn, become members of the Society. Members are requested to send applications of their friends for membership to the Secretary.

Address,

THOMAS S. MOORE, *Recording Secretary*.

102 Broadway, New York.

OFFICERS.

1884-1885.

President :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN.

First Vice-President :

JOHN WINSLOW.

Second Vice-President :

CALVIN E. PRATT.

Treasurer :

WILLIAM B. KENDALL.

Recording Secretary :

THOMAS S. MOORE.

Corresponding Secretary :

REV. A. P. PUTNAM.

Historiographer :

STEPHEN B. NOYES.

Librarian :

REV. W. H. WHITTEMORE.

DIRECTORS.

For One Year :

JOHN WINSLOW,

CALVIN E. PRATT,

ASA W. TENNEY.

For Two Years :

BENJ. F. TRACY,

A. S. BARNES,

HENRY W. SLOCUM.

For Three Years :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

HIRAM W. HUNT,

GEORGE H. FISHER.

For Four Years :

WILLIAM H. LYON,

WILLIAM B. KENDALL,

ALBERT E. LAMB.

COUNCIL.

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ALEXANDER M. WHITE.

S. B. CHITTENDEN,

ALFRED F. CROSS,

STEWART L. WOODFORD,

HENRY COFFIN,

CHARLES PRATT,

HENRY E. PIERREPONT,

CHARLES L. BENEDICT,

JOHN N. PARTRIDGE,

NELSON G. CARMAN, JR.,

CHARLES E. WEST,

THOMAS H. RODMAN,

AUGUSTUS STORRS,

ARTHUR MATHEWSON,

D. L. NORTHRUP,

HENRY SANGER,

W. B. DICKERMAN.

H. W. MAXWELL,

SETH LOW,

L. W. MANCHESTER,

ISAAC H. CARY, JR.,

H. H. WHEELER,

WM. A. WHITE,

W. R. BUNKER,

DARWIN R. JAMES,

JAMES R. COWING,

A. C. BARNES,

FREDERIC CROMWELL,

H. E. DODGE.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Finance :

WILLIAM H. LYON,

GEORGE H. FISHER,

ALBERT E. LAMB.

Charity :

BENJAMIN F. TRACY,

HENRY W. SLOCUM,

ASA W. TENNEY.

Invitations :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM,

JOHN WINSLOW.

Annual Festival :

HIRAM W. HUNT,

ALBERT E. LAMB,

L. W. WINCHESTER.

Publications :

JOHN WINSLOW,

GEORGE H. FISHER,

THOMAS S. MOORE.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING.

In the absence of the President and of his Annual Report, the Vice-President stated in substance that the Society is in good condition and its usefulness is continued.

The number of members is four hundred and fifty-two, the balance in the Treasury \$11,243.99.

The Directors have reluctantly accepted the resignation of Mr. S. B. Noyes, as Secretary, offered by him because of his ill health. Mr. Thomas S. Moore has been appointed to take his place.

On the 19th of November the Society held a general meeting in the Art Gallery, which was largely attended by the members and their families. An address was delivered by Rev. John W. Chadwick, whose subject was, "Witches of Salem and Elsewhere." The theme was very ably treated and made the text for graphic descriptions of times, scenes, and characters peculiar to New England in the early days. The next annual report will be enhanced by this address.

Four of our members have died during the past year; the following brief sketches of their lives have been prepared.

CHARLES STORRS was born in the town of Mansfield, Connecticut, January 24th, 1822, died in the City of Brooklyn, September 1st, 1884, and was buried in Mansfield, his native town.

The Storr's pedigree is a prominent one in New England annals. Our deceased friend was much interested in genealogy, as shown by his attention to his own family pedigree. This "Stor" is an old Norse word indicating strength and authority.

Mr. Storrs' first American ancestor was Samuel Storrs who emigrated to America in 1663, from Sutton-cum-Lound, Nottinghamshire, England. He came to Barnstable, Massachusetts and removed thence to Mansfield, Connecticut, where he died April 13th, 1719. Among the descendants of this ancestor are the late Hon. Henry R. Storrs once an eminent member of Congress from the State of New York; his brother, the late William L. Storrs, Chief Justice of Connecticut; the Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., our well known and eminent townsman.

Charles Storrs is sixth in descent from Samuel Storrs. His father was Royal who was the son of Royal who was the son of Joseph who was the son of Samuel who was the eldest son of Samuel from Nottinghamshire.

Royal Storrs, the father of our deceased friend, was a man of unusual ability and strict integrity. Charles Storrs was one of the most prominent founders of our New England Society in Brooklyn. He took an active part in its organization, was its second Vice-President and one of its Directors from the first to the time of his death. He was also a life member of our Historical Society, and a liberal contributor to its treasury.

He was one of the first incorporators of the Hamilton Club, and a Director.

In politics he was a Republican, and, though positive in his convictions, was broad and liberal.

His early education was obtained from a district school where he was studious and industrious until his eighteenth year when he became a school teacher.

When of age he entered into commercial pursuits and in December, 1854, commenced business as a commission merchant on his own account in the City of New York, associating with him in the new firm of Storrs Brothers his two brothers, Augustus and Royal O. Storrs.

When twenty-two and a half years of age he married, on the 4th of July, 1844, Miss Maryette M. Cook, of Coventry, Connecticut.

For twenty five years, until 1879, Mr. Charles Storrs remained at the head of the firm and was eminently successful as a merchant. He attained a competency which, upon retiring from business, it was hoped by him and his friends he might live many years to enjoy.

In 1866 Mr. Storrs made an extended European trip with some personal friends, visiting every country in Europe except Portugal, and afterward Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and other places in the Levant. Mr. Storrs always referred with pleasure to this instructive trip, which was beneficial to his health and in other ways. He also traveled extensively through this country, and among other places visited the Pacific Coast.

He was a warm friend of the late Horace Greeley, and one of his executors. His services in settling the affairs of the Greeley estate were warmly appreciated by all who were interested.

Charles Storrs was a liberal giver according to his means. The Congregational church in his native town has been largely provided for by him. He has also given the town a large cemetery and a fund for keeping it in good order. He erected in this cemetery two granite monuments for his father's family and his own, as well as several others in other parts of the town, to the memory of his early ancestors, especially one to Samuel Storrs, his first American ancestor.

It is an interesting fact that Charles Storrs was the first to call the attention of the American public to the importance of having an Obelisk removed from Egypt to this country. He stated his views in the public press and offered to bear one-fiftieth part of the expense of its removal and proper erection in New York.

Augustus Storrs who is a member of this Society and a resident of Brooklyn, some years ago presented to the State of Connecticut the land and buildings and an endowment fund to establish and maintain the Storrs Agricultural School at Mansfield, Conn. His brother Charles also felt a deep interest in this enterprise and contributed to it liberally, money and books.

When Charles Storrs died the City of Brooklyn lost a good and public spirited citizen, the poor a kind and cheerful giver, his friends an agreeable and intelligent companion, and his family a devoted husband and father.

JOHN C. PERRY was born at Forrestburg, Sullivan County, New York, April 21st, 1832, and died in Brooklyn on the 14th day of April, 1884.

In early life he entered Monticello Academy, and after an extended course of study entered upon the study of the law and was admitted to the Bar at the age of twenty-one years. Three years later he was appointed Assistant District Attorney of Ulster County. In 1857 he removed to Brooklyn and commenced practice in the City of New York. He became an active member of the Republican party in Brooklyn, and in 1863 was elected a member of the Assembly, and was again elected the next year. In 1865 Mr. Perry was appointed Assistant United States District Attorney for the Eastern District by Hon. B. D. Silliman who was then the United States District Attorney. In 1871 Mr. Perry was elected State Senator from Brooklyn, and discharged the duties to the satisfaction of his constituents, but declined another nomination. In 1880 Mr. Perry was appointed counsel to the Brooklyn Police and Excise Department, which position he held until a short time before his death. In March, 1884, Mr. Perry was appointed by the President, Chief Justice of Wyoming Territory on the recommendation of nearly all the Judges and members of the Bar in his district. In view of his contemplated departure, a cordial reception and dinner was tendered to him by members of the Brooklyn Club. On the 14th day of April, when he had nearly completed his arrangements for departure to Wyoming, he died, having been attacked with a fatal sickness in the street. On

the 16th day of April there was a large meeting of the Bench and Bar in honor of his memory, when appropriate resolutions of respect and regret were adopted.

The tributes paid to Mr. Perry at this meeting as well as the whole course of his life, testify to the fact that in all positions and relations, he was faithful and honorable.

NATHAN THAYER, youngest son of Joel Thayer and his wife Nancy Fuller Selden, whom he married at Windsor, Conn., in 1823, was born at Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y., October 1st, 1830. When quite a young man he removed to Buffalo, N. Y., where he engaged in the banking business. About the time of the breaking out of the war, he left Buffalo, for Brooklyn, N. Y., soon after attaining the position of Paymaster in the army, and at the close of the war was honorably discharged with the rank of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel. At the time of his death Mr. Thayer was one of the oldest members of the New York Stock Exchange, and in Brooklyn, where he resided for many years, he was well-known socially, as one of the Directors of the Oxford Club, and for the last two years a member of the New England Society. He took great interest in all the affairs of the Society and was very proud of his New England lineage. After a short illness, his death took place on September 23d, 1884.

The name of Thayer has been mentioned from time to time in the annals of England, but the first especial mention we find of it was when about five hundred years ago a coat-of-arms was conferred on Augustine Thayer of Thaydene, a small village in Essex about eighteen miles north of London. The ancestors of the Thayers in America came to this country about the year 1630. Two brothers Richard and Thomas Thayer, came to America from Braintree, Essex Co., England, settled in Massachusetts, and named their new town after the one they had left. As far as is known they were the first and only Thayers who ever came to America to settle and all of the present family of Thayers sprang from them. Little is known of the career of Thomas Thayer and scarcely more of that of Richard beyond the facts that he brought three children with him, born in England, and that he was admitted freeman in the year 1640. He died at Braintree, Mass., August 27th, 1695. The Thayers have included many distinguished members in all the professions, and departments of life; among whom are Gen. Sylvanus Thayer one of the founders of West Point; the grandfather of the subject of the present sketch, Captain Levi Thayer, who, at his country seat near Cambridge, Mass., entertained Lord Nelson while he was on a visit to the United States; Mr. N. Thayer's father, one of the early business men of Buffalo, together with his twin brother Levi Thayer, contracted and built a large portion of the Erie Canal and ran the first line of canal packets. It was on their packet the Twin Brothers that Gov. DeWitt Clinton made his memorable trip, during which he mingled the waters of the Erie Canal with those of the Hudson River. The Thayer brothers also built the first steam elevator in Buffalo. Mr. Thayer's mother belonged to the well-known old New England family, the Seldens of Haddam Neck, Conn. The Seldens held a re-union at Saybrook, Conn., several years ago, and it was attended by not a few of our well-known men. They claim among their ancestors, John Selden of high literary fame, and such names as those of Chief Justice Waite, Judge Henry R. Selden of Rochester, N. Y., Dr. William Selden of Norfolk, Va., and the late President Nott of Union College, swell the list of distinguished men.

Mr. Thayer was very happy in his domestic relations, was a devoted husband and a most affectionate father and faithful and consistent in all the affairs of an admirable and useful life. His wife and three children survive him, his eldest son being also a member of the Society.

EDWARD A. PHELPS, JR., who was born in North Colebrook, Litchfield County, Connecticut, in 1840, came from a family distinguished in the history of Connecticut. His grandfather was Carrington Phelps, an officer in the Revolutionary Army. His father is General Edward A. Phelps of North Colebrook.

Mr. Phelps received his education in his native town and came to Brooklyn about twenty years ago, and began business in New York as a dealer in coffee and spices. He was afterward a member of the well-known firm of Pupke, Reid and Phelps. About two years ago he retired from business with a competency.

He was a member of the Coffee, Produce and Petroleum Exchanges, and a director of the Law Telegraph Company. He was a life member of the Brooklyn Club; a member of the Coney Island Jockey Club and of the New England Society. He died in Brooklyn, September 11, 1884.

On motion, Messrs. William H. Lyon, William B. Kendall, and Albert E. Lamb were nominated Directors for the ensuing four years, and having been voted for by ballot, were elected and their election duly declared by the Chairman.

Adjourned.

THOMAS S. MOORE,

Recording Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES
AT THE
FIFTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL
HELD

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20TH, 1884,

*In commemoration of the Two Hundred and Sixty-fourth Anniversary
of the Landing of the Pilgrims.*

The Fifth Annual Festival of The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, was held in the Assembly Room of the Academy of Music, and in the Art Room adjoining, Saturday evening, December 20th, 1884.

A Reception was held in the Art Room for about an hour, and at half-past six o'clock all present took their seats at the tables.

The room and tables were decorated in the modern New England manner (for which see the reports of previous years.)

Including the guests there were two hundred and thirty-five present.

At the guests' table there were seated on the right of the Vice-President, who presided in the absence of the President, General W. T. Sherman, General Horace Porter, Hon. Win. W. Crapo, Hon. Calvin E. Pratt, and Hon. Seth Low, and on the left Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Hon. James C. Carter, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, Hon. John W. Hunter, and William Sullivan.

Grace was said by Rev. Frederick A. Farley, D.D.

MENU.

—o—

Oysters.

Soups.

Consommé, Reine. Green Turtle.

Side Dishes.

Bouchées of Sweetbreads.

Fish.

Bass, Joinville.

Fried Smelts.

Relevé.

Filet of Beef, with Mushrooms.

Potatoes, Parisienne.

Entrées.

Venison, Mashed Chestnuts.

Artichokes, Sautés.

Breast of Turkey, Celery Sauce.

Terrapin, Maryland Style.

Sorbet.

Kirsch.

Russian Cigarettes.

Roasts.

Canvas-back Ducks.

Quail.

Lettuce Salad.

Dessert.

Cheese.

Ice Cream.

Fruits.

Coffee.

ADDRESS BY HON. JOHN WINSLOW,

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

Gentlemen of The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, Guests and Friends: We have now reached the conclusion of the least interesting part of what belongs to this pleasant occasion, and are about to enjoy that feast of reason, thought and intellectual delight, without which no festival of New Englanders would be a complete success. Before proceeding further let us stop here for a moment to give expression to our profound regret, that domestic affliction compels the absence of our respected and much beloved President, the Hon. Benjamin D. Silliman. Without the formality of a toast in his honor, I give you health, happiness, many years and increased honors to our excellent friend Mr. Silliman. (*Great applause and cheers.*)

Our Society is prosperous in its membership and finances; we have nearly 500 members and a fund in the treasury of \$11,600. An aged member once asked me what advantage it was to him to continue his membership. My answer was that we have established the custom of giving our deceased members a good obituary notice and he had better hold on. He seemed cheerful over the prospect, and I have not heard of his resignation. (*Laughter.*) There may be another benefit to be gained by our members not often thought of:—it is illustrated perhaps by a statement that appears in the biography of the late celebrated Dr. Hodge of Princeton College. It is there stated that Dr. Hodge recorded in his autobiography a reminiscence of Professor Lindsley, an enthusiastic Greek scholar, who assured his students that “one of the best preparations for death was a thorough knowledge of Greek grammar.” (*Laughter.*) If Professor Lindsley was right, then may we not claim that another excellent preparation for that solemn event is to be a member of this Society? especially in view not only of its wholesome moral influence but of the inevitable obituary notice. (*Laughter.*)

This is an occasion of commemoration, “IN MEMORIAM MAJORUM.” The thought that inspires this gathering is commemoration of the virtues and principles of the Pilgrim Fathers. Such a commemoration is a duty and a privilege, and honorable to ourselves. Men commemorate events deemed of vast

importance in various ways. The monument on Bunker Hill keeps alive our grateful sense of the grand patriotism of our Fathers in resisting the enemies of home government.

The monument in Washington erected in honor of the Father of his country is a beneficent influence and reminds our people of all races that Washington was the embodiment of the high qualities that most adorn and dignify human character.

So the magnificent monument, now near its completion at Plymouth, shall remind us and our children of the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers whose influence for all that is best for humanity, is felt to-day throughout the world, wherever Christian civilization is known. So, too, the splendid monument about to be uncovered in Central Park by our sister New England Society in New York, shall render a like service of commemoration. (*Applause.*) In this connection I may refer to the interesting fact that we have here to-night a piece of old Plymouth Rock—a recent gift to our Society from the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Mass. Longfellow said: “Plymouth Rock—The door-step into a world unknown—the corner-stone of a Nation.” The rock, you know, is a boulder, and like the pilgrims, an immigrant. We shall keep this fragment carefully and think of it tenderly. (*Applause.*)

It is not by monuments alone that these memories may be perpetuated. It is effectively done every year by festivals such as this in various parts of the United States. Wherever the sons of New England shall gather to thus do honor to the Fathers, whether in the east or in the west, in the north or in the south, a valuable service is rendered for good government, equal justice, and the preservation of Liberty in the Land. (*Applause.*) Let us believe that Carlyle was right when he said: “Look now to American Saxondom, and at that little fact of the sailing of the Mayflower, two hundred years ago. It was properly the beginning of America. There were straggling settlers in America before; some material as of a body was there; but the soul of it was this: Those poor men driven out of their own country, and not able to live in Holland, determined on settling in the new world. Black, untamed forests are there and wild, savage creatures, but not so cruel as a Star Chamber hangman. They clubbed their small means

together, hired a ship, the little Mayflower, and made ready and set sail. Ha! these men, I think, had a work. The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong if it be a true thing." (*Applause.*)

The compact on the Mayflower was a good beginning of self-government in the Western World. It was a recognition of the fact that a self-respecting people may, and of right ought to be a self-governing people. James I, the first King of New England, was neither friend nor patron of the Pilgrims, nor of human rights. They struggled on for years without a charter and without royal favor. But they stood for principles, one of which was "government with due process of law, free from the abrupt violence of the soldier." (*Applause.*)

One of the best assurances of the permanency of our free system of government is the Homes of our Country. The Pilgrim Fathers early took steps to establish homes and home firesides. Though temporarily living in common, it was not long before on the famous Leyden Street in Plymouth, dwellings were occupied by most of the nineteen Pilgrim families. Others of them, such as Captain Miles Standish and Elder Brewster, established homes in Duxbury, and Elder Cushman and his devoted Mary, in Kingston, and, if you will permit me to refer modestly to home traditions, the Winslows in Marshfield near by. It is a circumstance of interest that the farm once owned and occupied by Governor Winslow was in later years owned and occupied by Daniel Webster. There is no part of the country where the home feeling is more deeply cherished than in New England. There the hymn of "Home, Sweet Home" is sung with profound sympathy and appreciation. When the true New England boy leaves home to make his way in the world, his affections cling steadfastly to the old fireside and all its precious memories. (*Applause.*)

The memory of the Pilgrim Fathers will be respected and held dear wherever morality, education, law and liberty are recognized and cherished. The "testimonies" of the Dutch Magistrates as to the character of the Pilgrims at their embarkation for America is, according to Bradford, "They have lived among us now these twelve years, and we never had any suit or accusation against any of them." It is a mistake to suppose they were narrow and intolerant. They never persecuted or

punished a Witch, a Friend, or Roger Williams. What others did in later years or in other colonies, after the Pilgrims were all dead and gone to heaven, does not concern us here and now.

The Pilgrims tell us of "the wholesome counsel" they received from their distinguished and beloved Pastor Robinson. The Pastor reminded them, referring to Luther and Calvin and their followers, that "God had not revealed his whole will to them, and were they now living (saith he) they would be as ready and willing to embrace further light as they had received." Robinson believed and said that more light would break forth from the word.

It was in this generous catholic spirit of reverence and progress that the fathers made the compact on the Mayflower, and established the free institutions that to-day are beacon lights to the whole world. (*Applause.*)

We have with us distinguished gentlemen, the guests who honor us by their presence, from whom we shall now all hear with great pleasure. But before calling on any speaker, I propose to you a toast to which I am sure you will all gladly respond by filling your glasses and rising in your places:

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

(After the toast had been drunk standing and in silence three cheers were given for President Arthur.)

Mr. Winslow continued:

Second Toast:—"A CORDIAL WELCOME TO GENERAL SHERMAN."

When we hear distinguished names mentioned in the annals of literature, or statesmanship, or war, great deeds and great achievements come to our memories. To find such a name we need not look to-day to foreign lands. We have a name in our own country, and in our own time, of New England stock, which brings quickly to our memories great deeds in war for an imperilled Union; good citizenship in time of peace; large intelligence in all his life-work, and above all, and through it all, an unquestioned loyalty to the best inter-

ests of our common country. (*Applause.*) I need not speak the name of General SHERMAN.

(Great cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, and three hearty cheers for General Sherman, who replied as follows:)

SPEECH OF GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

Gentlemen of the New England Society in Brooklyn: When I left St. Louis night before last, in a cold, bleak, winter night, I thought of your Pilgrim Fathers. (*Laughter.*) And as we came along and our iron became like glass, breaking and smashing and alarming us for our safety somewhat, delaying us along the route, first at Terre Haute and then at Pittsburgh, I came to the conclusion that I would escape this—I won't say infliction, for I assure you I enjoy all these occasions very, very much; only I wish I could sit by and listen and not be compelled to speak, as you always make me do.

But I come to Brooklyn with more than usual interest. It may not be known to you that I am an older Brooklynite than ninety-nine in one hundred in this audience. You can compare notes. In 1836, when a boy at West Point, I came and stayed about ten days with my uncle, Charles Hoyt, who occupied a house on the bluff at the foot of Remsen street, not far from here, only the spot was all grass fields. And I saw more of New York in those ten days than I have seen since in forty years. (*Laughter.*) Whatever was to be seen, outside or inside of it, I think I took in. And so it was throughout my whole cadet career. Every summer I was permitted to come down and spend a week or ten days with my uncle's family, so that I became familiar with Brooklyn, and therefore when I come back to you in my old age and visit you I feel that I come back to the friends of my youth. (*Applause.*)

I was especially pleased with the delicate manner in which your toast was given me to-night, for all the way along the road I was wondering whether I had to speak to the old Army and Navy, that I think I have tortured to death. But you come to me with personal compliments and I feel it deeply, and thank you for the gracious manner in which you have received me, both on paper and by your applause. If I could fix your Anniversary in another month, and at another season

of the year—say in May or October—I think I would promise you an attendance for four or five years yet. But being in mid-winter, and being a father and a grand-father, and consequently looked up to at Christmas times for a great many things which you young men know nothing about (*laughter*), I cannot promise to be with you very often in person, though I assure you that as long as I live my heart will go out to you whenever I hear the name of the New England Society in the great City of Brooklyn. (*Applause.*) There is no necessity for rivalry with New York. You are one and the same people. You live under the same flag and laws, and breathe the same common air. You read the same books and worship at the same altar. You will be one great city. And that beautiful Bridge which I crossed this evening! Every time I cross it I feel as if I were in some holy temple, for since the creation of the earth the hand of man has never wrought a more beautiful piece of work than the Brooklyn Bridge is to-night. (*Loud applause.*) Whether it pays two per cent., or three per cent., or five per cent. interest, is to me a mere nothing. The mere thought—the mere conception of the thought—is something so pure and so magnificent that I would banish all thoughts of profit. Every time I sit with my friend General Hancock on Governor's Island and look across at the beautiful stream called the East River—not a river at all, but an arm of the sea—and behold the lines of proportion, beauty, grace, strength and durability of this Bridge, I admire it more than the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen in the galleries of Florence, France or London. Gentlemen, since the creation of the world there have been great works of art: Solomon's Temple, that beautiful palace in Allahabad in India—we read of them all, and admire them. Then there are the Pyramids of Egypt. I myself went to Egypt to see the Suez Canal. It is a great work, and I give great praise to the engineer who conceived it and the men who supplied the money. Then there is the Mont Cenis Tunnel. But above everything, even our great Pacific Railroads, of which I am almost an idolator, I say that the Bridge over which I passed to-night surpasses every creation of the human brain of which I have knowledge in books or fact. Therefore, gentlemen, whether you be New Yorkers or Brooklynites, it makes no difference to me—not even if you

are New Jerseyites (*laughter*), we are all under one flag, for we can tolerate but one on this continent. (*Applause.*) And so it is that where'er you go to-day that flag is the symbol of enterprise, of strength, and of durability which you Yankees first planted upon the continent of North America. With you the home, the little farm, the shop, the ship—everything which taught men that labor was honorable, and that brain and muscle made the man, not the acquirements of his ancestors, either of money or glory, but that man himself was the architect of good. It is more glorious than anything ever conceived by the brain of any poet. I say it was with you that all these things originated. Therefore I say that the New England men who planted that idea first, whether at Plymouth Rock, or Providence, or Boston, or here in New York—for it is common to all our country—planted the seed out of which has grown up that vast fabric which to-day we name the United States of America (*cheers*), whose flag embellishes your walls to-night, and for which we have all felt and thought so deeply, and for which we will continue to feel and think—aye, and for which we will fight, if necessary, and die, if need be.” (*Prolonged cheering.*)

Third Toast:—"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

Mr. Winslow: To the next regular toast, "The Day we Celebrate," what name could more appropriately be invoked to respond than that of "Adams"? The first American ancestor of the Adams family, Henry Adams, must have been well acquainted with the Pilgrim Fathers. He came to Braintree in 1640, in the region of Plymouth, so we connect our friend back to acquaintance and association through his first American ancestor with the Pilgrim Fathers. (*Applause.*) Then you know a descendant of his, John Adams, was the second President of the United States, and that a descendant of the second President was the sixth President of the United States, and his son was active in public affairs before and when the War broke out, as a member of Congress, and in other positions. Later, when the trying time came, he was sent to the Court of St. James as our Minister, there to defend and uphold the rights of our imperilled Union, and most loyally and ably he did it. I will not speak of our guest, except to say that he shows the

pertinacity of the Adams stock and is in charge of important interests in the prime of life. I have now great pleasure in introducing the Hon. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr., of Massachusetts.

(When the applause which followed his introduction subsided Mr. Adams replied as follows:)

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: In Hawthorne's "Old Home" there is an amusing description of his sensations at an English state dinner when, in his official capacity of American Consul, he was first called upon to make a speech. He describes how it by degrees dawned upon him that the Lord Mayor, at whose table he was, had an eye to him in certain introductory remarks, and he says:

"I rapped upon my mind; it gave forth a hollow sound, being absolutely empty of appropriate ideas."

Such were very much my own sensations when, a few days ago, I received a notice on behalf of your Invitation Committee, signed by a name familiar enough on "Forefathers' Day," the honored name of Winslow, telling me that I would be expected to respond this evening to the sentiment of "The Day we Celebrate." Like Hawthorne, I "rapped upon my mind, and it gave forth a hollow sound." And indeed there are some subjects upon which I think it may fairly be agreed the final word has been spoken. Certainly, if there is anything in relation to the day which has brought us together which remains unuttered, I am not the fortunate man destined this evening to clothe it in words. As is fit and proper for one of the innumerable descendants of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, through whom I feel that I might with perfect confidence claim cousinship with every man or woman at this table,—as befits, I say, one so descended, I yield to none in my reverence for the day. It is the New England passover; our feast of unleavened bread, which we keep throughout all generations. And I am even ready to say that in the great book of human events, the day upon which the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock equals, if it does not surpass in importance, that day of wrath when at midnight, the Lord smote all the

first born in the land of Egypt; and the children of Israel, six hundred thousand in number, rose up and journeyed from Rameses to Succoth, and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong East wind, and the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.

When I have said that in my opinion the landing of the little band of storm-tossed exiles on the Plymouth shore was an event in human history not less momentous than the exodus from Egypt, what more remains for me to say? Clearly nothing. I must either take my seat, or follow my own devices into fresh fields and pastures new. I am going to do the latter; and so, if I cannot answer expectations, I shall at least give you the benefit of a surprise. I propose to declare my absolute independence of the sentiment assigned me, and wander off into a by-path of my own, in which you have no choice but to go with me.

I stand here this evening, a son of New England, coming directly from the old hearth-stone, but talking to New England's children gathered about a common table in what was, to our fathers, a strange and distant land. In the minds of such among you as have heard of me at all I am doubtless associated not with memories of the past, but with that railroad system which is so peculiarly a thing of the present. What possible connection is there between railroads and the day we celebrate? In vain have I sought to find any. There was no peg here on which I could hang a speech. And yet, while we have all heard of the way in which the Pilgrim Fathers lived,—of their daily lives, their scanty food, their lowly homes, the stern battles which they had to fight both with savages and a sterile soil,—there are not many, I imagine, who have heard of how they journeyed to and fro in the land.

From Boston I have to-day come on to New York. You have all often made the journey. I passed six hours in an arm-chair in a luxurious drawing-room on wheels. Leaving my home after one meal, I reached my journey's end before I felt the need of another. Now, I propose this evening to invite you to make this familiar journey not in my company, but in company with one of our ancestors. You will find the lady

to whom I shall introduce you a pleasant traveling companion, and she will carry you back into another world than ours.

But first let me make a passing reference to one of the fathers, the Rev. William Thompson, the first clergyman of that town of Braintree, since called Quincy where I live, and which has, in the more recent times, furnished an eminent divine to the Brooklyn pulpit. Mr. Thompson came to New York in 1642 by what is now the familiar Newport route. I imagine that he was the first Braintree man who ever set foot in Brooklyn. Nor did he come to your city by any volition of his own. He was on his way to Virginia, to preach the gospel to the white heathen of that benighted region, but we have no diary of the journey. We only know that, going first to Newport he thence, after a long delay, being wind-bound, got passage to New York, or New Amsterdam, as it was then called, and on his way met with a misadventure which illustrates both the trials and the piety of the time. Cotton Mather has recorded the incident in his "Magnalia." As the missionaries were passing through that place, in the language of the Rev. Thomas Weld, "called by seamen and in the map, Hell Gate," their boat was swept upon the rocks, and so damaged that they barely succeeded in reaching the neighboring shore. Here Cotton Mather picks them up, dripping we may believe like drowned rats, and in characteristic verse says of Thompson, that

Upon a ledge of craggy rocks near stav'd,
His Bible in his bosom, sav'd,
The Bible the best of cordial to his heart,
"Come floods, come flames," cry'd he, "We'll never part."

But it is not the Rev. William Thompson who is to be our traveling companion this evening; although it may not be uninteresting to mention the fact that a journey to Virginia in those days occupied three months; a time ample for one of us to circle the globe in. But passing from him, I will next introduce to you Madam Sarah Knight of Boston. She was called "Madam" because she kept a childs' school; and among her pupils, by the way, was a certain Benjamin Franklin, "a name not unknown in the Revolution," as Danton said of himself. In 1704, Madam Knight, then living in Boston, had occasion

to go to New Haven, and thence to New York. She went over almost exactly the route which I have traveled to-day. That is, leaving Boston, she went by the way of Dedham, Providence and New Haven to New York. Of her trip she fortunately kept a careful diary which, I fancy, not many of you have ever heard of. It enables us to make the journey day by day with her, riding by her side, sitting down with her at meals, and accompanying her even into her bed-room. I propose to give a brief abstract of it.

Leaving Boston about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of October 2d, 1704, being accompanied by her kinsman, a shop-keeper of Charlestown, she went as far as Dedham, ten miles, where she had hoped to meet the Western post, as it was called, which then set out once a fortnight, the riders going as far as Saybrook, and there exchanging mails with riders from New York. Reaching Dedham before dark, she went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Belcher, the minister of the town, until evening, in hopes that the post rider would join her there. But, as he did not, she concluded to go to Billings's tavern, some twelve miles further on her route, and Madame Belcher accompanied her to the Dedham tavern, where she hoped to find a guide. After a good deal of bickering she succeeded in making a bargain with John, the hostess's son, who agreed to accompany her to Billingses for "half a piece of eight and a dram." The dram, she says, she gave him "in hand to bind the bargain." Starting out with John, she goes on, "When we had rid about an hour we came into a thick swamp, which, by reason of a great fog, very much startled me, it being now very dark. . . . A little after we left the swamp, we came to Billingses, where I was to lodge. Here," she adds, "I paid honest John with money and dram according to contract, and dismissed him, and prayed Miss (the daughter of the landlady) to show me where I must lodge. She conducted me to a parlor in a little back lean-to, which was almost filled with the bedstead, which was so high I was forced to climb on a chair to get up to the wretched bed that lay on it; on which having stretched my tired limbs and lay'd my head on a sad-colored pillow, I began to think on the transactions of the past day."

The next morning at 8 she started out, this time with the post-rider, and proceeded on her journey. This is the descrip-

tion of her meal at the point where the Western post met the Eastern post, and exchanged letters.

"Here, having called for something to eat, the woman brought in a twisted thing like a cable, but something whiter; and laying it on the board, tugged for life to bring it into a capacity to spread; which having with great pains accomplished, she served in a dish of pork and cabbage, I suppose the remains of dinner. The sauce was a deep purple, which I thought was boiled in her dye kettle; the bread was Indian, and everything on the table service agreeable to these. I, being hungry, got a little down; but my stomach was soon cloyed, and what cabbage I swallowed served me for a cud the whole day after."

Paying the ordinary for herself and the post-rider, about 3 o'clock she went on with her third guide, who, she says, "rode very hard; and having crossed Providence Ferry, we came to a river which they generally ride through. But I dare not venture; so the post got a lad and canoe to carry me to t'other side and he rid through and led my horse. The canoe was very small and shallow, so that when we were in she seemed ready to take in water, which greatly terrified me, and caused me to be very circumspect, sitting with my hands fast on each side, my eyes steady, not daring so much as to lodge my tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of my mouth than t'other, nor so much as think on Lot's wife, for a wry thought would have upset our wherry; but was soon put out of this pain by feeling the canoe on shore, which I as soon almost saluted with my feet; and rewarding my sculler, again mounted and made the best of our way forwards."

It was fourteen miles to the next stage where she was to lodge, and it was near sunset. Her guide told her that on the way they would be forced to ford a bad river, which was so fierce a horse could hardly stem it; but it was narrow and they would soon be over. This terrified good Madam Knight greatly, and she went on, as she says, "tormenting herself with blackest ideas of her approaching fate." Presently, it grew so dark that she could not see her guide when at any distance from her, which added to her terror. "Thus, absolutely lost in thought, and dying with the very thought of drowning, I come up with the post, which I did not see till even with his

horse; he told me he stopped for me; and we rode on very deliberately a few paces, when we entered a thicket of trees and shrubs, and I perceived by the horse's going we were on the descent of a hill, which, as we come nearer the bottom, 'twas totally dark with the trees that surrounded it. But I knew by the going of the horse we had entered the water, which my guide told me was the hazardous river he had told me of; and he, riding up close to my side, bid me not fear—we should be over immediately. I now rallied all the courage I was mistress of, knowing that I must either venture my fate of drowning, or be left like the children in the wood. So, as the post bid me, I gavè reins to my nag; and sitting as steady as just before in the canoe, in a few minutes got safe to the other side, which he told me was the Narragansett country."

Note here, I beg of you, how much this sounds like Bunyan. We seem to be accompanying the Pilgrims in their progress to the House beautiful. But returning to Madam Knight, she says, "We found great difficulty in traveling, the way being very narrow, and on each side the trees and bushes gave us very unpleasant welcome with their branches and bows, which we could not avoid, it being so exceeding dark. My guide, as before, so now, put on harder than I, with my weary bones, could follow; so left me and the way behind him."

Presently, coming to the foot of a hill, the travelers found great difficulty in ascending it. But when they got to the top Madam Knight was cheered by rays of moon-light. "The raptures which the sight of that fair planet produced in me" she adds, "caused me, for the moment, to forget my present weariness and past toils," and presently she was roused by the post's sounding his horn, "which assured me he was arrived at the stage, where we were to lodge; and that music was then most musical and agreeable to me."

Being come to Mr. Haven's, at Haven's tavern, now North Kingston, Mrs. Knight was "very civilly received, and courteously entertained in a clean comfortable house; and the good woman was very active in helping off my riding clothes, and then asked what I would eat." After supper, she says, "I betook me to my apartment, which was a little room parted from the kitchen by a single board partition; where, after I

had noted the occurrences of the past day, I went to bed, which, though pretty hard, yet neat and handsome. But I could get no sleep, because of the clamor of some of the town toppers in the next room, who were entered into a strong debate concerning the significance of the name of their country, (viz.) Narragansett," and she goes on, "They (the disputants) kept calling for t'other gill, which, while they were swallowing, was some intermission; but presently, like oil to fire, increased the flame. I set my candle on a chest by the bed side, and sitting up, fell to my old way of composing my resentments, in the following manner:

"I ask thy aid, O potent rum!
To charm these wrangling toppers dumb.
Thou hast their giddy brains possessed—
The man confounded with the beast—
And I, poor I, can get no rest.
Intoxicate them with thy fumes:
O still their tongues till morning comes."

The next day was the 4th, and about 4 o'clock in the morning (it was October, and therefore long before daylight) Madam Knight set off for Kingston, this time with a French doctor in company; and she says, "He and the post put on very furiously, so that I could not keep up with them, only as now and then they stopped till they see me. This road was poorly furnished with accommodations for travellers, so that we were forced to ride twenty-two miles by the post's account, but nearer thirty by mine, before we could bait so much as our horses, which I exceedingly complained of."

They got a dinner, or a substitute therefor, in Charlestown, and proceeding thence, through the Narragansett country, about one o'clock in the afternoon came to Paukatag river, which Madam Knight describes as "about two hundred paces over, and now very high, and no way over to t'other side but this. I dared not venture to ride through, my courage at best in such cases but small, and now at the lowest ebb, by reason of my weary, very weary, hungry and uneasy circumstances. So taking leave of my company, though with no little reluctance that I could not proceed with them on my journey, stopped at a little cottage just by the river to wait the waters falling, which the old man that lived there said would be in a

little time, and he would conduct me safe over. This little hut was one of the wretchedest I ever saw a habitation for human creatures. It was supported with shores enclosed with clapboards, laid on lengthways, and so much asunder that the light came through everywhere; the door tied on with a cord in the place of hinges; the floor the bare earth; no windows but such as the thin covering afforded, nor any furniture but a bed with a glass bottle hanging at the head on't; an earthen cup, a small pewter basin, a board with sticks to stand on instead of a table, and a block or two in the corner instead of chairs. The family were the old man, his wife and two children; all and every part being the picture of poverty."

Presently, the old man's son-in-law, whom Madam Knight describes as "an Indian-like animal," came to the door, and, sitting down, pulled out a pipe, "and fell to sucking like a calf, for near a quarter of an hour. At length the old man said, how does Sarah do? who, I understood, was the wretch's wife and daughter to the old man: he replied—as well as can be expected, etc. So I remembered the old say, and supposed I knew Sarah's case. But he being, as I understood, going over the river, as ugly as he was, I was glad to ask him to show me the way to Saxtons, at Stonington; which he promising, I ventured over with the old man's assistance; who having rewarded to content, with my tattertailed guide, I rid on very slowly through Stoningtown, where the road was very stony and uneven. I asked the fellow, as we went, divers questions of the place and way, &c. I being arrived at my country Saxton's at Stonington, was very well accommodated both as to victuals and lodging, the only good of which I had found since my setting out." Here she passed the night. Her guide, the post-man, had proceeded on his way, so the next day she set forward with a man named Polly and his daughter Jemima, a girl of 18, reaching New London Ferry at about 7 in the evening. This they passed with great difficulty. "The boat tossed exceedingly, and our horses capered at a very surprising rate and set us all in a fright."

Getting at last safely across, they presently arrived at the house of Mrs. Prentice in New London, where Madam Knight parted with her companions, and lodged at the house of the Rev. Gordon Saltonstall, minister of the town. The next day,

the 6th, being the fourth of her journey, she got up early, wanting to hire somebody to go with her to New Haven, "being in great perplexity at the thought of proceeding alone; which my most hospitable entertainer observing, himself went, and soon returned with a young gentleman of the town, who he could confide in to go with me;" and about 8 in the morning, with Mr. Joshua Wheeler, for so her guide was named, Madam Knight set out toward Seabrook, crossing the Niantic and reaching Saybrook Ferry about 2 in the afternoon. Here she dined; and the description she gives of her dinner is certainly to the point. She says, "Landlady came in with her hair about her ears, and hands full pay scratching. She told us she had some mutton which she would broil, which I was glad to hear; but I suppose forgot to wash her scratchers; in a little time she brought it in; but it being pickled, and my guide said it smelt strong of head sauce, we left it, and paid sixpence apiece for our dinners which was only smell. So we put forward with all speed, and about 7 at night came to Killingsworth, and were tolerably well with travellers' fare, and lodged there that night."

The next day, she reached New Haven at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and of the place she gives an amusing description, for she remained there until December 6th, in all two months. Then she says: "Being well recruited and rested after my journey, my business lying unfinished by some concerns at New York depending thereupon, my kinsman, Mr. Thomas Trowbridge of New Haven, must needs take a journey there before it could be accomplished, I resolved to go there in company with him, and a man of the town which I engaged to wait on me there. Accordingly, December 6 we set out from New Haven, and about 11 same morning came to Stratford Ferry; which crossing, about two miles on the other side baited our horses and would have eat a morsel ourselves, but the pumpkin and Indian mixed bread had such an aspect, and the bare-legged punch so awkward or rather awful a sound, that we left both, and proceeded forward, and about 7 at night came to Fairfield, where we met with good entertainment and lodged." Early the next morning the travelers set forward to Norwalk, where they arrived about noon, and had a dinner of "fried venison, very savoury." Leaving this place, they rode until 9 at night,

when they reached their lodging for the night, kept by a French family. "Here being very hungry I desired a fricasee which the French-undertaking, managed so contrary to my notions of cooking, that I hastened to bed supperless; and being showed the way up a pair of stairs which had such a narrow passage that I had almost stopped by the bulk of my body, but arriving at my apartment found it to be a little lento chamber furnished amongst other rubbish with a high bed and a low one, a long table, a bench and a bottomless chair,—little Miss went to scratch up my kennell which rustled as if she had been in the barn amongst the husks, and suppose such was the contents of the tickin—nevertheless being exceeding weary, down I laid my poor carcass (never more tired) and found my covering as scanty as my bed was hard. Anon I heard another rustling noise in the room—called to know the matter—Little Miss said she was making a bed for the men; who, when they were in bed, complained their legs lay out of it by reason of its shortness—my poor bones complained bitterly not being used to such lodgings, and so did the man who was with us; and poor I made but one groan which was from the time I went to bed to the time I riz, which was about 3 in the morning, setting up by the fire till light, and having discharged our ordinary which was as dear as if we had had better fare,—we took our leave of Monsier and about 7 in the morn came to New Rochell a French town, where we had a good breakfast. And in the strength of that about an hour before sunset got to York."

It was now the 9th of December and accordingly more than two full months since Madam Knight had left her home in Boston. Of the good lady's description of New York I have not time to speak. It is fresh and amusing reading. With a New England eye, she passed many criticisms upon the houses, the men and women, and the society; especially does she dwell upon the sleigh-rides, saying that it is their great Winter diversion; "and they drive three or four miles out of town, where they have houses of entertainment, at a place called The Bowery." Leaving New York on Thursday, December 21st, and going eastward by the way of Stamford and New Haven, Madam Knight again tarried for a time at New Haven, finally reaching her home in Boston in safety on the 3d of

March, having been absent in all five months. She closes by expressing her gratitude to her "Great Benefactor for thus graciously carrying forth and returning in safety his unworthy hand-maid."

Such was a journey from New York to Boston one hundred and eighty years ago. Such were the means of conveyance, such the hotels, such the food, and such the resting-places. And of this particular journey, there remained for many years a curious memorial, in the form of a pane of glass upon which was scratched with a diamond these words, with which both my description of Madam Knight's old-time journey and my own wholly inappropriate response may not inappropriately close :

"Through many toils and many frights
I have returned, poor Sarah Knights,
Over great rocks and many stones
God has preserved from fractured bones."

The Chairman.—It was expected the fourth regular toast,

"NO LAW WITHOUT LIBERTY ; NO LIBERTY WITHOUT
LAW,"

would be responded to by Professor THEODORE W. DWIGHT, of Columbia College Law School, but he is not able to attend because of a severe cold, much to the regret of all. Professor DWIGHT has kindly sent in, by request, a copy of his speech, which is the following :

SPEECH OF PROF. THEODORE W. DWIGHT.

I am asked to speak on the themes of "Law without Liberty and Liberty without Law."

This is at all times a great and important topic, but peculiarly appropriate on "Forefathers' Day," for, above all other things, their experience in this direction was the vital thing that brought them here.

It was the peculiarity of the English kings, from William the Conqueror down to their time, that, with slight exceptions, all their despotic and oppressive deeds were done under color of law. They knew how to give to confiscation and rapine the

semblance of legality. That was a part of their Norman finesse and cunning. The Stuart family ruling when the Mayflower came away were not of true Scotch origin but rather Normans of the more despicable kind, short sighted and pedantic, arbitrary and addicted to technical law. They loved to hamper their subjects with the most irritating and vexatious restrictions, interfering needlessly with all the petty affairs of life. Listen to a few of their tyrannical regulations.

All of the goldsmiths of London, then a rising class and, as an old chronicler informs us, then beginning to make "a glorious show," were required to concentrate their shops in a row in a single street, Cheapside. All inferior buildings must be torn down and their occupants removed, by force if necessary. This would delight the eyes of courtiers and noble ladies who could survey in one harmonious view the beauty of these establishments and not have their eyes offended by the presence of inferior things.

At another time, a royal order was issued that the men and ladies of rank must leave the city and retire to their country homes and "keep hospitality." If they hesitated they were to be brought into court for trial. There is still extant a long criminal information containing several hundred names of gentlemen and ladies bunched together, whose crime consisted in declining to live at certain times in their country residences. Again, no person on riding a horse could use snaffles but he *must* use bits. No house builder was allowed to divide a house into several dwellings. To build an apartment house would then have been a violation of a royal command, entailing prosecution. Again, one who was in the presence of a great judicial officer *must* take off his hat when the officer left the room, and was liable to proceedings, whether he knew that he was leaving the room or not. He was bound to know it. One Mr. Bellasis was imprisoned for a month for not taking off his hat, though his back was turned to the Lord President of the tribunal, and did not know that he was going out, and was, moreover, required to make an abject apology. Again, no one must ride in a hackney coach, unless he wanted to go at least three miles. He must then go to the owner's stable and look it up as hackney coaches were not allowed to stand in the streets. They were an eyesore to noble eyes.

It was also quite a serious business for a gentleman to keep his private carriage, for he could only do so under the condition that he kept four able-bodied horses ready at a moment's warning for the King's use to be driven or destroyed in his service. Thus the royal hand was seen in the parlor and the stable, in the store of the merchant, and the house of the mechanic, oppressive with its weight and disgusting with its trivialities.

Now go with me a little while to the courts. We will visit the highest and most august, held in a lofty chamber with its ceiling adorned with stars. We will be there early in the morning, say at five o'clock, to get standing room, for the court will open say at eight and there will be a fashionable and jostling crowd. There you will see the great dignitary of the Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury, sitting on his judgment seat in a criminal court, dispensing so-called justice. There will be also the high judges of the great courts as well as powerful nobles. If you look around, you will miss the plain average men that we call jurors, but yet if you admire show and official display, it is truly a magnificent tribunal. Let us listen to what is going on. They have this morning a merchant before them, a vigorous and independent looking man in middle life. He is an importer of foreign goods and has had some vexatious dealings with the Custom House. In his impetuous way he had made a hot remark to some acquaintance that "the merchants in London were more screwed and wrung than those in foreign parts." This remark was reported and he is now on trial for it. This was deemed a high imputation on the Government. After a hearing these grave judges fined him a sum equivalent to \$40,000 of our money and required a most submissive apology. This the stout-hearted man resisted with an avalanche of Scripture texts which he hurled in the teeth of the judges and which may still be read. But in vain. We may see him, if we care to, twenty-six years later, then an old man of seventy, striving to have the money which he had paid into the public treasury on this iniquitous charge returned to him. His application failed and then he died.

If you choose to go with me another morning, we will find a divine of Scotch birth, a doctor of divinity, a man of learn-

ing and ability, but somewhat intemperate in speech. In his unpolished sermons he had called the Bishops "ravens and magpies" and had even said that the Queen of Charles I. was "the daughter of Heth." What that meant I do not know, but "Heth," I presume, was some biblical worthy or unworthy. At any rate, the talkative Doctor had a lesson from the court which he never forgot. After the hearing, the judges had a consultation in which they said, "We will whip him; we will place him in the pillory as a mark for the missiles of unlicensed boys; we will disfigure his nose and remove one of his ears; then we will have an iron heated red hot and brand with it his cheek, with the letters S. S. (Sower of Sedition), and when a week is past and while his wounds are festering we will bring him up and do the same thing again."

When the good Doctor had this announced to him, he thought it time to leave England, and he did for the time escape. In the end to no avail. England was too small. They ransacked the little island and found him and his name was added to the crowd of sufferers for indulging in the luxury of liberty of speech.

We will go but once more, and witness the trial of one of my own profession, William Prynne, of the English bar. No one could write more abundantly or talk more intemperately than this ancient lawyer, fluttering everywhere and restlessly in legal wig and gown. He had written and published a most dreary book, "A Scourge," as he called it, of stage players. Prynne was a true ascetic. He hated Christmas, loathed bonfires, and despised May poles. "He could not bear to see a house draped up in ivy." He was a Puritan of the Puritans, insisted that Christ was a Puritan and stoutly maintained that the Sabbath commenced at precisely six o'clock on Saturday evening. He called the bishops "silk and satin divines" and affirmed that stage plays were more read than the choicest sermons. There was probably a good deal more matter of this sort and of a highly distasteful kind. Prynne had a pen dipped in gall and made free use of it. When the court got him they made sharp work with him. As he was a lawyer, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was chosen to pronounce the judgment. His fine was equivalent to \$100,000 of our money at present value—his sentence perpetual imprisonment

with the usual loss of ears and without pen, ink or paper, except, as the judge scornfully added, "that he might have some pretty prayer book to pray to God to forgive his sins." The court also had before them his poor publisher, who kept his printing press hidden in the byways and worked under the friendly cover of the night. They found him out, and added the withering sentence that he must abandon his business and publish books no more.

But, thank God, these vile judgments, designed to maim, to cripple and to destroy, produced no permanent effect. In eight short years the voice of a long-oppressed and outraged people was thundered in legislative halls. Prynne had his pen, ink and paper again. He sought out the same old brave publisher, Michael Sparkes. I esteem it a high piece of good fortune that I have daily before me one of those ancient books. I keep it before my desk as a badge of liberty. It is rudely printed, with no signs of the printer's art. Its contents are passionate but now most unreadable. I can never look at its dingy and time-soiled covers without seeming to see dripping from it the blood of the twice-mangled and martyred ears of William Prynne—martyred, it is true, not in the cause of religion, but in the cause of free speech and at a judgment seat where "law without liberty" was administered. And yet such men as Prynne show that even law without liberty can not effectually tame a lofty human soul.

It was owing, as I have said, largely to such an administration of law, both in the civil and ecclesiastical courts where the dreaded sentence of excommunication deprived men of civil rights and made them outlaws, that our New England forefathers came here. It is why we are here to-night. They would not remain in a land where there was law without liberty with no existing prospect of a change. They never sought to free themselves from law. They had an inborn English respect for it. What they longed for was an ideal system of law, which by a cherished fable, they supposed was the law of their remote ancestors—a law allied with the largest individual and social freedom, where righteousness and peace met and kissed each other.

Their loyal and honorable disposition was highly distasteful to the men in power in England, for not twenty years had

elapsed before the royal or Privy Council, in a public order, asserted "the factious disposition of the people of New England and that they were unfit and unworthy of any support or countenance in respect of their great disorder and want of good government."

It is a highly interesting and instructive fact that those who remained in England have worked out for themselves and their children a government as free and as stable in its freedom as those who came away. Law without liberty in the end leads up to law with liberty. The violence and oppression which it engenders lead to reaction. There are in it the seeds of a new order and development. Law has its seat in the bosom of God; and it ever strives to rise on the wings of a well-poised liberty. When these are clipped it for the time grovels; but they will grow again, and then law seeks its native seat. Have we the well-regulated writ of *habeas corpus*? So have they. Have we freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of conscience? So have they. Have we great institutions securing these and other precious rights? So have they. By a different and even more toilsome road, bordered with prisons and tracked with blood, they have come to the same end. In view of their sad experience they inserted in their famous Bill of Rights, the sentence that excessive fines should not be imposed nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted. In view of the same experience, suffered before our fathers parted company with the old English patriots, the *very same words* were inserted by our statesmen in the United States Constitution.

Without liberty, the great forces of society are in a condition of unstable equilibrium. They contend and war for the mastery. With it, they are at rest. The great lesson then is, that good men should never despair when the law is perverted to vile ends. In the last resort, institutional law and constitutional law are the legitimate and crowned successors of an illegitimate "law without liberty."

Now, what need be said of "liberty without law"—the second part of my theme? This in fact has no existence—there is no such thing. I am asked to consider society without institutions—with no checks upon despotism—with no imperial or beneficent power standing between oppressors and their victims. The picture is too horrible—the eye turns away and

refuses to regard it much more to scrutinize it. It is the case of license for the strong—terror and despair for the weak—unlimited danger for both. David with his sling is just as dangerous to the giant as the giant is dangerous to David with his heavy arm and foot. In this wild state of things there is no semblance of forms of justice. It existed in the reign of Stephen in England when there was no law and men said that "Christ and his Saints were asleep and all the castles were filled with devils." It exists in a measure to-day in the wilds of Montana where the horse thief is captured by the cow-boy, and the virgin oak is dishonored by the pendant ruffian who died at the hands of his fellows, without the intervention of a court of justice or the ministration of a priest. Such is the outcome of a mighty struggle between contending individuals instead of social forces, with no issue on either side but swift and informal death.

Liberty or freedom without law was seen in its naked terrors in the middle ages when the theory prevailed that on the death of the king the law died also, to be revived again at the accession of his successor. During the dreadful interval there were no courts, no sheriff with his retinue, no gallows at command. The whipping post was destroyed and such jails as there were stood open. There was no defense for female honor, no rescue for theft, no retribution for murder. The timid fled to cover like hares and the strong hastened to their castles there with bolt and lifted drawbridge to defy as well they could the terrible outlaw. When the new king was proclaimed peace seemed, as it were, to come down from heaven as a bride to adorn him. The robber returned to his den and the murderer fled the country. It is the glory of our modern civilization that law is not only beneficent but continuous. It has no intermissions. Like the blessed sunshine it not only shines every day but all day, and is most useful and fructifying when its light is so gentle and unvarying that men scarcely recognize its existence.

Out of every such chaos as I have adverted to law will in the end emerge allied with liberty. Nothing else agrees with the nature of man and the final purposes of God. Under this rule of Christian evolution, every unlawful force tending to disorganize society must in the end disappear. Lynch law and Mormon law

must go the way marked out by the final extinction of slave law. Liberty will not associate with barbarism—it will have no consort with the sons of Belial. Nay, it will rise against them—it will spurn them with its foot—it will trample them out of existence.

Many of our most prominent citizens take a deep interest in the erection in a conspicuous place in our harbor, crowning a majestic pedestal, of a magnificent statue of liberty lifting a flaming torch enlightening mankind. This is well. But standing by itself it is an imperfect conception. The question comes home, Whither is the human race marching, and for what purpose *does it need light?* The answer is, it needs to be lighted to the judgment seat of an impartial justice. There should then in due time be a companion statue of Justice, with her scales weighing all things, even the claims of liberty itself, determining whether it is a bastard liberty or a true and glorious liberty, the precious inheritance of freemen made free by the truth, liberty united with law, “now and forever, one and inseparable.”

Fifth toast :—“THE NEW ENGLAND SOLDIER.”

The Chairman : I will not stop to say anything of our good friend who is to respond to this, except to tell him most cordially how glad we all are to see him. I present General HORACE PORTER. (*Cheers.*)

SPEECH OF GENERAL PORTER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen : When I find myself here, indulging in this somewhat hilarious festival, and attempting to respond to this toast, being no longer in the Army, and not even a New Englander, I feel somewhat like that shiftless sailor who was in everybody's mess, and on nobody's watch. (*Laughter.*) The Duke of Wellington, when philosophizing on the army, once made the very sage remark that an army travels principally upon its belly. If this be so, we are somewhat prepared to understand what an extraordinary march an army would be capable of performing if it consisted of the New Englanders who surround these tables to-night! (*Great laughter.*) I don't know how the rest of you feel, but as for me,

when the last dish was passed round to me—I had already partaken of so hearty and bountiful a diet—I was compelled in refusing it to exclaim, in the historic language of Martin Luther, when he repudiated the Diet of Worms, “God help me! I can take no other course!” (*Great laughter.*) But, passing to the subject on which I am expected to speak, I knew the New England soldier when he made his maiden effort in warfare in the last war. I knew him when he first began to learn that bayonets are bad things to sit down on, and bad things to be tossed up on; when he was lamenting, with Hudibras:

“Ah, me, the perils that environ
The men that meddle with cold iron.”

I have seen him in all the trying positions of the war. I have seen him in the typical Virginia village, where education and industry are harmoniously blended, where they had boasted that there was a ten-horse power saw-mill with a circular saw, and a one-horse school with an upright teacher. (*Laughter and applause.*) But that saw had rusted, that school-teacher had been conscripted into the Confederate army, and under the influence of the Yankee soldier the village was transformed into a camp. The New England soldier was drummed up in the morning, drummed to his meals—if he happened to have any—and drummed to bed at night. He did not grumble, he did not complain, but devoutly wished that the next engagement might leave him in the happy condition of Sir John Moore at Corunna, when “Not a drum was heard.” (*Laughter.*) They were lively boys, however. They believed it was better to have the pot boil over than not to boil at all. I remember when they started down with us to move out into Virginia. It was in the days when to move into Virginia meant something; when in summer the dust was so thick you couldn’t see to move, and in winter the mud was so thick you couldn’t move anywhere. (*Laughter.*) They were fired with the laudable ambition of crushing the rebellion out of Virginia, and they succeeded: in less than a year they had crushed it clear up into Pennsylvania! (*Great laughter.*) Now it was probably the faculty gained in that movement that gave the Army of the Potomac the notion of turning its face northward, and of keeping on until finally, last June, it brought up here in Brook-

lyn. That army started north to visit New England, to return some of the visits that New Englanders had paid it in the field. But coming to Brooklyn, and ascertaining the dimensions of this New England Society, it said, "Why should we go farther in search of New England?" It stopped—went no farther. It was never more impressed with the force of that passage of Scripture, "It is better to be a doorkeeper in the house . . . than to dwell in tents." (*Laughter.*) Well, the New England soldier was ready to enlist for three years. He was ready at the end of that time to re-enlist and remain during the war. He seemed ready at all times to do almost anything that would not take him back to New England. (*Laughter.*) I saw the New England soldier when he had his first baptism, at the first Bull Run. It was not such a baptism as would gladden the heart of a first-class Hard-shell Baptist. There was too much fire and too little water about it. (*Laughter.*) That army knew that the objective point of that campaign was the Capitol, but somehow got the cities of Washington and Richmond mixed up in their minds and marched on Washington! (*Laughter.*) The officers lost confidence in the staying powers of their men and the men lost confidence in their officers and went to Washington to report their incapacity. There were members of Congress in that army, who suddenly remembered that they had left a great deal of unfinished business at Washington. They were not the kind of men to forget their legislative duties. They were early struck with the idea that they were too young to die. (*Laughter.*) There were men in that cavalry that had never been on the outside of a horse before. Their officers placed them in their saddles carefully, giving them the advice giving by Joseph to his brethren, "not to fall out by the way." (*Great laughter.*) With the fingers of one hand entangled in the mane of their horse, the other twisted in his tail, and their eyes fixed upon the dome of the capitol at Washington, they passed the day in the exhilarating but irritating pastime of pounding new saddles. (*Laughter.*) If they were raw recruits when they started, they were much worse when they arrived there. As to the members of Congress in that column we never heard that their elections had been contested, but it was observed that for weeks after they were unable to take their seats. (*Laughter.*)

But, Mr. President, having indulged me so far, let me, before sitting down, say one word in all earnestness. While we may be permitted here to point out the grotesque side of the Yankee's character, his life in the field was one of terrible earnestness. Beneath the ready laughter that made privation light there was that bravery of heart which no dangers could discourage, no perils could daunt. They were a living illustration of the truth of Shakespeare's words, "Much danger makes great hearts most resolute." They exhibited a shoulder-to-shoulder courage which was born only of that discipline which comes from superior intelligence. They were men that taught the world that bayonets could think. When the captain fell at the head of his company, the private in the ranks was ready to step forth and take his place. They were men who never turned their backs upon a friend in peace nor upon a foe in war. We of other states have good reason to recollect the New England soldier. Not a battery commander that did not feel his heart go lighter and his guns a little safer when he heard that the battery was to be supported by a New England regiment. (*Applause.*) They were always ready to give us the true comrades' touch-elbow in the wild advance; to give cheer answering to cheer when the bugle sounded the glad notes of victory. They seemed to be inspired with the spirit of sturdy old Miles Standish himself; the same spirit that enabled their forefathers to conquer the wilderness; the same spirit that sent their ships out to whiten distant seas, to pluck the tropical fruits of the South; and but recently that same spirit has sent an expedition to the ice fields of the Arctic regions and planted our flag nearer the Pole than it had been before planted by any nation or any age, and planted there by a heroic expedition, commanded by a gallant Massachusetts soldier. Take him for all in all, in whatever position he has been placed, the New England soldier has never failed to prove himself the worthy son of the worthy sire from whom he had descended. And if my remarks require an illustration, I have only to-night to point you to this grandest living type of a pure New England soldier, the distinguished General who sits on my left. [General Sherman.] (*Great applause.*) And if I read aright the hearts of those who sit around these tables to-night, I know that I speak the sentiments of every true man here when

I say to this eminent guest in the words of that tribute of Shakespeare's, "Sir, we thank God for you, and so may our parishioners. Our sons have been well tutored by you. You are a good member of the commonwealth." (*Great applause.*)

Sixth toast:—"NEW ENGLAND THEN AND NOW."

Mr. Winslow: In introducing the distinguished gentleman who is to respond to this toast, I will say no more of him than this: that if he presents the case of "New England Then and Now" as ably, forcibly and brilliantly as he presents causes in the courts, it will be all right with "Then and Now." I have the pleasure of introducing the Hon. JAMES C. CARTER, of New York. (*Applause.*)

SPEECH OF HON. JAMES C. CARTER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I feel the influence of somewhat mingling diffidence in rising to address your Society in Brooklyn, for I have never been able till now to part altogether with a certain feeling of animosity growing out of your organization. Identified for many years with what I may call the parent society on the other side of the river, sharing in its labors, wearing some of its honors and jealous of its renown, I confess that I looked upon the enterprise of the establishing of this Society with some degree of alarm. I viewed it as a sort of secession, a kind of rebellion, and could not find sufficient justice for it. I could not see that you had been oppressed as our fore-fathers were. You were able to worship God according to the dictates of your own conscience, I believed, and I did not see why you should imitate the embarkation, get into a new Mayflower, come over here and plant a colony in the wilderness of Long Island. But if it was a rebellion, you have exhibited that justification which must everywhere be accepted—success. (*Applause.*) A distinguished English statesman, speaking of the late Rebellion, arguing that it was a great success, exclaimed of the people of the South: "They have created a nation." You may not have created a nation, but you have created—and how can I help admitting it, in the full blaze of this beautiful scene—a fully equipped New England Society.

You have invited me, Mr. Chairman, to speak to the toast "New England Then and Now," but I know you don't expect

me to accept the invitation. I am too well acquainted with the customs of New England dinners ever to speak to the toast that has been assigned you; and to attempt to give a history of New England in five minutes is a task altogether beyond my powers. Nor shall I attempt the partial task of painting New England as it was. That has been done a thousand times before, and in what varied colors has that picture been painted! What of admiration on the one hand, and of detestation on the other, has not been imputed to our Pilgrim Fathers? Oh, that we had a true picture of it! Oh, that the photographer's art had been known 250 years ago, and that I might now produce and hold out before you, painted by the sun, our Fathers as they lived! The cabin of the Mayflower, the landing on Plymouth Rock, the features of Carver, Standish and his company—what a set of pictures, could they now be produced, would these be to hang upon our walls! (*Applause.*)

But perhaps I may be allowed to indulge in a single serious thought suggested by the subject assigned to me, and a thought which has often come to my mind, and that is, why this stern and relentless power whose achievements we celebrate to-night—that power which in England broke down the tyranny of the Court and erected the Commonwealth; that power which is so often manifested—why is it that it so soon seemed to pass away and be submerged by the rising tide of selfishness and ease, even in the reign of the second Charles? Why did it seem to break away and die so soon in a wave along the New England shore? That great English author, Thomas Carlyle, has in one of his works anticipated a sort of answer to that question. He says, as to why Puritanism did not succeed, “My Dear Friend, Puritanism was not the concrete theory of this immense universe.” Nor was it, “nor is it, nor will human affairs in the long run ever be permanently regulated by it. It was an exceptional phenomenon, it is an exceptional phenomenon. It is a medicine for sick states, a restorative for decaying civilization. When vice and corruption in society and in the state engendered by the long prevalence of ease, and selfishness, and luxury have reached a point beyond which they can be no longer endured, wealth and corruption towering on the one side, destitution and misery shrinking on the other; irresponsible tyranny in places of power, and

hypocrisy in the altar, at such times a set of men will rise, as they did rise, drawing their inspiration from deeper sources, reasserting in the face of all dangers the everlasting principles of Liberty and Equality; who will recognize the living truth that all men have a common, divine origin, and a common immortal destiny. Who will hear resounding in their ears the direct and immediate commands of the Most High, drowning all other voices, drawing on their hearts a self-denying radius, and seeking from the ruins of false institutions to bring about a nearer approach to a divine kingdom. This is Puritanism. Fortunate the state, fortunate the nation, that preserves within its bosom the seeds of such a purification, which can thus enable itself to escape the dangers and perils of anarchy. (*Great applause.*)

Seventh toast ;—"OLD COLONY."

Mr. Winslow: The gentleman who will respond to this toast has honorably represented the Old Colony in Congress several terms, and I am sure he will represent her acceptably here. I have the pleasure of introducing the Hon. WILLIAM W. CRAPO, of New Bedford.

SPEECH OF HON. WM. W. CRAPO.

Mr. President: You celebrate Forefathers' Day in such a royal way that although a son of Old Colony by birth, lineage and descent, I find it difficult to realize the fact.

To most of this company the New England home is a reminiscence, bright, sparkling, delicious; the cherished memory of ancestral virtue. When the voyagers of the Mayflower dropped anchor in Provincetown harbor, deliberating whether to seek the Hudson, as had been their intention, they were deterred by shoals and breakers, making their passage one of unusual peril. The Pilgrims were not timid, but their children have been more venturesome. They have braved not only the dangers of the voyage but the still greater dangers of the snares and pitfalls, the shoals and breakers of the great metropolis.

It is needless to speculate on the causes which have brought here so many of the brightest and bravest and best of the sons of New England. It may have been the outcropping of that

restless spirit which led to the establishing of the early colony. It may have been the allurements of the glittering prizes in trade, in commerce, in letters, in politics and in social life. It may have been that ever present and uncontrollable desire of the New Englander to make the world better, to scatter the blessings and to offer to all the benefits that brought them here. Elder Cushing, when asked why he and his fellow Pilgrims came to Plymouth, answered, "Because the heathen cannot come to us, we must go to them." But whatever the motive the New Englanders are here, powerful in numbers and influence.

The institutions, the activities, the mental and moral convictions of a great community are marked by their energy and intelligence, by their enthusiasm and their steadfastness. They have done a good work, and perhaps I may venture to assert, looking about to-night, that they have been well paid for it. (*Laughter.*)

The Old Colony, for which you ask me to respond, regards with interest your yearly tributes to its founding and the testimony to its historic greatness. Yet the dwellers in Old Colony are a little sensitive at the way in which the Pilgrims are confounded with the Puritans who landed at Salem. This indiscriminate interchange of Pilgrim and Puritan annoys them because they claim that there was a difference in the method, purpose and surrounding of the colonies worthy of remembrance.

It is the boast of Plymouth that the contract signed in the cabin of the Mayflower was the basis of civil government; that it was the plan upon which was erected our structure of civil and religious liberty and the foundations of a new and better civilization. Next to this the people of Old Colony boast of the advance of the religious colonies. While the Puritans regarded heresy as a deadly sin, and at times were betrayed into excesses of persecution, the Pilgrims were more tolerant in their practices and more liberal in their feelings. It is true that religious toleration at Plymouth was not absolute nor perfect, but it was a cardinal principle, exercised in advance of the age. When Roger Williams was driven out of Salem the Pilgrims sheltered him and protected him from offensive treatment, but at the same time suggested to him the propriety of his moving on to the farther side of the boundaries of the

Colony. The Pilgrims believed in compulsory religion, as did others in those days, and when the early settlers of Dartmouth refused to pay the church rates imposed by the authorities at Plymouth, claiming the right to select their own ministers and regulate their own religious exercises, they were met with fines, distraint of their cattle and distraint of their persons. In their unfaltering assertion of perfect liberty in all matters of religious concern the struggle involved the whole question of the complete separation of Church and State; and although little mention has been made of it in the histories of that period, the story as told in the manuscript records of the old Town is brilliant and exciting. The struggle was a long and stubborn one. With persistent tenacity on the one side, and dogged resistance on the other, it continued until Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay were merged into one Colony. It was settled in 1722, when Dartmouth ordered £100 raised for the support of ministers to be appointed by the Court. Not only did the town refuse to comply with the order, but voted to raise by town rate £700 to resist it. These men were boldly defiant when liberty of conscience, and perfect freedom of worship, were involved. Their fidelity to a great principle was an exhibition of heroic earnestness. It was a struggle between earnest men. And if on either side, or upon both sides, they appear to have been harsh and intolerant, as all men do who are greatly in earnest, it must be placed to their credit that they manifested a strength of purpose that developed the mental and moral forces which were to overcome the bigotry and ignorance of centuries. If at times the views of these men should seem to us narrow or rude, we can explain it as the Pilgrims did their streets and lots: "We make our streets narrow and our lots small," says the local Plymouth historian, "because we have not the strength to take care of more." As they gained strength they outgrew their limitations, and the advance to the freest exercise of conscience and the freest thought came not from outside pressure but from the recusance within the Old Colony. Out of their courage, sacrifice and devotion there was evolved the government not irreligious, but non-religious, without power to interfere by law with the opinions of people, but with the simple duty to restrain the vicious and to punish the wicked. The Pilgrims believed in themselves, and none

the less so because others did not believe in them. By pure, natural self-esteem they believed in liberty, in religion, in equal justice, in education, and with high character and upright life they labored for their attainment.

The duty rests upon us to improve and bring to perfection that work, not as an abstraction, nor as an inspiration, but as a settled purpose.

And now, while New England has been faithful to the trust committed to it, while it has abated nothing in zeal or earnestness and that love of liberty and order which was its inheritance, and while it has adhered to the high thinking—if not the plain living—of the Fathers, yet it has lost its leading position in wealth, numbers and political power. At the first Presidential election New England had 38 votes; nearly one-third in all the electoral college. Her population at that time was more than one-quarter of all the people of the Republic. At the recent election New England cast the same number, 38 votes, but it was less than one-tenth of the whole. The State of New York alone—upon the counting of whose vote a few weeks since the people waited with anxiety, since upon the narrow margin of a few ballots was to be determined the success or defeat of great parties, and the continuance or change of administration of the foremost nation on the earth—has nearly equal political power and even greater population. While New England has not made or shown any positive decline, still the marvelous growth and expansion outside of her borders has lowered her relative position. But you will not say that her influence has decayed.

You may boast that New York is greater and stronger than New England, but you cannot deny your New England origin, nor disparage the traditions, virtues and the inspiration that go with it. (*Applause.*)

Eighth toast :—"THE EMBARKATION AT DELFTHAVEN."

Mr. Winslow: It would be difficult to find a pulpit orator better fitted by genius to respond to this toast than the gentleman who has been invited to do so. It is with great pleasure that I present the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE. (*Applause.*)

SPEECH OF REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

From what I have heard to-night I am persuaded that I shall never get over the misfortune of not having been born in New England. (*Applause.*) I have been struggling against this misfortune for many years. I emigrated from New Jersey at an early period of my life and am on my way to New England, having got as far as New York. (*Laughter.*) I have one hereditary alleviation in the fact that my remote ancestors in getting to the other end of Long Island crossed through Connecticut and I have always thought that, from my fondness for pumpkin pies and other New England symptoms, during that quick transit I got a touch of Yankeedom in my composition. But my calamity in not being born in New England is offset by your calamity in not having been born in New York. The fact is that the combination of the two bloods, Yankee and Dutch, is better than either alone. There is no man in the world like the one descended from the Connecticut Yankee on the one hand and a New York Dutchman on the other. That is royal blood, (*applause*)—the Yankee in his nature saying “Go ahead!” while the Dutch in his blood says, “Be prudent while you go ahead!” The salvation of many of you New Englanders has been in the fact that you married New York or New Jersey wives. You see I believe in blood, honest blood, good ancestral blood. If we had started life with as bad blood as some people have been cursed with, instead of being in this illustrious company we would have all been either in State prison or the poor-house. New Englanders, I congratulate you on an ancestry distinguished for their virtue. (*Applause.*)

I returned this afternoon from a five-thousand mile journey in the West and South and I found the presence and work of New Englanders at every step of the way, their books in every library, their energy in every enterprise, their factories on every river and their inventions in every machine shop. The inventiveness of the Yankee is an unquestioned characteristic. The philosophy of it is easy. The Pilgrim Fathers landed not in a soft climate where men have but to open their mouth and bananas and oranges drop into it and the blue curtain of the sky is sufficient roof, but in a rigorous clime, and they had to invent stoves to drive out the cold and invent shuttles to weave artificial

warmth and invent agricultural implements to conquer the rocky soil. A race flung out on a climate where the thermometer makes frequent excursion below zero must invent or die. The consequence is that every Yankee is born with a machine shop in his head. (*Laughter.*) At five years of age he begins to whittle, and by the manner in which he does this you may form a very correct idea as to what will be his mechanical success. If he keep a sharp knife and whittle the stick down to a needle's point you may know that the boy will be a smooth, careful mechanic and that he will be sharp in his insight into all possibilities of machinery. If he gouge the stick and the wood fly off not in thin shavings but in chunks, you may conclude he will be a rough workman and he will spoil many a cornice, split many a door and leave the mark of his clumsiness on many a poorly turned bannister. If in whittling he hack his fingers every now and then and run long splinters under the nail, you may know that he will be a reckless man, blowing up people with boilers and crushing his journeymen under rafters. Indeed, there is no hope for the New Englander who cannot whittle well. (*Laughter.*) I congratulate your people on their inventiveness.

I may also be permitted to say that I admire the religion of your fathers and mothers, though that religion often has been criticised for its asperities. When Pastor Robinson spread abroad both hands in prayer at the embarkation from Delfthaven, God put into his one hand religious liberty and into the other free government, and the Puritan never disgraced either. (*Applause.*) The Mayflower was the Ark which out-rode the deluge of oppression and made Plymouth Rock its Ararat. Most of the small wits have tried their hand on the Puritan Sunday and the Puritan faith. All I have to say is that if your children under modern religious looseness turn out as well as your fathers' children turned out under the Puritan rigidity, it will be a matter of congratulation. So I imagine that, as the world gets better, it will be found swinging not so much toward the Parisian or Berlin Sabbath as toward the Sunday of your Puritan ancestors. I do not think that the severe religious discipline to which you gentlemen of New England were subjected ever spoiled you. Indeed I think that if your fathers and mothers had had given you a little more

Sunday and a few more spankings you would have been even better than you are now. We all pride ourselves on our liberality. You do and I do. But liberality may be overdone. Better not be so liberal that we give away the attributes of God and the Ten Commandments and other people's pocket-books. The sterling and invincible and consecrated people that your fathers and mothers were could have been produced by nothing save old-fashioned Puritanism. The modern namby-pamby twaddling stuff called religion, which is only a sentimental mush and molasses (*laughter*), never produced the fibre that could stand persecution and martyrdom. It would not require a fiery stake like that of Oxford or Brussels market place to overcome such a religionist. One handful of pine shavings and a lucifer match would make him run and swear he never heard of religion. I congratulate you, gentlemen, on an ancestry that had a religion with backbone in it, and every day you ought to thank God that you came from a clime that to this day feels the intense religious convictions of Dr. Bellamy, Miles Standish and John Winslow, the latter of the illustrious family of our popular townsman by that name, presiding at this meeting. (*Applause.*)

While at these New England dinners we celebrate the virtues of the heroes and the heroines of 1620, I will speak an appreciative word of the intermediate New Englanders, say of 1820, 1830 and 1840, the men who with hard fists earned bread for your boyhood days and the women who with gentle hand and foot rocked your cradle and sang to you the pathetic nursery song. The winter of 1820 was just as severe as the winter of 1620. The Mayflower was no more shaken of the storm than the fishing boat in which your father earned his living off Nantucket or Portsmouth or Martha's Vineyard, and the winds that howled around your childhood's home were just as cruel as those that shrieked through the rigging of the craft from Delfthaven. The grave in the snow where your sister was buried was as sad as the grave in which the first Pilgrim Father in a Massachusetts December put down his first born. These intermediate New Englanders did not navigate a ship across the Atlantic but they did that which was just as difficult when, with small means, they navigated a family amid all the straits of severe economies and brought you through into

circumstances where you could achieve your own fortune.
(*Loud applause.*)

Men of New England, I, an outsider, take all the freedom of a neighbor and a personal friend, who has rejoiced in your success, of saying that, while you ought not to forget 1620, you ought not to forget 1820 and 1840. Surrounded as you are with all luxury in your present homes, you will not forget the struggles you witnessed in your early homes. Under frescoed ceiling you will not forget the rough-hewn rafters. In your libraries of elegantly-bound literature you will sometimes think of the sparse supply of books that lay on the stand—Cotton Mather's *Essay on Doing Good*, Baxter's *Saints' Rest* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* to the Celestial City, which rest and which city they long ago entered.

The dear old Fathers! How we would like to throw our arms around their necks and kiss the wrinkled cheeks and tell them how much we thank them for all they did for us and how we cherish their memories. May all joy fly our hearts and our sight go out in darkness and all sweet sounds become to us a discord and our name be accursed if we ever forget to honor, revere and love our New England, New York and New Jersey ancestors! (*General applause.*)

Ninth toast:—"THE OLD NEW ENGLAND BAR."

Mr. Winslow: The Committee, in assigning this toast to Judge Pratt, did not intend to intimate that he was a cotemporary with or had an acquaintance with the old New England bar of the last century (*laughter*), but the Committee believe that he thoroughly understands the subject and appreciates the high character and lofty genius of the old New England Bar. I have the honor to present Judge CALVIN E. PRATT.

SPEECH OF HON. CALVIN E. PRATT.

A careful observation and candor at this stage of the banquet suggest that I ought to state that the subject of this toast is not that old New England institution against which the thunders of the "Maine Law" have been directed for the last few years. Our distinguished guest, General Sherman, has

spoken in most fitting terms of that great work, which is not only the pride of our city but the wonder of the age. His admirable speech must have suggested to you, as it has to me, that when centuries hence the New Zealander lights his pipe on the remains of one of the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, and he turns in sympathy and curiosity to History for an authentic account of the people who were taxed for that wonderful structure, his discriminating mind will at last concentrate itself upon the reports of the commemorative societies of Brooklyn as containing the only reliable information of the origin, history and achievement of that race.

He will find by reference to the records of the St. Nicholas Society, that it is claimed by the Dutch that if it had not been for Holland there would have been no Pilgrims. In fact, no England worth mentioning, as the Dutch assisted in destroying the Spanish Armada and thus saved England from annihilation. That Holland, later on, furnished an asylum for the Pilgrim and taught him the amenities of life and inspired him with a love of liberty.

He will see that the Irishman, at St. Patrick's dinner, argues to his own satisfaction that of all the material prosperity and political science of which we boast is due to Irish immigration.

He will observe that in the Dutch, Scotch, Irish, French and Pilgrim commemorative societies the clergy confidently assert that it was the ministers that inspired every heroic event in our country's history, and that but for them the world would now be groping in moral and intellectual darkness.

It will also occur to him that the orators at our meetings who speak to the toast of "Woman" claim, with great gallantry and some force, that if it had not been for the Pilgrim mothers there would have been no Pilgrim fathers.

I am here to-night, with all the modesty that characterizes the members of the legal profession, with possibly undue humility but firmly and with that uncompromising veracity that always attends after-dinner speaking, to contend for the *absolute perfection* of the old "New England Bar." I am prepared to deny that any just criticisms can be made against their character, methods or qualifications, and boldly to assert that all which the people of this country, from Cape Cod to

Alaska, possess of liberty, prosperity and happiness, is largely due to the legal profession of the Old Colony.

If we are to believe the local press, from which we now take our moral culture, our politics, and even a good deal of law, in its account of your yearly meeting where all the speeches were made before dinner, it is not a safe experiment to allude to any of the faults of the Pilgrims. I trust now, after dinner, in the peace and quiet that waits on digestion, the assertion may be ventured, that love and respect for the legal profession was not a cardinal virtue of the early colonists.

It may not have been a fault. That they should entertain some degree of prejudice against lawyers was natural and that they did was a melancholy fact. Like the sentiment concerning witchcraft it was prevalent throughout the world.

The election of lawyers to a seat in the House of Commons had been prohibited about this time.

The Pilgrims for a long time labored under the mistaken notion that they did not need any lawyers. In their primitive society they preferred ministers and school-masters to lawyers and judges. They were not then educated up to the enlightened luxury of a lawsuit.

They had no trouble in settling anything except towns and parsons. They executed no bonds but those of matrimony, and they cut off the coupons as the country voter votes, "early and often."

They only had two kinds of suits—homespun and "Claim and delivery." The former were the product of female industry, and the latter were prosecuted by the suitors in person, in the form of a "*habeas corpus*." These suits ended by a body execution, and not only the judgment but both parties were satisfied.

Divorces were only granted by the Legislature and the contract of marriage was not a limited partnership having in view the settlement of new towns. Neither did they have great monied institutes or exchanges to seduce the "truly good" from paths of rectitude.

They did not even require the presence of a district attorney, for although St. Patrick had never stepped foot upon the soil, and there was no Atlantic cable, the "Reformer" and the "Mugwump" were unknown.

For the first fifteen or twenty years there were no courts in the colony, but the judicial authority was vested in the Governor, Deputy Governor, and eighteen assistants chosen annually. At first the people assembled with this body and styled themselves the "Great and General Court." Afterward the people sent delegates to represent them, and this beginning is the basis upon which rests the principle of a representative government.

It is only by knowing the prejudices and difficulties that surrounded the legal profession that its merits can be understood. The first lawyer who had the temerity to attempt the practice of law of whom history gives any account was Mr. Thomas Lechford, about 1640. He was soon called up for pleading with the jury out of court. He expressed his regret and was dismissed, with the warning not to meddle with any more controversies. What kind of a living he could make without meddling with any more controversies the court did not seem to consider. In these early times the laws were few and simple and the magistrates exercised an irresponsible power. The Clergy and the Justices of the Peace assumed what they termed a "healthful authority" for the good of the community, which, to use a modern expression, was not at all times patent to the vision of the people, "They did not see it," and as a means of protection against the discretions or tyranny of the judges, lawyers were not only tolerated but welcomed. While it was found they were not so expert at *alliteration* as to turn an election by one sentence they could draft a better statute or frame a better constitution than a clergyman.

We cannot justly estimate the debt of gratitude we owe to the lawyers of that day. They resisted the powers of the magistrates; they drafted the laws and charters; they formed a new mode of tenure of lands, sweeping away the obnoxious features of the feudal system.

That men learned in the law did all this, is proved by the fact that in 1641 a law was passed declaring that land should be free from all fines on alienation, from all heriots, wardships, liveries, primer seizures, year day and waste and escheats and forfeitures, as who but a lawyer could know the evil to be remedied and use the proper language to accomplish that result?

From that day to this lawyers have framed every statute and constitution in this country, as a rule; always excepting the Blue Laws of Connecticut.

It may truthfully be said that, while they are too modest to solicit office and too poor to buy it, they are too patriotic to refuse it; and hence out of twenty-one Presidents of the United States seventeen have been lawyers, and another has just been elected.

We are indebted to the bar for Civil Service, for it was copied from the examination which is required for admission to practice. But they were not recognized as a profession until the Eighteenth Century. The first oath administered to a lawyer was in 1711. After that date no witches were hung. Before that date the hanging was done at the instigation of Cotton Mather and Judge Stoughton.

It was at this time that the era of well-instructed judges, fearless advocates and learned lawyers commenced. They were the result of a long and tedious struggle, and grew out of the necessity of a civilized community to protect the rights of all its members.

Paul Dudley, who sat as judge from 1718 to 1751, was the first lawyer who was appointed a judge. This example is commended to you as the proper way to treat judges. Time will not permit the mention of the names of the great lawyers who lived and wrought during the Eighteenth Century. The names of Putnam, Hawley, Worthington, Trowbridge, Ruggles, Lincoln, Adams, and others, will be known as long as the English language is spoken. (*Applause.*) It is true some of them became tories and were politically disgraced, but that they were loyal to their convictions can never be doubted.

The old New England lawyers distinguished themselves at the bar, upon the bench, upon the fields of battle in the early wars, and in the high offices they were called to fill. If we turn to a later date, what an innumerable galaxy fills us with admiration! Such names as Story, Mason, Webster, Choate, Greenleaf and Chief Justice Shaw, of each of whom to say one word of eulogy to an audience of New Englanders would be like attempting to paint the lily or the rose. These men are not dead, but live in the light of their fame like the sun and stars, shining day and night on the ages. (*Applause.*)

To an able and upright judiciary, a learned and fearless bar and the *majesty* of the jurors' oath we owe our national greatness and our individual freedom, through and by which we are blessed with peace, prosperity and happiness. For all this we owe much of our gratitude to the "Old New England Bar." (*Applause.*)

Tenth toast:—"WE ARE CITIZENS OF NO MEAN CITY."

Mr. Winslow: I will not anticipate the argument, if any be required to establish this proposition; we are certainly not mean in one respect; we have not only supplied our New England Society with officers but we have also generously provided the New England Society of New York with its President. It is said men are known by the company they keep; and so perhaps a city is known by the Mayor it keeps. If that be so, the truth of the toast appears at once that we are citizens of no mean city. I have the pleasure of introducing the Mayor of Brooklyn, Hon. SETH LOW.

SPEECH OF MAYOR LOW.

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the New England Society: Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I confess myself embarrassed by being called upon to respond to a toast with which you are so familiar. Had my theme been Plymouth Rock, or any other novelty, I should occupy the enviable position of the debater who expressed himself as determined in no way to be hampered by the facts. (*Laughter.*) But I am aware that on the subject of Brooklyn you expect from me only the sober truth. First of all, it impresses me as a matter of some importance from what standpoint the city is considered, whether an entire assent can be yielded to the sentiment you have proposed, that "we are citizens of no mean city." I think I can imagine a candidate for office comparing the City of Brooklyn with the City of New York, and reflecting that in New York they not only have four Police Commissioners, but at times enjoy a commissioner in duplicate, thinking that in our own town, which gets along with a single Police Commissioner, and gets along with him, as I think, very well, is almost too mean a place to reside in. On the other hand, when we

reflect that our park in reality is the people's pleasure ground, we need indulge in no regrets that we have not been arrested for being found driving in the park with flowers in our hands. As this is probably the last dinner of the year, it may not be out of place for me to give an account of my stewardship in the matter of after-dinner speeches where they have been delivered on the other side of the river. At the dinner of the German Society I had the pleasure of meeting the Mayor of New York, who suggested to the assembled company that Brooklyn might some day be annexed to the First Ward of that city, and I had the honor of pointing out to him by an illustration the terms upon which any such compact would be considered on our part. I pointed out that it was well known that as a matter of privilege, itself sufficient for any expenditure involved, we had allowed the inhabitants of New York to join with us in constructing the Bridge to the extent of paying one-third of the bills, but that no one had ever heard of the New York Bridge, while the fame of the Brooklyn Bridge had encircled the globe. (*Applause.*) As I stated on that occasion we claim the ownership of the structure two-thirds by right of payment and one-third by virtue of our modesty (*laughter*), and I think the verdict there was that there was "nothing mean about me" (*laughter*) as the representative of the city. At the Jewelers' dinner, being called upon to respond for our city, I took the opportunity of pointing out in the terms of that craft the relation which the two cities held to each other as I conceived it, and suggested to the jewelers that as one looked upon the Bridge at night, with its double string of electric lights shining like diamonds in the darkness, it seemed inevitable to me to compare the City of New York in its relation to Brooklyn to the brilliant pendant which hangs from the neck of some fair lady. (*Applause.*) It is manifest, of course, that the life and the beauty are resident in Brooklyn, while our neighbor across the river is well enough as an ornament. On this occasion, also, I believe it was conceded that as the representative of the city "there was nothing mean about me." Later, at St. Andrew's dinner, I was obliged to cope with the question from another standpoint. It seemed impossible to do honor to that occasion without in some way connecting Brooklyn and her glory with the achievements of the Scotch, and I threw out the

query as a matter of some interest whether it really were a Scotchman that appeared, the other morning, at the entrance of the Bridge and asked the toll taker what the fare was in the cars and, being told five cents, he said: "I'll give you three." If that were a Scotchman there seemed to be a great many Scotch in the two cities. But seriously, we have here in Brooklyn a city in which we may justly delight and a community of which we may justly be proud. The normal condition of the human mind appears to be to dwell, as each moment passes, on the things that are lacking to complete its satisfaction and it is well at intervals to take a broader survey of things for the purpose of forming a juster estimate of what has been accomplished. It is easy, for example, to say that Brooklyn has not a public library nor a free art gallery nor many statues ornamenting its public squares; that its streets, in many cases, are poorly paved and that this thing is lacking or that; but if we wish to apprehend correctly the quality of the city and the genius of the people who live here we must turn our thoughts rather to the things that we have than to those we have not. In this connection I would remind you that it is just fifty years this year since Brooklyn became a city, and in this short period the people of Brooklyn have erected a city large enough to accommodate comfortably nearly 700,000 people. They have provided it with the best water to be had in any city of the country—water so good, as I hear recently from Kentucky, that it is the only brand known there which does not spoil the whiskey in the mixing. They have built a park of generous dimensions, and have connected it with the sea by a driveway destined to become one of the famous avenues of the world. They have laid out and paved more miles of streets than are paved in the great metropolitan city across the river, possibly without including the annexed district above the Harlem. These streets are in the main well sewered and too well gaspiped. Our public buildings are by no means discreditable, although constructed on a scale too small for the great growth that we have enjoyed. And, last of all, we have borne the greatest part of the burden in connection with the Bridge which joins us with New York—a bridge upon which I never look without being reminded of the saying attributed to Oscar Wilde: That of all the specimens of architecture or construc-

tion which he saw in the United States, none appeared to him as beautiful—excepting the bridges from which he drew the inference; pre-eminently true, as I think, of our bridge—that the lines of the greatest strength were the lines of the greatest beauty. (*Applause.*) This survey will have suggested to you what is familiar enough to you all—that the growth of the city is a marvelous growth for so short a period, and it remains true of the people of Brooklyn that they have accomplished it all. Two incidents in our career strike me as somewhat typical of our Brooklyn character: The City Hall, as originally laid out, was to cover the whole triangle now included in the City Hall grounds. Upon this scale it was begun, but a fear that it was too large induced the people of that day to change it to its present size. As I believe the existing City Hall was built out of the material which formed the first story of the earlier structure. How much better it would have been if the original design had been adhered to. Again, when the park was to be built, the courage to design was present, but faith in the future of the city seemed to have halted midway. Those instances make me believe that what Brooklyn needs, is for all her citizens to think of her in the spirit of the sentiment you have committed to me this evening: “We are citizens of no mean city.” Thinking in that spirit, we should have courage to go to the end upon that belief. Instances might be multiplied almost without limit, where foresighted plans, based on confidence in the city, have been brought to naught by the timidity or shortsightedness of those who took counsel of their fears. We all of us need to have more faith in Brooklyn. I sometimes feel that Brooklyn men themselves are responsible for the low range of values in the city as compared with the value of real estate in New York, those who have the lending of money in Brooklyn taking such conservative view of the prospects of property here. It seems to me that what we want to learn from our history as a city is to believe that Brooklyn is a great city with a great future, and is to be justly dealt with in the present only by citizens who will in all respects devise and carry into execution liberal things. (*Applause.*) We want a public library and many other attractions incident to the life of a large community. (*Applause.*) Brooklyn is justly entitled, as I think, to look to her men of wealth for the accomplishment

of some of these things as well as to the tax levy. I can only touch upon one other characteristic of the place, one to my mind full of hope for the future, and that is the spirit of independence which has marked her people in the political contests of recent times. (*Applause.*) Whatever may be the temporary consequences of such action, no man can doubt that in the broad sense it bodes well for the town. Brooklyn, as I recall, is the only large city where the spirit of independence was strong enough in the minds of the people to separate broadly between local and national issues. The City of Philadelphia holding its election in the Spring found everything locally overslaughed by the exigencies of the approaching Presidential election. The City of Boston holding its municipal election immediately after the contest found the rancors of election day in November working themselves out at the polls in December. No doubt it is largely owing to the fact the critical moment came in Brooklyn a full year in advance of the Presidential election that we ourselves escaped the decision of local questions upon national issues. But the fact remains of substantial importance to our history as a city. Meanwhile we can learn, I think, from the experience of Philadelphia and of Boston—not to speak of the recent experience of New York—that everything which legislation can do to make possible a broad division between local and national questions ought to be done. The best suggestions which I have heard upon this point is to make the term of our Governor four years in length, as it is in the State of Pennsylvania, and provide for the election of the Governor and President in the alternate even years, and for local elections in the odd years. By this method there will never be an important local election coincident with an important State or national contest, while the manifest objections to separate charter elections, held at other times than in November, will be completely overcome.

Gentlemen, I thank you for your courtesy, and assure you that Brooklyn looks to you and to all her people to see that her reputation becomes more brilliant every year. (*Loud applause.*)

Mr. Winslow:—We were hoping to hear from the representatives of our Sister Societies in Brooklyn, and from the Presi-

dent of The New England Society in the City of New York. But this is Saturday night, and near midnight. After what Dr. Talmage has told us of the earnest piety of the Pilgrim Fathers it might not be well with us to impinge upon Sunday morning; if we do we may be shadowed by the Fathers aforesaid or their representative ghosts. We feel obliged therefore to ask our friends whom we cannot now hear to send in the good speeches they would make and we promise to print.

As requested, Mr. Hunter and Mr. Sullivan have kindly furnished their addresses.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN W. HUNTER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society: On behalf of the St. Nicholas Society of Nassau Island I return my cordial acknowledgments for the honor which you have paid us this evening.

After the flow of eloquence which has fallen from the lips of the speakers to the toasts of this festival, it is with great diffidence that I shall attempt to express the few words I have to offer. What can be said on an occasion like this but words of congratulation and thankfulness—not, perhaps, that the Pilgrims did not stay on Plymouth Rock, but that we have room and space enough for all who come.

The Hollanders came here first, and they came to stay. The rich farming lands of Long Island and the valleys of the Hudson and of the Mohawk had supreme attractions for them, and their descendants are to be found in the same localities to the present day. They are not given to much speaking; indeed their most famous man in history was surnamed “The Silent.” They do not even tell of their own virtues, being perfectly content to practice them. They lived quiet and contented lives, happy in their possessions, until interfered with and disturbed by these roving Pilgrims.

Orators have asked, “Shall we ever hear the last of the Mayflower and of Plymouth Rock?” These Pilgrims seem never to have rested in their pilgrimage. They are ever on the move, invading all places and peoples. They are as universal as the Irishman, and he is everywhere. They seem to have great fondness for Plymouth Rock, but few of them stay near

it. But the Mayflower is the ever-blooming theme—the bed of sweet-scented roses, giving fragrance to every movement. Her cabins were small, yet she is said to have brought over more tables, chairs and spinning wheels, etc., than would freight a half dozen of the largest ships of the present day, and the search for these articles of ancient memory is still active and persistent, and often quite successful!

The living freight of this little shallop has made its mark upon the world at large; not they alone—the mixture of races was needed to make a great, new and blended people to form the character of the nation that was to be and happily now is; a nation not born in a day, but sturdy and strong in its early manhood, free and independent. May they prove worthy of their privileges and prosperity!

SPEECH OF WM. SULLIVAN.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society: I thank you, in the name of the St. Patrick Society, for your courteous invitation, and for your cordial welcome and genial hospitality. And in behalf of its members I sincerely congratulate you on the prosperous condition of your Society, and assure you that they all desire, as earnestly as you do, that the good feeling which exists between the two Societies will always continue.

After listening to so many eloquent speeches about the indestructibility of Plymouth Rock, the absolute perfection of the Temple of Liberty of which it is the corner stone, and the divine wisdom and superhuman virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers whose memories are perpetuated by such an enduring monument, I feel that you, their virtuous descendants, ought to be perfectly satisfied with yourselves. As modesty is the predominant characteristic of an Irishman whenever he finds himself in the company of Yankees, I shall not now undertake to prove that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers could never have developed into twenty millions of shrewd Yankees without the assistance of the Irish, and that consequently the modern Yankee is simply an Irishman evolved. And besides, I labor under the disadvantage of being to-night three thousand miles farther from Blarney Castle than from Plymouth Rock, and it would take me until St. Patrick's day to travel that distance.

I find that the Yankee is always on the best of terms with himself as well as with everybody else. I suppose that is because he possesses a good conscience. Well, a good conscience is something worth having at this late hour, for a sound, refreshing sleep is the best preparation possible for an observance of the Sabbath after the manner of your pious ancestors.

Before concluding, I invoke the benediction of St. Patrick on this Society, on all the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, on all the natives of New England, and on all the stray Yankees who have the misfortune of not being born in New England.

Gentlemen, I shall not detain you any longer. I bid you good night, and wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

WITCHES IN SALEM AND ELSEWHERE.

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

"I am a man," the Roman Terence said, "and I am indifferent to nothing human." We are New Englanders and to nothing that pertains to the history of New England can we be indifferent. Certainly we cannot be to that series of events of which "Salem Witchcraft" was the crowning misery and shame. There is no other passage in the history of our early home that is so pathetic as this, so pitiful, so tragical. Perhaps for an occasion like the present, meant to be bright and joyous, if I had chosen my own subject it would have been of a more genial character. But I will not doubt the wisdom of your Committee who say to one man "Go" and he goeth, and to another "Come" and he cometh, and to a third, "Do this" and he doeth it. But if I bring a death's head to the feast it is exactly in the spirit of those old Egyptians who are credited with doing so, not to impede the gaiety but to make it more abound. For certainly the first and last impression we derive from studying the subject of "Witches in Salem and Elsewhere" is that it is better to be living here and now, than in the good old times for which so many sigh. A "preparatory lecture" for Thanksgiving could not have a better theme than this.

My purpose is the simplest possible. It is, in the first place, to refresh your recollection of the circumstances of Salem Witchcraft, and then to see how this delusion was related to the general intelligence and spirit of the time; if haply we may judge what special ignominy should attach to the community that contained within itself the possibility of events so horrible to the imagination, so chilling to the heart.

Fortunately for those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the facts, they are set forth in Upham's "Salem Witchcraft with an account of Salem Village," with the greatest fullness. My first acquaintance with these noble volumes was in 1867 when they first appeared. I read them

"In a tumultuous privacy of storm,"

beginning early in the day and reading all day long and far into the night till, with a throbbing brain and bursting heart, I reached the

final page, half fancying that the roaring wind and driving rain outside were the racket of some witches' company or the intolerable plaint of those—a countless multitude—for whom a belief in witchcraft, and its attending ills, had made this pleasant earth a veritable hell. Mr. Upham's account of Salem village, which consumes more than three hundred pages of his book, is of the first importance to a perfect understanding of the principal matter in hand. In the first place it relieves the Salem of our time of much though not of all the odium of the delusion. For the Salem of our time is not a lineal descendent of the Salem Village of 1692, as even Longfellow apparently conceived in his "New England Tragedies."

" 'Twas but a village then; the good man ploughed
His ample acres under sun and cloud;
The good wife at her door-step sat and spun,
And gossiped with her neighbors in the sun."

The Salem village of 1692 is Danvers now, with Putnamville and Tapleville and Danvers Plains. Salem is several miles away, and to the great delusion it contributed none of the original elements, three only of the twenty put to death, and none of "the afflicted children." But this correction is a little matter in comparison with the light which Mr. Upham's history of Salem Village throws upon the sources of the delusion, and the streams that fed its turbid flow. If it is true, as Herbert Spencer thinks, that every cause has more than one effect, do we Hibernicize when we declare that every effect has more than one cause? Certainly the causes of all considerable social movements are much less simple than the careless are inclined to think, and they are rooted in a much deeper past. For the beginning of the French Revolution Louis Blanc went back to the Council of Trent in 1545, and that was not too far. Salem Witchcraft was a foul tarn that drew its slimy waters in from many a fetid swamp and many a dark ravine; from an immemorial and world-wide superstition first of all; then from the special doctrines of religion current at the time; then from the local situation, its meagre settlements, its lonely roads, its gloomy forests, its terrors of the savage foe, its great outlying region of the unexplored impinging on the narrow tract which fifty years of painful labor had subdued to scanty cultivation; then from the animosities that sprung up, as naturally as fire-weed from burned-over land, from the conflicting claims of rural settlements; then from the parish bickerings of twenty years; and finally, when all of these conspiring circumstances with oppressive taxes and general political uneasiness had done their worst, the afflicted children brought their increment of folly

and pretense, and the Rev. Samuel Parris his inquisitorial temper and Justice Hathorne his infuriate zeal. The wonder is that only twenty suffered shameful death; that only a few hundred were imprisoned, and that the terror raged for so short a time. If hundreds had been put to death and thousands had been put in prison, it would not begin to be so strange.

In 1692, but little more than half a century had passed since the first grant, in this vicinity, had been made to Gov. Endicott, his many-acred Orchard Farm. But other grants soon followed, and before the day of wrath there had been rescued from the wilderness a score of goodly farms, that nourished a community of exceptionally earnest, thrifty, self-respecting men and women. There were giants in those days. John Putnam and his stalwart sons, Thomas, Nathaniel, and John, broke up their original farms into still ample ones for their children, and others did the same, and comfort and prosperity increased. There was a patriarchal aspect to the time. The Putnams, the Nourses, the Porters, the Hutchinsons, and their friends and neighbors had their women-servants in the house, their men-servants and slaves in wood and field. It had its picture-side; the women capped and kerchiefed tidily; the men broad-collared and high-booted, with sword or rapier upon hip or thigh; their hats, like all their ways in public and in private, steeple-crowned. The situation was poetic and idyllic, but it did not exempt those excellent, God-fearing villagers from any of the frailties and misfortunes which pertain to man as man. Indeed there were conspicuous elements that had in them an immense potentiality of ill. In 1658 the General Court had created the town of Topsfield, including in its limits lands that had been a part of Salem village. The new town, thus created, went so far as to dispute the private ownership of lands and buildings to which the title had been given by the town of Salem. What came of this outrageous business a single instance will suffice to show. John Putnam, second of his line, found Topsfield men upon his land engaged in cutting down a tree. Thinking much, but saying little, he went home, but in a few days returned with sons and nephews in full force, and bade them chop away. The men of Topsfield heard the falling trees and came and asked him what he was about. "Felling his trees," he said, "and would go on until next March." "What! by violence?" "Ay, by violence, and they could sue him if they liked." Here was a sample quarrel. There were many such originating from the same prolific soil. They fell into the ground and died, but afterward they bore much fruit. The fierce heat of the witchcraft madness warmed them

into life, and they sprang up exuding poisonous suspicions, and casting baleful shadows upon blameless lives.

Another element that portended nothing good to Salem village was its ecclesiastical experience. The villagers were so far from Salem that they desired a separate church organization. This the mother-church in Salem-town refused, hating to lose their tithes, but it allowed them to build a meeting-house and employ a minister. The meeting-house was only "thirty-four feet long, twenty-eight feet broad, and sixteen feet between the joists," but it was big with possibilities of future ill. The first minister was settled without unanimity, and retained from year to year in spite of steadily increasing alienation. Nathaniel Putnam and others thought "he could not prove his call." There was charge and counter-charge. There was accusation and defense. He neglected family prayers according to the opposition. But his friends declared that he did not and that on week-days he often repeated his sermons of the previous Sabbath to his family! And still the hardness of the opposition did not melt. The mother-church endorsed him and the General Court, but it was all in vain. The village patty-pan was in a state of liveliest ebullition. The air was full of mutual recrimination. Mr. Bailey was remarkable for his adhesive quality, but at length he concluded to retire. It was too late, for the root of bitterness had struck a fibre into every house and home. So nourished, it went on from year to year breeding a noxious life that was a factor of no slight importance in the times that tried men's souls.

In an evil hour, George Burroughs, who had been preaching in the Maine district, consented to be the successor of Mr. Bayley. Inevitably it was foreordained that Mr. Bayley's friends should be his enemies. The parish bickering went on. Thomas Putnam, Jr., and Bayley had married sisters. Hence the lost cause of Bayley centred in Putnam's house, a fact that meant the death of Mr. Burroughs for the crime of witchcraft in due season. His troubles had begun before he came to Salem village. Once there, "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster," till, his wife dying, he could not meet her funeral charges, his salary having been withheld. Arrested for the debt, the case was finally withdrawn, and he made haste to get away from Salem village to the savages of Casco Bay, there to await the crowning misery of his life.

This was in 1683. The next minister was Deodat Lawson. The mother-church advised the villagers to desist from ordaining him "till their spirits were better quieted and composed." Despairing of this consummation Mr. Lawson took himself off in 1687. For

three years he had been scholarly and eloquent in vain. He too contributed his quota to the impending crisis. His wife and child had died during his ministry—events that were economized by the afflicted children—and he came back to strengthen his successor's hands against the witches in the day of their distress.

His successor, Samuel Parris, has, and deservedly, a fame less enviable than that of any other person active in the witchcraft trials. Called in November, 1688, his anxiety to make the terms of his settlement as lucrative as possible delayed his ordination for a year, and indeed we are met here this evening (Nov. 19) on the anniversary of that great event. The MS. of his sermon, which is still extant, is thus endorsed in his own hand: "My poor and weak ordination sermon at the embodying of a church in Salem village on the 19th of November, 1689, the Rev. Mr. Nicholas Noyes embodying of us; who also ordained my most unworthy self pastor, and together with the Rev. Samuel Phillips and the Rev. Mr. John Hale imposed hands, the same Mr. Phillips giving me the right hand of fellowship with beautiful loveliness and humility." So much conventional meekness exactly suits the harsh, imperious, unbending temper of the man and his inquisitorial spirit. His text was, as Carlyle would say, significant of much: "This day have I rolled the reproach of Egypt from off you." It was a prophecy reversed. He was ordained to roll *upon* his people a reproach from which they never will be wholly free. From the date of his ordination till the outbreak of the witchcraft delusion his parochial action was unconsciously adapted, in a remarkable degree, to prepare the way for that calamity, so that it might have free course and gather up into its train innumerable circumstances tending to increase its volume and momentum. Mr. Parris was always insisting upon his prerogative; always magnifying his office; always endeavoring to arm his church with petty thunderbolts against the parish. His success was only moderate for two years, and then came the catastrophe that enabled him to make himself felt in no indifferent fashion, and to "deal damnation round the land" with an unsparing hand. And it was under his own roof that the catastrophe developed an initiative so intense and violent that what followed was as inevitable as darkness when the sun has been withdrawn.

Mr. Parris had in his family, among other slaves, two from the Spanish Indies known as John Indian and Tituba his wife. It is probable that the first step, which often costs so little and yet counts so much, was taken by these miserable creatures, steeped in the superstitions of their race. Certain it is that they were active in the

circle that was formed in the winter of 1691-2, and met frequently at Mr. Parris's to practice magical and necromantic arts. They were the teachers of the rest. Further instruction there may have been, derived from printed books. Such were at hand: Perkins' "Damned Art of Witchcraft;" Cotton Mather's "Memorable Providences relating to Witchcraft," hot from the press, and Sir Matthew Hale's "Trial of Witches." Of the ten "afflicted children" only two could write their names, but if only one of them could read the rest could listen. Then, too, the air was heavy with the superstition. The accusers proved to be, as time went on, well versed in all its leading propositions; its hackneyed phrases were continually dropping from their lips. "The afflicted children," as they were called throughout the trials, were really children in but three instances. Mr. Parris's daughter was nine years old; her cousin Abigail Williams was eleven; Ann Putnam, daughter of Thomas Putnam, Jr., was twelve. But Mary Walcott was seventeen, as, too, were Mercy Lewis and Elizabeth Hubbard. Elizabeth Booth and Susanna Sheldon were each nineteen, and Mary Warren and Sarah Churchill each twenty years of age. Mrs. Putnam, the mother of Ann, was also more or less afflicted, and a Mrs. Pope. Doubtless the first intention was merely to have a good time, to make the cardless, playless, danceless days a little less monotonous. But soon the children, as I will still call them for convenience, got in beyond their depth. Their imaginations became morbidly excited; their nerves became disordered; an epidemic of hysteria set in, its fancies colored, as usual, by the dominant impressions of the time. They did the strangest things, got into the strangest positions. They uttered incoherent sounds. They dropt insensible and writhed upon the floor, crying as if in dreadful pain. But apparently they had no thought of accusing anybody till the village doctor came and solemnly pronounced them bewitched. This formula was as convenient then as "Malaria" is now to express the doctor's ignorance of the case in hand. For the time being parish quarrels, politics, and the Indians were all forgotten. The afflicted children were on exhibition free of charge, and from Salem and the whole country-side hundreds came flocking in to see their antics and then testify that the half had not been told. March 20th, Mrs. Pope broke into Mr. Lawson's sermon with, "Now, there's enough of that," and in the afternoon Ann Putnam with, "There's a yellow-bird sitting on the minister's hat." Which things, says Mr. Lawson, "did something interrupt me, being so unusual." There was a day of prayer appointed at Mr. Parris's house. The children performed

as usual, and the ministers were much impressed. It was agreed that the Devil had determined on an unexampled exhibition of his baleful power, and must be met upon his chosen ground with an unquailing front. Then importunity began. "Who is it afflicts you?" "Who is it that bewitches you?" The importunate would have an answer, and at last it came: "Tituba!" "Goody Osburn!" "Goody Good!" Warrants for the arrest of these persons were issued at once, and on the following day (March 1st) magistrates Hathorne and Corwin came from Salem to examine them. Sarah Good was exactly the sort of person that the witchcraft delusion always victimized in the earlier stages of its outbreaks everywhere, "a forlorn, friendless, forsaken creature, broken down by wretchedness of condition and ill-reputes. And the examination was of a piece with everything that followed: "Sarah Good what evil spirit have you familiarity with?" "None." "Have you made no contracts with the Devil?" "No." "Why do you hurt these children?" "I do not hurt them, I scorn it." "What creature do you employ then?" "No creature; but I am falsely accused." "Why do you not tell us the truth? Why do you thus torment these poor children?" "I do not torment them." "Who do you employ then?" "I employ nobody, I scorn it." "How came they thus tormented?" "How do I know." The method of each subsequent examination was the same. Apparently the business suited Hathorne well. He did the most of it, leaving little for his associate. His belief in witchcraft was complete; he held the accused guilty from the outset, and his questions were shrewdly calculated to entrap them or worry them into a confession. The afflicted children were the principal witnesses, and their sufferings, which were doubtless real enough, in the presence of the accused, were convincing evidence of the complicity of the latter in the hellish arts with which they had been charged. Not only the sincerity and truthfulness, but also the infallibility of the afflicted children was from Hathorne's point of view beyond dispute. And it is certain that the majority of the community were of his opinion. It was only here and there that any one had the boldness to suggest that the children were dissembling, or that their sufferings and contortions might have some other than the imagined cause. Such boldness was so dangerous, so apt to mark the person manifesting it as another witch, that it cultivated secrecy; it remained a whispered word and oftener a thought. But even as a thought it was extremely rare. The delusion was very nearly coextensive, in its earlier stages, with the entire community. Than Nathaniel Putnam and Nathaniel Inger-

soll there were no sounder-headed, better hearted men in Salem village, and they were equally deluded with the rest.

Sarah Osburn, apprehended with Sarah Good and Tituba, was also a predestined victim, her second marriage having made her subject to the curse of evil tongues. She protested her innocence as unflinching as Goody Good, but Tituba confessed the crime with which she had been charged, implicated Good and Osburn and two other persons, then fell into a grievous fit, supposed to be the rending of the Devil as he went out of her.

The examinations continued for several days, the accused being carried back and forth between the meeting-house and Ipswich jail, the miserable procession striking terror into every lonely house along the tiresome way. After the examination the accused were sent to jail in Boston, where Goody Osburn died from hardship and abuse, before she could be brought to trial. Tituba was sold to pay her fees, after a year and a month of prison-life. But Goody Good was brought to trial in June, and executed with several others on the 19th of July.

The examinations were in the meeting-house in Salem Village, which must, on these occasions, have presented a unique and terrifying scene. The accused were generally the calmest persons in the motley crowd which filled the church as never had the usual dispensation. They met the charges brought against them with various demeanor, according to their individual characters and the habit of their lives: some with complete bewilderment, some with pathetic wonder that such things could be, some with the pride of outraged innocence; and one, Giles Corey, with invincible silence. Friends, husbands, wives, and children, stood around, amazed, confounded, hardly questioning the truth of accusations that cut them to the heart. Then there were the afflicted children with their monstrous fancies, their grotesque narrations, their piercing cries, their sudden accusations—so that no one was certain that his name would not be next—their horrible convulsions. At critical moments there were fits and faintings in the crowd, and these were turned immediately to account by the afflicted; credited to those accused already, or to some new victim of their imagination or distrust. The Rev. Samuel Parris was always a conspicuous figure on the scene. The magistrates were obliged to him for many valuable hints. Occasionally they found that he had taken their business entirely upon himself, and was pushing it with exemplary zeal.

In a paper of this sort it is impossible for me to give a detailed account of Salem witchcraft. A horrible monotony attaches to the particulars of the various examinations, depositions and trials that

have come down to us. The delusion grew apace. Deodat Lawson came back to Salem village and preached a tremendous sermon on the Devil's work that was ravaging his former charge. It made the seven times heated furnace hotter than before. Mr. Parris's sermons might all have been upon the text "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," for this was the outcome of them all. The Rev. Mr. Noyes, of the First Church in Salem, was not a whit behind. The afflicted children were brought to church on Sundays, and added many a vivid illustration to the preacher's text. At other times they were allowed the freedom of the village. Their foolish pride was nursed by the bad eminence to which they had attained. They were extremely sensitive to any faintest doubt of their sincerity. They entertained a world of gossip, and were always open to suggestions prompted by the foolishness of some and the malignity of others. Mr. Parris's friends were their friends; his enemies were theirs. With such conditions it was no wonder that the delusion gathered to itself new victims every day, accusing and accused. Like a monstrous magnet it attracted and held fast a hundred diverse elements: family quarrels that were dead and buried came to life again at its touch; the parish quarrels, from the beginning, were of the first importance. Ann Putnam was a niece of Bayley's wife. George Burroughs had succeeded Bayley in the pastorate. For no better reason did the civil arm reach out and pluck him from his work in Casco Bay, and drag him to the mockery of a trial and to a horrid death. Every obscure ailment was a suggestion of witchcraft, every threat of angry men in quarrels that had long been hushed, every suspicion, even the most tacit, that the afflicted children might control themselves a little better if they would. So adding to itself in many ways, soiling itself with elements most foul, staining itself with innocent blood, the torrent rolled along. Salem and Andover and Beverly and Ipswich succumbed to its tumultuous flood. It was reported that in Andover alone there were "forty people who could raise the devil." Strangely enough in Marblehead there was but one who had the gift, a fact which has not been forgotten by "the women of Marblehead" nor by the men, and it has suggested to them many odorous comparisons, malodorous to the Salem nose. The witch's name was Wilmott Redd, and the details of her examination and her trial, some of them hardly to be named to ears polite, mark the extreme of nothingness in the way of evidence produced. Nevertheless, it was sufficient for her death. She was one of the "eight fire-brands of hell," that were so sad a spectacle to Mr. Noyes at the final hanging, Sept. 22nd, 1692.

The trials were in the Salem Court House. A special court of Oyer and Terminer was ordered for the occasion. Deputy Gov. Stoughton was the chief justice, and of the six associate justices four were Boston men. Here is one ample reason, if there were no other, why the shame of Salem witchcraft cannot be fixed exclusively on Salem village or on Salem town. The Boston judges had not been immersed in the delusion which had been raging for three months when they arrived upon the ground. But clay is not more plastic to the potter's hand than were these excellent and learned men to the prevailing passion of the time. Bridget Bishop was the only person tried at the first session of the court. She was condemned, and was executed on the 10th of June. The next sitting of the court was on the 29th of June. It tried and sentenced five women, of whom Rebecca Nurse was the most conspicuous for her nobility of mind and heart. What drew the thunderbolt in her case was her prosperous condition, the probing of some old quarrel about land, and a rumor of her distrust of the afflicted children. The evidence was utterly absurd. The jury found it inconclusive, and brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," whereupon the afflicted children set up a fearful cry, and the judges ordered the jury to go back and bring in a different verdict—and the thing was done! Nothing was left undone that could be done to increase this noble woman's misery and shame. She had been torn from all the comforts and endearments of her home in her old age; she had been loaded with fetters in a noisome jail; her naked body had been searched for witch-marks by men's eyes and hands; last, but not least to her, she was dragged from jail into "the great and spacious meeting-house," and excommunicated from the church. It was a little matter, after that, that on the 19th of July she was hung with four others, and her body thrust with theirs into a crevice of the rocks.

The next meeting of the court was on the 5th of August. Things had been going on from bad to worse. Men saved themselves from accusation by accusing others. To deliberate was to be lost. The Andover magistrate having arrested forty persons declined to arrest more. Immediately he was cried out upon. His brother was accused of having "afflicted" a dog. He fled for safety. "The dog it was that died." At the session of the 5th of August, George Burroughs, the former minister of Salem village, was tried with five others and condemned; and of the six, five were executed on the 19th of the same month. If I had time to do so, I could show you in how many instances these horrible events were touched with beauty and sublimity by the patience and the heroism of the

accused. On the 9th and 17th of September there were fifteen more convictions, and of the fifteen, eight were executed on the 22nd of the month, *and after them no more.*

A variety of circumstances contributed to this result: the excellent character of the accused, the growing fondness of the afflicted for a shining mark, the courage of certain men of Andover, who commenced actions for slander against some of the accusers, the startling theory that the Devil had been simulating the appearance of innocent persons to bring them to destruction. Last, but not least, the manner of Giles Corey's death had sent a shudder of revulsion through the entire community, except that part of it which had staked everything upon the continuation of the terror. Shame that his evidence had contributed to the conviction of his wife, and determination that his property should be saved from confiscation, marked out his course. "Guilty or Not Guilty?" He refused to plead, and no threat could alter his determination. That meant *peine forte et dure*—the torture. He knew it well, and still he would not speak. But the whole story is succinctly told in a ballad which has certainly the manner of the olden time. The author's real sympathies were, I imagine, with the murdered man :

" Giles Corey was a Wizzard strong,
A stubborn wretch was he,
And fitt was he to hang on high
Upon the Locust Tree.

" So when before the Magistrates
For Triall he did come,
He would no true Confession make
But was compleatlie dumbe.

" ' Giles Corey,' said the Magistrate,
' What hast thou heare to pleade
To these that now accuse thy Soule
Of Crimes and Horrid Deed ?'

" Giles Corey—he said not a Worde,
No single Worde spake he ;
' Giles Corey,' sayth the Magistrate,
' We'll press it out of thee.'

" They got them then a heavy Beam,
They laid it on his Breast ;
They loaded it with heavie Stones,
And hard upon him prest.

" ' More Weight ' now, said this wretched Man,
' More Weight,' again he cryed,
And he did no Confession make
But wickedly he dyed."

The heavy stones upon Giles Corey's breast pressed with an equal weight upon the madness of the time. If they did not crush the life entirely out of it, they maimed it so that it was unable to destroy the victims it had condemned already. The belief in witchcraft was as strong as ever. Distrust of the afflicted children there were almost none. But it began to be conceived that the devil was playing a deeper game than they imagined. He had deceived the children. He had assumed the appearance and the voice and manner of the accused. The governor of the province annulled the functions of the court. A new court was established, and met in Salem in January, 1693. It indicted fifty persons for witchcraft. Twenty of these were brought to trial, and three were convicted, but they were not put to death. There were further trials, which all resulted in acquittals; and, in May, Sir Wm. Phips discharged all the imprisoned, one hundred and fifty persons. From first to last twice as many must have been committed, for not a few had died in prison, and many had escaped; Capt. John Alden among them, a son of the original John, and "the Puritan maiden, Priscilla," who, safe back in Duxbury, reported himself as having coming direct from hell. It is impossible to estimate the amount of suffering which the delusion caused. That of the nineteen who were hung, and the one who had been crushed to death, was but the smallest part of it. The accused had been huddled into noisome jails. They had been loaded down with heavy chains. They had been subjected to the most horrible indignities. Their children had been coached to testify against their characters and lives—and the friends of the accused had hardly suffered less. Better Giles Corey's agony than that of Goodman Nurse and Goodman How, vainly contending for lives more precious to them than their own. And "the afflicted children,"—what of them and those who were their principal abettors? "Some of them," we are told, "proved profligates, abandoned to all vice, others passed their days in obscurity and contempt." But Mather, Noyes and Parris continued in the exercise of their ministerial functions with little shame, if any, for the part that they had taken in the business.

If now we seek the *rationale* of this matter—its relation to the life and thought and feeling, of the place and time, and to the life and thought and feeling of the civilized world of 1692—we shall at once discover that Salem witchcraft was no isolated phenomenon, that it signified no ignorance or credulity special to Salem village and the adjoining towns, no special cruelty on the part of their inhabitants; that it was of a piece with doctrines everywhere maintained, with practices which everywhere prevailed. The contrary opinion, that is

even now so generally held, can be accounted for in various ways. By the average ignorance concerning the development of human thought; by the sectarian willingness to fasten a disgraceful imputation on the New England Puritans, by the persistent bantering of neighboring towns and of distant sections of the country, taking its rise therefrom and cherished as a weapon in the rivalries of politics and trade. It is not to be denied that Salem witchcraft had, to some extent, an appearance of its own, but this, as we shall see, was not indicative of an inferior intellectual but of a higher moral standing than that of hundreds of communities that had been afflicted with this malady before it blighted Salem village with its curse.

A belief in witchcraft, after some fashion, has been one of the most universal beliefs exhibited by the human mind. We come upon it in the rudest forms of savage life, and we can follow its development along the line of civilization up to the very threshold of our own immediate time.

“ The intelligible form of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream and pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths;—all these have vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason.”

True, very true, but with this pleasant side of superstition and mythology, there has also vanished a world of painfulness and terror. Indeed, it is the afterthought of poetry that has economized the pleasant side of superstition and mythology. While these were full of lusty life, their painfulness and terror always were the dominant impressions. Indeed, it may be doubted whether these impressions were not exclusive of all others in the earliest stages of mankind. The original witch or sorcerer was one who had, or who professed to have, a knowledge of the world of spirits, resident in natural phenomena superior to that of others, and the ability to use this knowledge for the advantage or disadvantage of his fellow men. Consequently, he was a person viewed with the most opposite regards of reverence and hate. With varying attributes he held his own in all the mighty civilizations of the ancient world. In Greece and Rome, before the Christian Era, there was a general belief in evil spirits and in the sorcerer's ability to engage their interest in favor of his friends. To understand how prevalent was the belief in evil spirits among the Jews and early Christians, one has but to turn to the New Testament. Stories of devilish possession darken every page. In the later Roman Empire, the magician was the wizard of the

time. The Emperors did not doubt his skill to cast their horoscopes, but they dreaded its effects. Marcus Aurelius, the best and wisest monarch that the world has ever seen, was an ardent patron of the magicians, and so was Julian the Apostate.

The conversion of the Roman Empire to Christianity added immensely to the belief in evil spirits, and their power to harm. The early Christians did not believe more earnestly in a personal God than they believed in a personal devil. They conceived him as the ruler of a hierarchy of malignant spirits. For so much the New Testament was their sufficient warrant. But the Wesleyan's retort upon the Calvinist, "Your God is my Devil," has been the retort of every great schismatic faith upon those from whom its followers have come out. The *dezs*—the gods—of the original Vedism, are the *divs*—the devils—of the Iranians. And so it happens that our words devil and divinity, have both the same root syllable. So nascent Christianity did not deny the existence of the pagan gods and goddesses, but it degraded them—made devils of them all. Thus was effected a wonderful increase in the population of the infernal world, and an immense accession to the stock of human terrors and anxieties and fears. The priests of the declining faith at once became magicians in the eyes of the conquering Galileans. The Christian emperors proscribed their practices, and visited their crimes with fearful punishments. In the meantime there was a kind of counter-magic in the Christian ritual. To fight the Devil with water was a favorite device. Lecky has one delightful illustration. A Christian who was racing horses with a pagan was worsted every time, because the pagan's horses were stimulated by magical rites. Whereupon the Christian went to St. Hilarion, who gave him a bowl of holy water, with which he sprinkled his horses and made such time as never had been made before.

During the Dark Ages there was no abatement of the witchcraft superstition. It was absolutely universal. The records of the time are full of stories of possession and exorcism and miracles at the expense of the beleaguering hosts. Every saint must prove his saintship by an encounter with the Devil or some appearance in which he was disguised. But the fact remains to be accounted for that throughout all this period there were not as many executions for witchcraft as "often took place during a single decade of the 15th and 16th centuries." Lecky's account of it, which is entirely rational, is that a variety of circumstances, the spread of heresy, the success of the Mohammedans, increased the average persuasion of the Devil's power, and that simultaneously the notion of a compact with

the Devil made its appearance and, at first slowly and afterward rapidly, obtained popular credence. This notion is the distinguishing peculiarity of modern witchcraft as opposed to that of ancient times. The essence of the notion was that a person deliberately agreeing with the Devil to give him his or her soul could thus acquire the power of working various miracles; going through the air at will; "raising the wind" and blowing down men's houses, trees and barns; blighting men's crops and poisoning their sheep and cattle; inflicting individuals with dreadful maladies and spreading pestilences far and wide. The black death in the 14th century which destroyed in six years twenty-five millions of people had a horrible effect upon the imagination. It induced a general depression or excitement of the nervous system. The dancing mania was one of its effects, afflicting thousands with its monstrous fantasy. But the most noticeable effect was the increase of witchcraft and the remorseless punishment of those convicted of its practices according to the canons of the time. The statistics of this delusion as it appeared in Europe in the 15th and 16th centuries dwarf to infinitesimal proportions the statistics of Salem witchcraft. In Germany there were, it has been estimated, a hundred thousand executions for witchcraft in a hundred years. The following are some of the figures to which Mr. Lecky's studies have given a wider currency than they before enjoyed. At Treves 7,000 victims were burned, 600 by one bishop, 800 by another in a single year. At Toulouse, in France, four hundred witches perished at a single execution. A judge in Nancy claimed that in sixteen years he had made an end of 800. In Spain Torquemada was as severe with witches as with heretics, and reaped as plentiful a crop. In Geneva, before the days of Calvin, 500 witches were executed in three months. These figures, which all have to do with Roman Catholic persecutions, prove that witchcraft and its punishment have not been preëminently Protestant. In Sweden, only twenty years before the Salem outbreak, seventy persons were condemned and the most of them were burned. But Protestantism was of the same temper and opinion in this matter as the mother church. Said Luther, "I would have no compassion on these witches; I would burn them all." In England and in Scotland the Reformation was a signal for an outbreak of exceptional atrocity. Baxter, the scholar of the Puritans *par excellence*, was an elaborate expounder of the faith, and equally was Joseph Glanvil of the Established Church, one of its brightest ornaments. To hold Puritanism exceptionally responsible for the belief in witchcraft and its cruelty is to be ignorant of the most patent facts. When the belief was

rapidly declining, John Wesley came to its support and with his customary energy did much to keep it on its legs among the Methodists throughout the 18th century.

If we turn from Europe to the Colonies of North America there is convincing evidence that the belief in witchcraft was common to them all. In 1638 the Plymouth Colony issued a summary of offences "lyable to death" and one of them was "Solemn Compaction with the Divell by way of Witchcraft, Conjurat[i]on or the like." A similar law was enacted in Conn. in 1642, and from this time forward until the Salem tragedy hardly a year went by without some fresh enactment or some outbreak of superstition. The first execution was that of Margaret Jones in 1648, at Boston upon Lecture Day, and *propter hoc* "there was a very great tempest at Connecticut which blew down many trees." Two years later Mary Johnson was executed at Hartford. She confessed that she had asked the Devil "to do that and tother thing" for her and he had carried out her wishes and helped her drive the hogs, and in general made himself a very useful devil. In 1653 Goodwife Knapp was executed for witchcraft at New Haven. In 1656 Anne Hibbins, in Boston; in 1662 two persons in Hartford. In the meantime there were many trials at which the evidence broke down. In 1681 one Mary Ross, in Plymouth, was "possessed with as frantick a Demon as ever was heard of." Hardly a community in New England was without a similar experience. In 1688 the children of John Goodwin, in Boston, were horribly bewitched and a poor creature, "crazy and ill-conditioned, an Irish Roman Catholic," was put to death in order to relieve their sufferings, but without effect. Thus we are brought to the threshold of the Salem tragedy. Doubtless the literature of "the Goodwin children" was in the hands of Ann Putnam, Mercy Lewis and the rest of "the afflicted," for it was extremely popular and widely read. Nor did the belief in witchcraft, nor the punishment of it, cease in the Colonies with the Salem business. There was an execution in Albany in 1700. In 1706 Grace Sherwood was subjected to the trial by water in Virginia; *i. e.*, tied hands and feet she was thrown into a pond, to float if she was indeed a witch, to drown if she was not. But that the accent of chivalry appropriate to the locality might not be wanting the sheriff was ordered by the court "not to expose her to the rain, as she might take cold, the weather being very rainy and bad." In 1712 a vigilance committee in South Carolina ordered that certain witches should be burned alive, but the sentence was *only partly carried out*. In 1728 a law against witches was reenacted in Rhode Island making it punishable with "the Pains of Death."

Thus both in Europe and America we find abundant evidence that Salem witchcraft was sustained by the concurrent faith and practice of the immediate and remoter past, and that an immemorial antiquity nourished its deepest root. It is true that already in England and upon the Continent voices of protestation, more or less clear and loud, had been raised against the superstition. But they had been few and far between and they had been overborne by other voices of more learned and more influential men who had come to the support of the delusion with unqualified assurance. John Wier, a physician of Clèves, was one of the earliest skeptics, 1563. But his skepticism only went so far as to argue that the witches were deluded by the Devil into thinking they could fly and that they had written in his book, and so on. Nevertheless it brought down upon him the learned wrath of Bodin, "the ablest man who had then arisen in France," as even modern rationalists admit with little qualification. His ponderous book appeared in 1581. In 1584 an English layman, Reginald Scott, attacked the superstition in a truly daring manner, but his attack made no impression. The delusion held its own. James I. was full of it, and wrote a book upon the subject, "full of wise saws and modern instances." At his instigation a new law against witches was enacted, under which all our New England witches were condemned. It made death their punishment upon the first conviction though no injury to any one could be charged against them. Even to Shakspeare's truth-discerning eyes, Joan of Arc was an unquestionable witch. Proceeding down the century we find that Hobbes, who was skeptical of almost everything, was silent when it came to this, and while those who spoke against it, ever so cautiously, were men of little weight,—Filmer, and Wagstaff and Webster (all honor to their names),—those who stood out for the delusion were men of the most exalted character, the most learned scholars and most influential persons of their time. Such were Baxter and Glanvil and Sir Matthew Hale. The two latter had written a little while before the Salem business. Baxter writing after this, and with Cotton Mather's account of it in hand, his "Certainty of the World of Spirits," is the completest testimony that can be had that the belief in witchcraft was in 1692 the belief of the most able, earnest, conscientious people of the time. In twenty years thereafter more than as many books by men of great ability and standing came to the aid and comfort of the declining superstition. The writings of Sir Matthew Hale and Glanvil had no doubt done much to strengthen the delusion in New England if it needed strengthening. "Certainly," says Matthew Arnold, "these three advantages, truthfulness of dis-

position, vigor of intelligence and penetrating judgment were possessed in a signal degree by the famous chief justice of Charles Second's reign." And the gentleness of his temper was not less remarkable. Nevertheless in 1664 he sentenced two women to death for witchcraft upon evidence that was even slenderer if possible than that adduced against the Salem witches. Sir Thomas Browne who had written a confutation of several vulgar errors, one of the most learned men, one of the most graceful writers, one of the most skilled physicians of his time, was called as a witness and gave it as his sworn opinion that the persons were bewitched. Years afterward, in 1682, only ten years before the Salem trials, Sir Matthew Hale gave to this trial and its result his after-approbation and the Salem judges and accusers fortified themselves at every step with references to his great authority. Still nearer to the Salem tragedy was the great work of Joseph Glanvil, *Sadducismus Triumphatus*—Sadduceism Triumphant. Not to believe in witchcraft was to be a Sadducee, and indeed an Atheist. Glanvil's book was the most learned, eloquent and elaborate defense of witchcraft ever made on English soil. And yet if we may trust the opinion of a modern scholar, the historian of Rationalism in Europe, "the predominating characteristic of the mind of Glanvil was an intense skepticism." Another critic says he was "the first English writer who had thrown skepticism into a definite form." Henry More came to the support of Glanvil with sufficient proofs, himself the judge, that all disbelievers were "buffoons, puffed up with nothing but ignorance, vanity and stupid infidelity." The great Cudworth whose, "Intellectual System of the Universe" has been a fountain of refreshment to the rationalism of our immediate time was of the same opinion, and with Sir Thomas Browne and Glanvil argued that if there were no witches, then there was no God.

Thus it appears that the belief in witchcraft which had such tragical results in Salem village and in the country around about in 1692 was amply justified not only by the universal popular opinion but also by the most impressive learning of the time. If here and there in England there was some skeptic voice it was a childish treble in comparison with the manly bass of Hale and Glanvil, Cudworth and More. In America there was as yet no skeptic. There was ere long the voice of Robert Calef in Boston, but his book did not appear till the beginning of the 18th century and then was burned by the authorities of Harvard College in the College yard. So, it would have been a miracle indeed if the Salem Villagers had not believed and acted as they did. An immemorial tradition and a consensus of contemporary opinion, both popular and learned and judicial,

constituted an atmosphere which lent itself to their belief and actions as the wide heavens to an eagle's wings. Their religion, dearer to them than their lives, opposed no barrier but cleared the hapless way. The Bible was their creed, their faith in it was absolute. They had not yet arrived at the astuteness of the Morman Prophet with the compass, "which, when I had taken it in my hand, did turn which ever way I would. It meant for them exactly what it said. They did not talk of its infallibility with great swelling words and then go to work to explain everything away. They found, or thought they did, a personal devil and the doctrine of possession everywhere in the New Testament. They found in the Old Testament the clear command "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The suggestion that "witch" was not the right translation but "poisoner" was to them a manifest suggestion of the Devil. Everything in their local situation helped to make them superstitious. And then the sufferings of "the afflicted children!"—if they were not witchcraft, what were they? Granted that it was a foolish question, like Mark Twain's "If it wasn't Adam's grave, whose was it?" in the *Innocents Abroad*. But it was exactly such a question as has been asked a thousand times in the career of human thought, and, failing of an answer, seemed to justify the positing of an unknown cause to account for the unknown effect.

Never, it may be easily believed, did any other outbreak of the witchcraft superstition, have so much to give it countenance as was here conspicuous and aggressive. But the details of the delusion were in singular accord with its details in other places, so far as they went. They betrayed a singular poverty of imagination. They were like the imaginary feasts of the insane which have all the savour of their customary gruel. The outfit was ridiculously small: the black dog or pig, the yellow bird, the Devil with his book for the witches to write in, the Sabbath convocation, the sensations of pricking and pinching, and so on. The same things are forever turning up with wearisome monotony in all the trials and in accounts of English witchcraft we arrest ourselves and wonder if we are not reading of New England matters. But while there was little or nothing in the New England superstition that was not elsewhere to be found, it was devoid of many elements that gave to it, elsewhere, its most revolting aspect and its most distressing. The New England superstition was a very mild and pleasant horror in comparison with the witchcraft superstition of Continental Europe, the details of which in print are so loathsome and so horrible that they work like madness in the reader's brain. And not less superior were our ancestors in their treatment of the accused. Their cruelties and indignities were tender

mercies in comparison with the cruelties and indignities practiced in England and Scotland and Germany and France.

Take it for all in all, there is nothing in the delusion of 1692 to make us think less reverently or kindly of humanity than is our wont. Its most painful aspects are the malicious temper of "the afflicted children" and the personal bias of the Rev. Samuel Parris's parochial quarrels on his burning zeal. That the children were the victims of illusion there can be no doubt and there can be as little that they pieced it out with manifold invention and nursed it in the interest of their private hatred and revenge; but their deliberate wickedness only brings out into more bold relief the heroic patience, the sweetness and fidelity of those whom they accused. White as a lily on a background red as blood is the pure-mindedness of Rebecca Nourse and Mary Easty and their companions in distress against the baseness of the time. Though by confessing they might have saved their lives, not one of them confessed. And of a piece with their fidelity was that of others, their neighbors and their friends, who like Nathaniel Putnam and Nathaniel Ingersoll endeavored to arrest their doom, though by so doing they well nigh insured their own. Believe me, friends, if all the doings of that dreadful time could be set down in order, the cruelty and perfidy and superstition would be lost in the white radiance of the devotion and the tenderness, the courage and the love.

As for the phenomena of suffering and illusion that were at the root of all the misery, the most skillful science of our modern time, stands hardly less abashed before them than did the ignorance of 1692. "Names for our diseases suitable to the dignity of our secretions" are not sufficient explanations. Hysteria and its allied disorders, so far as they are understood, make some things plain; a little part of all. There are occasions when the occult side of things breaks through into the humdrum of our ordinary life. We are warned by such incursions that there are stranger things in heaven and on earth than are dreamed of in our usual philosophy, and we are encouraged to believe, by the general advance of science, that the dark continent from which these incursions come will one day be explored and that its vast and nameless powers will minister with boundless energy to the unmeasured thirst of men for beauty, truth, and good.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS NEITHER PURITANS NOR PERSECUTORS.

A Lecture

DELIVERED AT THE FRIENDS' INSTITUTE, LONDON, ON THE 18TH
OF JANUARY, 1866.

BY BENJAMIN SCOTT, F.R.A.S.

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"The ignorance still existing on this subject is almost incredible. We find men of education who seem to have no exact information respecting the PILGRIM FATHERS. They can scarcely distinguish between them and the Fathers of the Primitive Church, the Conscript Fathers of Rome, the Patriarchs, or the Fathers before the Flood, Quarterly reviewers, Members of Parliament, Christian divines, and ecclesiastical historians, speak of them with the same complacent disregard of facts. This is discouraging: but nothing is gained by yielding to prejudices, learned or illiterate; and the only remedy is *more light*."—DR. WADDINGTON.

My address this evening is a task imposed upon me by circumstances,—a task which I should not voluntarily have assumed. It originated in the fact of my having listened lately to a truly eloquent lecture, delivered in this room, on ROGER WILLIAMS, founder of the Rhode-Island Colony. The lecturer on that occasion reiterated (unintentionally of course) the statement to which some recent writers have given currency, that Roger Williams had experienced persecution for religion's sake at the hands of the noble men known to history as "the Pilgrim Fathers." Admiring the lecture, venerating the character of Roger Williams, greatly respecting the "Friends" before whom and in whose Institute I sat, yet I felt that *truth* was more to be admired, venerated, and respected, than aught else; and my spirit was stirred within me to claim a hearing on behalf of men whose reputations should be regarded as a sacred inheritance by all, of every sect, who value true and undefiled religion.

My request was, as I expected, readily granted by the members of the Friends' Institute; and although many of them entertain opinions on this subject at present at variance with my own, yet I know too well their sacred *regard to truth* to doubt that they will rejoice to have afforded me this opportunity for explanation, even though it should result in their surrendering opinions hitherto entertained.

It will not be my office to narrate the eventful history of the Pilgrim Fathers, or that of Roger Williams, or, indeed, of their contemporaries in New England, excepting so far as incidental allusions to such histories may be necessary to the elucidation of my point. I shall find it convenient to obtain and make definite my object by supporting the following historical proposition:—

"The Pilgrim Fathers were not PURITANS but SEPARATISTS (who were the first advocates of perfect freedom of conscience at the Reformation): they did not, as has been reported of them by some writers, persecute for conscience' sake either Roger Williams, the Friends, or any person."

In submitting my proofs, I shall have occasion to encounter the statements of some recent writers of repute who have affirmed to the contrary; but I must ask my hearers to bear in mind that the testimony of these writers, as they were not contemporaries, and know not the facts of their own knowledge, is not of more

weight than the statement of the *first* of them, with whom may have originated the misstatement which careless authors have merely reproduced. The same remark applies equally to those more eminent historians who have written on the other side. I shall call no such witnesses to-night. They are, in truth, the parties on their trial, and must stand or fall by the evidence of original documents. The reiteration of a statement can never alter the relations of falsehood and truth. Truth and error must continue truth and error eternally, even though the reverse be asserted eternally. To enumerate the testimony of successive writers, therefore, is vain upon such a point as that before us, unless any such had access to original documents newly brought to light. I shall not array, therefore, the testimony of conflicting historians, although the balance would decidedly preponderate on the side of the question which I espouse, whether those writers be tested by their numbers or by their reputation.

I propose first to show that the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth Colony—the only persons to whom that term has been historically applied, the first successful Anglo-Saxon colonists of America, and the real founders of New England—were not *Puritans*, as is often carelessly and erroneously reported, but *Separatists*.

The difference between the early Puritans and the Separatists was not one of name merely, or I should not be found directing attention to the confusion which prevails in some minds on this subject. That difference was not superficial, but wide, fundamental, and irreconcilable. It involved nothing less than the whole question of enforced or free religion; of religion by act of the State, or freedom of conscience; of religion as an act of obedience to the ruler, or as an act of conscience toward God; the difference, in truth, which separated, and still separates, the *State Churches* from the *free*, all the world over. It involved, in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, the difference between the dominant and persecuting Church which wielded the sword of the State and the persecuted victims of that sword. To confound things which so differ, to treat as one the persecutor and the persecuted, is to put “darkness for light, and light for darkness; bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter;” and must result in making history an unmeaning jumble. So to confound persons and parties is, in this case, to inflict injustice upon the memories of those who have been shaping the good of the present, and whose principles form the best hope of the world’s future. It has been asked, “Did the Pilgrim Fathers repudiate the term *Puritan*, as applied to themselves?” I reply that they were not, and could not at that day have been, afforded the opportunity of repudiation; no such confusion of terms could then have arisen. Their enemies were too vigilant and unrelenting, and they and their predecessors were too truthful, to permit of their shielding themselves under the term of *Puritan*. I shall show you that the difference between the two parties in question was considered so fundamental and irreconcilable, that the one party put the other to death for their diversity of sentiment, until the persecuted party fled to a new world to secure that freedom of worship which was forbidden in the old.

It will be necessary to the full elucidation of this point to show who were the immediate religious *precursors* of the Pilgrim Fathers; and, for this purpose, it will be convenient to recur to that period of the Reformation in England when the Church of England was completely and finally established by law.

The spiritual supremacy of the king, established and enforced by the Eighth Henry, had been reversed in Mary’s reign; and the Pope was once more declared by act of Parliament to be the spiritual head of the Church of England. It is to Elizabeth’s reign, therefore, that we must look for the final settlement of the

ecclesiastical establishment which from and since that reign has been in close connection with the State in England. There is an early history of both *State* and *free* religion, and of the struggles of Presbyterianism in Scotland: but my argument lies to night in connection with the reformation of religion in England; and the most convenient starting point, for many reasons, is that which I propose.

Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558, and, in December of that year, issued a proclamation forbidding any change in the forms of religion *until they should be determined according to law*. Immunity from Papal persecution was obtained by the change of rulers, but no freedom to worship according to conscience, either as it regarded Roman Catholics or Protestants. This is a point too much overlooked, and hence much confusion as to religious parties formed at this juncture. The queen was a good friend to Protestantism as opposed to Popery, but the bitter opponent of all Protestantism which did not square with her own and that of the State. The Act of Supremacy, declaring her the head of the Church, passed the first year of her reign, was followed closely by the Act of Uniformity, requiring all to worship on the State pattern and in the parish churches. Early in 1562, the work was completed by the adoption of the Articles of Religion; and from this date, the Church of England being completely established by law, we may conveniently trace that "*Separation*," which, with more or less distinctness, can be traced through all subsequent English history to this day.

Side by side with the records of a powerful State Establishment, we find the frequent though incidental mention of a band of humble, earnest "*Separatists*," as they were termed, protesting against errors which the Reformation in England had failed to remove; against the assumption by any human power, however august, of that headship which belonged of right to Christ; and pleading for permission to worship according to the simplicity of form and practice of the primitive Christians.

Such were the Separatists, at that day undivided on the subject of baptism, and other questions which have given rise to sects having various names. They constituted, with the Roman Catholics, the only persons then objecting in England to the Church as by law established. They formed themselves, as did the early disciples, into distinct associations or churches, chose their own teachers, and regulated their own affairs. The *Church*, they maintained, was a spiritual association, and should consequently be *separate* from the *world* and its *rulers*, and should be governed only by the laws of Christ as given in the New Testament: hence their distinctive appellation. Their simplicity of sentiment and moral conduct rendered them unpopular in a corrupt age; their opposition to an endowed Church made them obnoxious to the clergy, who held to the wealth and honors of the State; their recognition of Christ as the sole head of the Church gave mortal offence to the ruling powers, and afforded opportunity for charges of disloyalty and sedition, and directed against them the persecuting power of an intolerant court and hierarchy. In a word, they were the "*Nazarenes*" of the English Reformation; were regarded "*as the filth and offscourings of all things*." They worshipped only in secret places,—in ships moored in the River Thames, in obscure corners of the city, in the woods and fields which surrounded London and some other towns. We should know little concerning them but for the depositions of their relentless enemies, and the noble defences of their principles which persecution called forth, and but for the providential preservation of such documents by their opponents. They dwelt almost alone, and were scarcely regarded as part of the nation.

Of course a term of reproach for the party was soon forthcoming. The occasion was furnished by one Robert Brown, who, having ably advocated their principles, proved unfaithful to them,¹ and accepted a living in Northamptonshire. This conduct of Brown caused to adhere to them the term of "Brownists," by which they were long known in history.

Now for the other party, which arose at this juncture, The English reformers, many of whom returned from exile on the accession of Elizabeth, were greatly disappointed to find the new establishment virtually settled, and that the principles of the Reformation had not been carried farther in its constitution.² The greater part of them, however, accepted the change, and with it the Royal Supremacy, Uniformity of Worship, and the Articles of Religion. Some took this course for the sake of peace and unity, others from less worthy motives; all of them, however, hoping to effect, in due time, further reformation,—a hope which was never to be gratified. This reforming, or evangelical party, within the Establishment, were termed "*Puritans*," and were known in history as the "*EARLY Puritans*," to distinguish them from a party which existed later in history, particularly at and after the period of the Commonwealth.

We have thus the origin of two parties formed at the birth of the Church of England,—parties differing widely both in principles and practice; the *Early Puritans* within the establishment, and the *Separatists*, or Brownists, outside of that organization, declining to recognize the *spiritual* claims of the English sovereign, and contending for the exclusively spiritual character of His Church who had affirmed, "My kingdom is not of this world."

The clearest historical evidence of the existence and organization of the Separatists may be found from the very period of the State-Church Establishment, which, as we have shown, was finally effected in 1562. Five years later, we have a distinct historical notice of a company of Christians meeting at Plummer's Hall in Laurence Pountney Lane, in this city.³ They were brought before the Lord Mayor, and on the 20th of June, 1567, committed to the Bridewell, on the banks of the Fleet River,—a prison still existing in New Bridge Street, Blackfriars; and it may interest you to know that the humble individual who addresses you is the only official person whose jurisdiction of committal there continues to this day. Truly the lines have fallen to us in happier and safer times and places. Had *we* met for our present purpose in those days, we should doubtless have been committed to prison for so doing; and while we do justice to those who by their faithful testimony and their blood won for us religious freedom, let us recollect that it is *only thirty-nine years since* it became possible for you, my hearers, being most of you Separatists, or for him who addresses you, being also of that conviction, to have held any office or place of trust, however humble, either in the service of the state or of this city.

Gathered in the prison around the New Testament, which the Reformation had placed in their hands, this little band spelled out, by aid of the Holy Spirit's teaching, the spirituality of the true Church, its independence of the powers of the world, and its consequent right of self-government, subject to the laws of Christ. They accordingly formed themselves, in the prison, into a *separate* society or church of believers on the New-Testament model, selecting pastor and officers. The original document, with the names of all the parties appended, has recently been found in the State-paper Office.⁴ Richard Fitz, pastor, the deacon, and several of

¹ Vide Lansd. MSS. xxxiii. art. 13, 20; also Min. Book of St. Olave's Grammar School.

² Zurich Letters.

³ A part of a Register, 22:37.

⁴ Uncalendered, in Misc. Fascic. State-paper Office.

the members, died of the prison plague; but, though deprived of their leaders, they continued to meet in private houses after their liberation. They were, not, however, permitted to worship in peace. A letter of thanks was addressed by the Privy Council to the Bishop of London for his zeal in "discovering their conventicles," in 1574.¹ Next in order of date we meet with Robert Brown, whom we have already alluded to as unfaithful to his principles.

Robert Harrison, a friend and companion of Brown, with courage and fidelity grasped the banner which Brown threw away, until the Act of the 23d Elizabeth (1582) made it *treason* to worship, except in accordance with the form prescribed by law. Upon this Harrison escaped to Middleburg, in Zealand, and became pastor there of a church of refugees from Protestant bigotry in high places. Brown had written several books on the nature of the Church, and its relation to the State; and Harrison wrote also a treatise on true church-government, which is still extant.² These works helped to spread Separatist principles, and soon brought to the scaffold those who were found circulating them. In rural places, the Separatists continued to convene in the name of the Lord Jesus. Dr. Freke complained "that their meetings" in Norfolk "were held in such close and secret manner," that he found it impossible to suppress them.³ He apprehended, however, two of their leaders, John Copping and Elias Thacker, 1576, and kept them some years in prison. They were at last brought to trial, and convicted of the capital offence of circulating Separatist books. Sir Christopher Wray, Lord Chief Justice, wrote, "that they were condemned to die, and were to be executed immediately, *not waiting for the possibility of a reprieve.*"⁴ These martyrs died at Bury St. Edmunds, acknowledging the civil supremacy of the Queen, but maintaining that in spiritual matters they owed allegiance to "another King, one Jesus." William Dennis, "a godly man," so says the record, was executed shortly afterward, in Norfolk, for the same offence.⁵

By these severities the feeble light was almost extinguished; and, had it been of human origin, it must have gone out in darkness. "The Church," says Leighton, "hath sometimes been brought to so obscure and low a point, that you can follow her in history only by the track of her blood." It was so here. But an ever-watchful Providence raised up two earnest men, fellow-students at Cambridge, to maintain the holy and undying principles for which the martyrs of Bury St. Edmunds had laid down their lives: I refer to John Greenwood and Henry Barrowe, who associated themselves with the scattered Separatists when their cause was at the lowest, and apparently hopeless.

Greenwood, who had been private chaplain to a gentleman of fortune,⁶ was surprised one Lord's Day morning in 1586, while reading the scriptures at a private house in the parish of St. Andrew, by the Wardrobe in this city, and committed to prison. Two of his auditors were from Norfolk.⁷ Barrowe was also from Norfolk, and connected with an aristocratic family there. He had entered as a law-student at Gray's Inn. On Lord's Day morning, Nov. 19, 1586, he, unsuspecting danger, went to visit his friend Greenwood and others imprisoned in the "*Clink*," a prison in the grounds of the Bishop of Winchester, in Southwark, his object being to show compassion "to those in bonds as bound with them." No sooner, however, had he arrived, than the jail-keeper detained him, saying he had orders from the Archbishop to do so.⁸ Henceforward Greenwood and Barrowe remained

1 Register of the Privy Council, 1574.

2 16mo., 1583. In Brit. Mus.

3 Lansd. MSS. xxxiii. art. 13.

4 Lansd. MSS. xxxviii. art. 64.

5 Ibid. art. 64, p. 163.

6 Ibid. cix. art. 3.

7 State Papers Domestic.

8 Harleian Misc. orig. edit. 4to, vol. iv. p. 326.

in bonds, true to each other, and steadfast in the cause they had espoused. Here the persecutors, as ever, outwitted themselves; for the brethren, although in the society of felons, and surrounded by all that was loathsome and pestilential, contrived to write in confirmation of the truths for which they suffered. Dropping their scraps of MS. into the jug from which they drank, these were conveyed, day by day, by "Cicely," a faithful handmaid of Mrs. Greenwood, to a trusty friend, who sent them to Dort, in Holland, where they were printed and conveyed to the Separatist brethren.¹ Thus the Bible and printing-press supplied the place of the oral teaching which the State had suppressed.

Six years latter, we find that, the prisoners having obtained liberty to go out during the day, a church was duly organized at Southwark, at the house of Roger Ripon.² Of this little company John Greenwood was appointed teacher. In connection with this church we find another remarkable man, Francis Johnson. Originally a Puritan minister of good repute, he was, under peculiar circumstances, induced to throw in his lot with the Separatists. The circumstances were these: Having, while a Puritan, discovered at a printer's, in Holland, a copy of the book written in the Clink by Barrowe and Greenwood, he reported the same without delay to the English ambassador; and he was charged to destroy the whole edition (We have here incidental evidence of the hostility of the Puritan to the Separatist, for which we contend.) Johnson seized the books, and burned the whole, with the exception of two copies, one of which, prompted by curiosity, he perused. It was the means of convincing him, and he embraced the faith he had labored to destroy.³ Returning from Holland, we find him associating with Barrowe and Greenwood: he was elected a coadjutor of the latter, as pastor of the infant church in Southwark, and was imprisoned in the *Clink* for many years.⁴

We find, at this period, the Puritan clergy of this city, under the orders of the Bishop of London, employed discreditably as spies. They visited the Separatist prisoners once every month, apparently for conference, but noting down their conversations, that, in the event of their being brought to trial, these clerical inquisitors might be sworn.⁵ The evidence so obtained amounted to nothing more than a declaration of their views as to the character and rights of the Church, but was deemed sufficient to secure their conviction. Barrowe and Greenwood were thus brought to trial, charged with having written books to *lessen the Queen's prerogative in matters spiritual*; and the speech of counsel, which is still extant, charges them with *claiming the right of a church to manage its own affairs*. On the 23d of March, 1592, they were condemned to die. The Attorney-General followed them to their cells, entreating them to save their lives by recantation, but in vain.⁶ The next morning they were brought out for execution, and bound to the cart; but a reprieve stayed their execution. After a week's interval, they were again taken to execution, when a second reprieve arrived, and they returned again to prison, "amidst," as we are told, "the applause and rejoicing of the people." This manifestation of popular sympathy was fatal: their enemies in Church and State became alarmed, and hurried forward their execution, which took place secretly and early in the morning of the 6th of April, 1593.

One extract, out of many, which we might quote, from an extant letter of Barrowe's, proves that it was simple liberty of conscience which these men claimed,

¹ Egerton Papers, Camden Society.

² Harl. MSS. 6848, art. 3.

³ Young's Chron. pp. 424, 425.

⁴ See his Letters to Lord Burleigh. Lansd. MSS. lxxv. art. 25. and lxxvii. art. 26.

⁵ Bancroft's Survey, Hist. Papers, chap. vii.

⁶ Harl. MSS. 6849, art. 35.

and for which their lives were sacrificed. "Deal tenderly," he writes, "with tender consciences: we are yet persuaded that we should show ourselves disobedient and unthankful to our Master, except we hold fast this cause. . . . Why should our adversaries wish to persuade the civil magistrates to deal with us by the sword, and not by the Word; by prisons, and not by persuasions? As for dungeons, irons, close prison, torment, hunger, cold, want of means to maintain families,—these *may* cause some to make shipwreck of a good conscience, or to lose their life; *but they are not fit ways to persuade honest men to any truth, or dissuade them from errors.*"

John Penry, another remarkable man, educated at Oxford, joined the party just before the execution of Barrowe and Greenwood. He was by birth a Welshman. The great desire of his life was to introduce the gospel to his fellow-countrymen, and he was the first to translate a portion of the Scriptures into Welsh. Disappointed in his efforts, he was led to examine the causes which hindered the spread of the gospel; and finding it to consist mainly in the ignorance and indifference of the State clergy, he expressed his opinion as to the evils of the established system with honesty and fervidness. This naturally aroused persecution; and he was brought before Archbishop Whitgift, and charged with *heresy* in having written, "That men, by whomsoever ordained,—whatever prelate or bishop or presbyter's hand had been upon them,—who *did not do the work of an evangelist, but neglected to preach God's word to the people*, were no true minister of Jesus Christ." Penry replied, "If it is heresy, I thank God that he has taught me it from his Word."—"I say," exclaimed the exasperated prelate, "it is heresy, and thou shalt recant it." "*Never!*" rejoined the intrepid Welshman, "never, God willing, so long as I live." He was liberated, however, but took again to preaching the gospel so dear to his heart. A warrant was issued accordingly, and he fled to Scotland with his wife and four infant children. Queen Elizabeth followed him with an autograph letter to the Scotch king, insisting upon his extradition.

Proclamation was issued accordingly, in August, 1590, for his apprehension, and *death* denounced against any who should afford him food or shelter. With a price on his head, this intrepid evangelist travelled from Scotland to London, and cast in his lot with the poor Separatists of Southwark.¹ He was soon discovered, however, and cast into prison, first in this city, and afterward into the Queen's Bench in Southwark.

Being subjected to the inquisitorial ordeal of spies, a private diary of his was found; and for some expressions therein on the Queen's supremacy, construed as disloyal, he was condemned to die for imputed treason, in May, 1593. Letters written by him shortly before his death are extant, which for true pathos, tender affection to his wife and four infant children, and for resolute determination to lay down his life for the truth, are, I believe, without their equal in the annals of martyrology. One extract must suffice. Being pressed to save his life by recantation, he replied, "*If my blood were an ocean sea, and every drop thereof was a life unto me, I would give them all for the maintenance of this my confession. Far be it from me that either the saving of an earthly life, the regard which I ought to have to the desolate outward state of a friendless widow and four poor fatherless children, or any other thing, should enforce me, by denial of God's truth, to perjure mine own soul.*"² And he would not and did not accept deliverance. Orders were sent immediately to the sheriff, who proceeded the very same day to hang him at a place

¹ State Papers, Scotland.

² Penry's "Protestation," Lands. MSS.

called St. Thomas-a-Watering, about two miles from London Bridge, on the Kent Road. While Penry was at his dinner, the officers came to make him ready; and at the unusual and unexpected hour of four, the same afternoon, he was put to death, the sheriff preventing his uttering a few words which he desired to address to the people. The place of his burial is unknown; but

“ Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.”

I have thus traced the party of the Separatists, reproachfully termed “ Brownists,” from the date of the complete establishment of the Church of England in 1562 to the death of Penry in 1593. This has been essential to my argument; for it is by these preliminary investigations that we ascertain what were the particular principles of the party to which the PILGRIM FATHERS belonged. I now set out to prove that the exiles who left Leyden and the shores of England in 1620, and whom *all writers* are agreed in terming “ the Pilgrim Fathers,” were of the sect of the Separatists, and were, moreover, the direct ecclesiastical successors of the noble men whose acts, principles, and sufferings have been briefly narrated.

The idea of exchanging persecution and death in England for exile to some foreign shore originated with the martyrs Barrowe and Penry. The former in 1592 bequeathed a fund to aid the persecuted church “ *in the event of their emigration;*” while the latter, in his last letter, urged “ the brethren to prepare for *banishment in an unbroken company.*” The term “ emigration,” as it is now understood, does not convey an adequate idea of the alternative to which this persecuted people were reduced. England at that date had neither colony nor permanent settlement on the American coast. Emigration was then, in fact, expulsion beyond the limits of civilization, and involved not only danger and suffering to all, but inevitable death to a large proportion of the settlers. This was so much the case, that, up to the time of the exile of the Pilgrim Fathers, no American colony had succeeded, though many had been attempted.

Francis Johnson, already referred to as associated with Barrowe and Greenwood, was the first to put exile to the test. Papers lately discovered bring all the circumstances to light. He memorialized Lord Burleigh on behalf of the church in Southwark in 1593, shortly after Penry's martyrdom. No opportunity offered, however, till 1597; and in the interval many found their way to Holland, where toleration prevailed. In the latter year we find “ the Brownists, falsely so called,” petitioning under that name the Privy Council, to be allowed to go to Canada.¹ From the register of the Privy Council, it appears that permission was given, but restricted to the Island of Ranea. The voyage proved unavailing; for the poor pilgrims in the ships “ Chancewell ” and “ Hopewell ” were not suffered to land.² Some also went to Newfoundland, a fishing station during part of the year only: but these returned also greatly disheartened and impoverished; and, denied a resting-place in England, they also found a home in Holland.³

Johnson there became their pastor; and Daniel Studley, elder of the church in Southwark, condemned to death with Greenwood and Barrowe, but afterward reprieved, joined the same Christian society. They prepared a confession of their faith, and sent copies to the leading universities of Europe.⁴ Here we have the

¹ State Papers, Domestic Series.

² Hakluyt.

³ Bradford's Dialogues.

⁴ “ The Confession of Fayth of certayn English People in Exile in the Low Countreyes,” 1598.

first links in the chain of evidence which identify the Separatists of Southwark with the exiles in Holland.

John Smyth, a Fellow of Cambridge and a pupil of Francis Johnson, adopted his views, and forms another link in our chain. He was imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and had conference, we are told, with two eminent Puritan divines, Mr. Dod and Mr. Hildersham, who, however, failed to convince him.¹ (You will notice again the divergence of the views of the Separatists and Puritans.) Being liberated on the ground of failing health, he retired to Gainsborough in Lincolnshire, founded a Separatist church there, and became its pastor. A second or branch church of the same faith was also established, meeting in the manor-house of William Brewster, at Scrooby, a village in Notts, on the borders of Yorkshire. The church at Scrooby was under the care of Richard Clyfton, a Puritan minister who had joined the Separatist party, relinquishing his living at Worksop.² Clyfton afterward retired to Holland, affording another link in the connection we are tracing out. He was succeeded as pastor of the church at Scrooby by John Robinson, M.A. This Robinson was afterward pastor of the church at Leyden, and organized the departure of the Pilgrims from that place to their home in the New World. William Brewster, at whose house the church met at Scrooby, was also one of the exiles termed Pilgrim Fathers, and filled subsequently the office of elder amongst them. While pastor at Scrooby, Robinson received into the little society there a youth named William Bradford, who also went out as one of the Pilgrim Fathers, became Governor, in course of time, of the Plymouth Colony in New England, and the historian of the Pilgrims, whose MS. volume, now in the Bishops' Library at Fulham, has established and cleared up many of the facts stated in this address. We have thus three of the leaders of the Pilgrims—Pastor Robinson, Elder Brewster, and Governor Bradford—connected with the Separatist church at Scrooby, the branch of that founded at Gainsborough by John Smith of Southwark. That all these men were Separatists from conviction appears from their works and letters still extant. Robinson particularly speaks of the painful struggles which he experienced in breaking from his friends of the Puritan party.³

One more connecting link between the Separatists of Southwark and the exiles in Holland must be pointed out before we accompany the Pilgrims across the Atlantic. Johnson, of whom we have spoken, when in prison was visited by Henry Jacob, a Puritan clergyman in Kent, who hoped to convince Johnson of his errors, but who was himself convinced of his erroneous views by the Separatist prisoner. Jacob hoped, with other sanguine men, to obtain, on the accession of James I., permission to practise his religion according to the light of conscience.⁴ But he was soon undeceived. Elizabeth was dead; but the system survived. Being so unwise as to wait upon the bishop to "argue and reason the matter," as he tells us, he soon found that it was not a matter either for reason or argument; for the bishop laid hold of him then and there, and committed him to the *Clink*. This was in 1605.⁵

Bancroft had now succeeded to the Primacy; and the Puritans *within* as well as the Separatists *without*, the Establishment, began to feel the weight of his persecuting hand. In 1604, excommunication, with all its attendant penalties, was added to the pains attending nonconformity. Three hundred of the clergy were in one year deprived of their livings. Chamberlain, referring to this period, says,

1 "Paralleles, Censures, and Observations," 1603.

2 Hunter's "Founders of New Plymouth," p. 40. Smyth's "Paralleles."

3 Robinson's Works, vol. ii. pp. 51, 52.

4 "Reasons, &c.," pref. p. 2.

5 Lambeth MSS.

"Our *Puritans* go down on all sides; and, though our new Bishop of London proceeds but slowly, yet he hath deprived, silenced, or suspended all that continue disobedient."¹ I quote this as particularly defining the term "*Puritan*," as applied at this date to the nonconforming clergy of the Church of England.

Persecution was not relaxed against the Separatists. Bradford, in his journal, informs us how the members of the churches in the North were watched by informers day and night, imprisoned, and prevented assembling. "Seeing," he tells us, "themselves thus molested, and that there was no hope of their continuance there, by a joint consent they resolved to go into the Low Countries, where they heard there was freedom of religion for all men; as also *sundry from London*, and other parts of the land, that had been exiled and persecuted for the same cause, were gone thither, and lived in Amsterdam and other places in that land."²

I must pass over the difficulties, trials, and sufferings of these poor people, their oft-attempted escape and failures. It was more than a twelvemonth before the whole party, with women and children, could elude the cruel vigilance of their enemies. They escaped from time to time, as opportunity offered, from the coast near to the ports of Boston, Grimsby, and Hull. Robinson and Brewster, we are told, "were of the last, and staid to help the weakest over before them."³

Twelve years they spent in Amsterdam and Leyden, not without struggles for maintenance, but enjoying peace in the exercise of their religion, to which they had long been strangers. Robinson became their pastor; Brewster was appointed elder; while Henry Jacob, having been liberated from the *Clink*, joined them, and wrote a treatise on church-government; which again proves incontestably that he, with his associates, were decided and uncompromising Separatists. Time does not admit of my quoting him.

In 1617 we find him again in Southwark, seeking permission for the church there to worship only *privately*, and "not in *public places*," but in vain. The churches in Holland and in Southwark abandoned all hopes of toleration at home, and began in earnest to address their thoughts to emigration to some land in which their children would retain their language and nationality with liberty of Christian worship. . . .

On the 9th of November, 1620, the little, solitary, adventurous "*May-Flower*," on its peaceful errand, freighted with the seed of a future nation, unheeded by human eye, but not unregarded by Him who "sees the end from the beginning," sighted Cape Cod, on the coast of Massachusetts,—a shore covered with snow, and formidable with shoals and breakers. On the 11th of November, the Constitution of the future Colony was signed by all the party in the cabin of "*The May-Flower*." On the 15th the vessel found safe anchorage in Plymouth Bay, so named from the port of departure in England. On the 21st of December (Forefathers' Day of the Americans) the wearied, storm-tossed party found rest, landing on the well-known Plymouth Rock,—"*the door-step into a world unknown, the CORNER-STONE OF A NATION.*"

"There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

1 Letter dated Feb. 26, 1605.

2 "*Of Plimoth Plantation*," Fulham MSS.

3 *Ibid.*

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels, or the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!
 Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod:
They left unstained what there they found,—
 FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD."¹

But did they, as the poet sings, "leave unstained what there they found,—freedom to worship God"? This is the question to be next determined; and as poets, as well as historians, make sad havoc of facts, I proceed to prove by the light of original and extant documents that the Pilgrim Fathers remained faithful to their principles.

But first allow me to digress, briefly to allude to a remarkable letter from John Smyth, addressed to the church at Scrooby, of which he was pastor. In it he addressed to them words, which, by the light of subsequent events, we may almost regard as prophetic. "You are few in number," he writes; "yet, considering that the kingdom of heaven is as a grain of mustard-seed, small in the beginning, I do not doubt that you may in time *grow up to a multitude*, and be, as it were, a great tree full of fruitful branches."²

The fact is sublime, and calculated to attract the attention of the world *some day*, that a few poor, persecuted villagers and humble worshippers at Scrooby, who would have gone to their graves in silent obscurity had not persecution driven them into unconscious fame,—that three of them at least—Robinson, Brewster, and Bradford—became *the founders of a nation of thirty millions of free worshippers*. The United States of America may well be termed a "great tree full of fruitful branches:" truly "the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a *strong nation*."

And here let me say, my American hearers, who have honored me by your attendance to-night, here is the fountain-head, or one chief fountain-head, of all your greatness. This remote hamlet of Nottinghamshire, adjacent to the borders of Yorkshire, which now echoes to the whistle of the Great Northern Railway,—here, in the old manor-house of SCROOBY (the outline of whose moat may still be seen from the platform of the station), this ancient hunting-seat of the Archbishop of York; the resting-place of Queen Margaret of Scotland, daughter of Henry VII., on her journey to Scotland in 1503; here, where disappointed Wolsey retired after his fall, to discover too late that fidelity to God brings a higher and more certain blessing than the most devoted fidelity to an earthly king; here, where Wolsey's royal rival, Henry, passed a night in 1541; here, where James the First solicited of the Archbishop "that he might take his royal pastime in the forest of Sherwood,"—in this very manor-house, or in one of its offices, met the simple humble Separatist worshippers, Robinson, Brewster, and Bradford, the leaders of the Pilgrim band, the founders of the civil and religious liberties of America. I had the honor to lay, a few years since, the memorial stone of a building in Southwark for the use of the church, the successors of the Separatists of the sixteenth century, on a spot closely adjacent to that on which Penry was martyred. To that memorial-building grateful Englishmen and Americans contributed. Would it not be appropriate, let me ask, if some humble but serviceable memorial were erected on the site of the manor-house at Scrooby, to which Americans in future days, when the sublime story is re-written, and they shall become better acquainted with their own antecedents, might direct their steps as to a shrine

1 Mrs. Hemans.

2 "A Lettre written to certain bretheren in S—, by John Smyth."

sacred to them as the tomb of Washington, who gave them independence, or as the grave of their martyr President, who preserved them from dismemberment, and proclaimed liberty to the slave?

But to return to my argument. The Pilgrim Fathers were Separatists. Did they retain their principles, or repudiate them, on their arrival in the New World? Did they, as the poet asserted, "leave unstained what there they found,—freedom to worship God"? The probabilities of the case would certainly lean to the side of that conclusion. If they had clung to their principles through persecution, suffering, and the loss of all things, it would be *improbable in the extreme* that they should repudiate their most cherished convictions upon crossing the Atlantic. True it is, that human nature is often inconsistent, but not that part of it which has passed through the crucible of trial and the furnace of suffering for the sake of principle. "Can gold grow worthless that has stood the touch?" No: there is a *prima facie* difficulty in the outset in believing that the Pilgrim Fathers persecuted for conscience' sake. Bear in mind also, that, "had they been mindful of that country whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned." "The May-Flower" stood in the harbor with sail flapping for many a week. Just one-half of the party died during the first winter from privation and exposure, but no one returned.

"O strong hearts and true!—not one went back in 'The May Flower';
No, not one looked back who had not set his hand to that ploughing."¹

Home, friends, native country, comfort, the world's applause,—all might have been theirs had they changed their opinions, had they abandoned their principles. One, Edward Winslow, returning to transact some business in England, was imprisoned on landing, and kept close prisoner for seventeen weeks: why endure this if he had been prepared to abandon views which he found untenable? The charge that the Pilgrim Fathers persecuted is as *unreasonable* as it is *unhistorical*, and about as probable as that the Friends should, upon landing, have entered into a military convention with the other colonists for the extermination of the Indians, or that the Jesuits should have established a society to send the Scriptures to the people in their native tongue. Had no other course been open to me, I should have been well content to rest my case upon this *a priori* argument, and to have thrown upon any opponent the *onus* of producing one word of original or contemporaneous history in support of his opinion. I am not, however, reduced to this course, having original documentary evidence of a positive character that is perfectly conclusive, that what the Pilgrims were upon landing, that they remained through evil report and good report; that, when charged with their Separatist views, they did not abjure them, although they repudiated the term of reproach; that, in an age when the majority of men were persecutors in heart and in practice, they held aloof from, and reprobated, such practices; that they sheltered and acted kindly toward the persecuted, Roger Williams included; and that when they, the Pilgrim Fathers, were laid in their graves, and the Friends arrived in New England, their sons and successors were advocates of toleration, and supporters of the Friends. The evidence is voluminous: the only difficulty I experience is in reference to selection and condensation, so as to bring the subject within the compass of this address.

I have failed to find any writer, who, until very recent times, say the present century, has given currency to the allegation which I am engaged to disprove,—that the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth persecuted for conscience' sake. I have been

¹ Longfellow.

referred to Sewell's "History of the People called Quakers." But he does not affirm the matter in question; indeed, if we regard his chronology as correct, he acquits the Pilgrim Fathers of any share of the persecutions alluded to. He was evidently little acquainted with religious parties *outside* the society whose history he records; so that his statements upon this point are worthless, either for condemnation or acquittal.

Speaking as I do before members of the Society, I must devote a little time to his statements, which, under other circumstances, I should pass by as of no weight in regard to this matter.

In Sewell (vol. i. pp. 6, 7) I find the following:—

"The bishops under Queen Elizabeth were content with the Reformation made by Cranmer; yet it pleased God, in the year 1568, to raise other persons that testified publicly against many of the remaining superstitions; and although Coleman, Burton, Hallingham, and Benson were imprisoned by the Queen's orders, yet they got many followers, and also the name of Puritans. And notwithstanding the archbishop, to prevent this, drew up some articles of faith to be signed by all clergymen, yet he met with great opposition in the undertaking; for one Robert Brown, a young student of Cambridge (from whom the name of Brownists was afterward borrowed), and Richard Harrison, a schoolmaster, published in the year 1583 some books, wherein they showed how much the Church of England was still infected with Romish errors; which was of such effect, that the eyes of many people came thereby to be opened, who so valiantly maintained that doctrine which they believed to be the truth, that some of the most zealous among them, viz., Henry Barrow, John Greenwood, and John Penry, about the year 1593, were put to death because of their testimony, more (as may very well be believed) by the instigation of the clergy than by the desire of the queen.

"After the death of Queen Elizabeth, when James I. had ascended the throne, the followers of those men suffered much for their separation from the Church of England; but very remarkable it is, that even those of that persuasion, of which many in the reign of *King Charles I* went to New England to avoid the persecution of the bishops, afterward themselves turned cruel persecutors of pious people by inhuman whippings, &c., and lastly by putting some to death by the hands of a hangman."

A more involved and illogical statement was never penned. I must devote a few minutes to its dissection.

The writer first enumerates certain reformers *in* the Church of England,—to wit, Coleman, Burton, Hallingham, and Benson. He states, truly enough, that they got the name of "*Puritans*;" that they drew up articles of faith to be signed by "*clergymen*." All this is quite true; and he might have added that which I supply from their petition to the Privy Council, in which they say of the "*Brownists*," or Separatists, "*We abhor these, and we punish them.*"¹

Sewell then goes on to enumerate correctly other sufferers for conscience' sake, beginning with Brown (from whom he says the term "*Brownists*" was borrowed), Richard Harrison, Henry Barrowe, John Greenwood, and John Penry. He tells us further, that the three latter were put to death about 1593, by the instigation of the clergy more than by desire of the queen; that their followers in James's reign suffered much for their "*separation*" from the Church of England. All which is perfectly true.

We have here, then, *two* distinct parties: one of them described as "*Puritans*" and "*clergymen*," imprisoned for desiring "*reform*" *in* the Church of England, temp. Elizabeth; another party executed in the same reign for "*separation*" from that Church, and treated with severity in the reign of James I.

1 "Parte of a Register," p. 129.

Here are the premises ; now, then, for the conclusion : “ But very remarkable it is, that even those of *that* persuasion who went out in *Charles the First's* reign persecuted by whipping and hanging.”

“ *Those of that persuasion.*” WHICH persuasion? *This is the question.* Sewell does not tell us ; and it is evident that he did not know the difference between the two persuasions enumerated, and that one “ *abhorred*” the other, and “ *punished*” them even to death, and had done so for half a century. Could these persons of undecided persuasion be the Pilgrim Fathers? Certainly not, according to Sewell ; for the Pilgrim Fathers emigrated, according to every authority, in 1620 (eighteenth year of James the First) ; while Sewell tells us that it was “ persons of *that persuasion* who went out in the reign of *Charles the First*” who persecuted by whipping and hanging. He acquits, therefore, the Pilgrim Fathers ; for those who emigrated in James's reign could not be those who came to New England in the following reign. The truth is, that Sewell, however reliable an authority he may be as regards the Society of Friends, evidently did not know, and failed to notice, that he was writing of *two perfectly distinct religious parties*, and, ignorantly confounding these parties, draws conclusions which are historically worthless. I may remark that Sewell wrote in Holland, in low Dutch, of events which happened in England and America, and was probably in no position to speak from original documents, excepting such as were supplied by the Society of Friends. From some such involved history, it is probable that the whole confusion of dates and parties has arisen.

The facts, so far as they can be compressed into a paragraph, are these. The colony of Virginia (South) was first attempted by settlers exclusively EPISCOPAL. But that settlement resulted in total failure. The Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth in 1620 (18th James I.) ; and they were, as I have shown, SEPARATISTS, or Brownists. The THIRD colony or settlement was that planted at Salem and Boston, Massachusetts, by PURITANS, in 1630 (5th Charles I.) ; that party having in turn come under the persecuting hands of the English prelates Bancroft and Laud. It was these *Puritans* of Massachusetts or Boston who passed acts against the Quakers, and were guilty of cruel intolerance, which has been ignorantly charged to the account of the Pilgrim Fathers.

I now proceed to prove that the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth *remained Separatists* ; that they neither repudiated the term, nor relinquished their principles ; that they received Roger Williams into their church, and sheltered and helped him ; that they had gone to their graves before the first of the Friends came to New England, and therefore had no opportunity (in the flesh at least) of persecuting them ; and that their successors—some of them, at all events—inherited their principles, and advocated toleration of the Friends.

And, first, as to the Pilgrim Fathers retaining their Separatist views. The colony of Plymouth was dependent greatly upon the “ merchant adventurers” of London, who were of the State religion, no other being tolerated. From a correspondence which survives, we learn that the Pilgrims were directly charged by the Merchant Company with holding Separatist views.¹ A letter written by Mr. Sherley, one of the merchants, dated 25th January, 1625, states that charges had been brought against the colonists, that they allowed “ diversity about religion.” They replied, “ We know no such matter : for there was never any controversy or opposition, either public or private, to our knowledge, since we came.” But what was the religion on which all were agreed? In the same year, another letter charges them “ with receiving a man into their church, that, in his confession, renounced

¹ Bradford's “ Plymouth Plantation.”

universal, national, and diocesan churches; by which (say they) it appears, that though you deny the name 'Brownists,' *yet you practice the same*, and therefore you sin against God in building up such a people." The adventurers demanded that they should conform to their views of governing the colony; that the "French discipline" (whatever that may have been) should be practised; and "that Mr. Robinson and his company at Leyden should not be allowed to join them, *unless they would reconcile themselves to the Church by a recantation under their hands*." This recantation was never forthcoming. Mr. Sherley wrote again at this juncture, and tells the colonists that a party of the merchants "were for a full desertion and forsaking of them;" and he adds, "It is pretended that you are 'Brownists;'" and he adjures them to leave their "evil views." This advice, though well intended, was not adopted. Through good and evil report they held to their principles.¹

We must now turn our attention to the Massachusetts colony. Finding the colonists of Plymouth to be holding their ground, after eight years' struggles, the Puritan party in England, who had now come in turn to experience the rigors of persecution, formed a large company in 1628. The first fleet of three vessels left the Isle of Wight in May, 1629. There can be no question as to their religious views; for in their farewell address they say, "We do NOT go to New England as SEPARATISTS from the Church of England, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions in it."² Some, however, of the Separatists found a passage in their ships, and joined their friends at Plymouth; and an outcry was accordingly raised against the company. John White, promoter of the company, in 1630 found it necessary to meet the charge thus raised. "I persuade myself," he says, "there is no Separatists known unto the Governor; or, if there be any, it is far from their purpose, as it is far from their safety, to continue him among them." In the course of the voyage it was discovered that Ralph Smith, a minister who had adopted Separatist views, was on board. Cradock writes on behalf of the company to the Governor, Endicott, April 17, 1629, "Passage was granted to him (Smith) before we understood his difference of judgment in some things from our ministry; and, though we have a very good opinion of his honesty, we give you this order, that, unless he will be conformable to our government, *you suffer him not to remain within the limits of your grant*." Here is the first persecuting edict, and it is directed against a *Separatist* minister by a *Puritan* company.

Ralph Smith was kept a long time in isolation,—a sort of spiritual quarantine. Now, mark the different treatment he received from the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth. Bradford, the Governor, writes, "There was one Ralph Smith and his wife and family that came over into the Bay of Massachusetts, and sojourned at present with some straggling people that lived at Nantuckett." Bradford then says that Smith was reduced to great straits, and had requested a passage to Plymouth and shelter there; and adds, "He was here *accordingly kindly entreated and honored*, and had the rest of his goods sent for, and exercised his gifts among us, and afterward was *chosen into the ministry*, and so remained many years."³ Hubbard, an early historian of New England, says, "He, Smith, approved the rigid way of *Separation* principles."

We now come, in chronological order, to the case of Roger Williams. He arrived in the ship "Lyon" at Boston on the 5th of February, 1630-31. He was from Wales, a Separatist. . . . It is foreign to my purpose to contend as to the particular views of Williams. I entirely indorse the glowing eulogy pronounced

¹ Ibid.

² Cotton Mather's "Magnalia," Book III., Part II., chap. I.
³ Bradford's "Plymouth Plantation."

upon him by Edward Newman on a previous evening. He was a man of whom the "world was not worthy." He belongs to the Church of Christ,—to Friends, and to Separatists, and to Baptist, alike. He held the principles of church polity which are common to the free churches; and it will be enough to say of him, that he is doubtless a member of that "church of the first-born whose names are recorded in heaven."

Let us gather from his own pen what he was in reference to the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth. In a letter addressed by him, late in life, to John Cotton of Plymouth, he says, "In New England, being unanimously chosen teacher at Boston before your dear father came, divers years, I conscientiously refused, and withdrew to Plymouth, because I durst not officiate to an UNSEPARATING people, as upon examination and conference I found them (i.e., of Boston) to be."¹

This is conclusive: he was Separatist in his views, and could not minister to an unseparating church, such as that established at Salem or at Boston; and he withdrew to the more congenial religious society of the Plymouth colony. This is confirmed by what follows. The church at Salem, originally a Puritan settlement, having advanced under the direct influence of the Pilgrim Fathers to Separatist views, invited R. Williams to become their pastor. Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, in his journal of the 12th of April, 1631, informs us how the Boston Council opposed the arrangement. He says, "At a Court holden at Boston (upon information of the Governor that they of Salem had called Mr. Williams to the office of a teacher), a letter was written from the Court to Endicott to this effect, that, whereas Mr. Williams had refused to join with the congregation at Boston because they would not make a public declaration of their *repentance for having communion with the Church of England* while they lived there, therefore they marvelled they would choose him without advising with the Council; and withal desiring him that they would forbear to proceed till they had conference about it."² The church at Salem, notwithstanding this dictation, received Mr. Williams. He was, however, obliged to retire from Salem before the opposition of the Boston Council. Where did he retire to? To the Pilgrim Fathers' colony at Plymouth, where he was received with marked respect and kindness; and he became assistant to Ralph Smith, who had been driven out before him by the Puritan colonists. Governor Bradford, in his journal, says, "He, Williams, was freely entertained amongst us according to our poor ability, exercised his gifts amongst us, and after some time was admitted a *member of the Church*, and his teaching was well approved." This does not look like persecution. A diversity of opinion, however, afterward occurred; and, at Williams's own desire, he returned to the church at Salem. . . . The opinions referred to were political rather than religious. . . . After much conflict with Massachusetts authorities on various points, Roger Williams was ordered to *depart out of their jurisdiction*, Sept. 3, 1636. He was allowed, however, to remain until the following spring, when he proposed to form a settlement at Narragansett Bay. The Boston authorities did not consider him safe at that distance, and gave orders to ship him to England,—an unwarrantable act of intolerance, considering that they themselves were fugitives from persecution at home. How did the Pilgrim Fathers regard and treat Williams at this juncture?

Winslow, one of them, writes on this occasion, "I know that Mr. Williams, though a man *lovely in his carriage, and whom I trust the Lord will yet recall*, held forth on the unlawfulness of our letters-patent from the king, and would not allow the colors of our nation."³ He regrets his political views, particularly dangerous to

¹ Original Letter in MSS. of Massachusetts Historical Society.

² Winthrop's "History of New England."

³ Winslow's "Hypocrisy Unmasked," &c.

the infant colony at this crisis ; but he has nothing but kindly words as to his character, and trust in God to recall him. Roger Williams confirms this under his own hand. From Seekonk (Rehoboth) he writes, " I received a letter from my ANCIENT FRIEND Mr. Winslow, the Governor of Plymouth, *professing his own and others' love and respect for me*, yet LOVINGLY *advising* me, since I was fallen into the edge of their bounds, and they were loath to displease the Bay (the colony of Massachusetts), to remove to the other side of the river ; and there he said, I had the country before me, and *I might be as free as themselves*, and we should be *loving neighbors together*."¹ This was good as well as kind advice, and promoted peace, and resulted in security and freedom to Williams. In another letter, Williams informs us that the good offices of Gov. Winslow did not stop at good and kind advice : he writes, " That great and pious soul Mr. Winslow, melted, and kindly *visited* me at Providence, and put a piece of *gold into the hands of my wife* for our supply."² Beyond this expression of desire, for the sake of peace with their neighbors of the Bay, that Williams would cross the river to found his new settlement, there is not one word of MS. history which can be construed into an act of persecution or unkindness on the part of the original settlers of New Plymouth ; while, on the other hand, Williams ever speaks gratefully of the kind treatment and loving advice which the Plymouth colonists extended to him.

We now come, in chronological order, to the alleged persecution of *the Friends* by the Pilgrim Fathers,—an allegation, which, but for the wide-spread credit it has obtained amongst the members of a truth-loving society, I should treat with the disrespect which it deserves. Williams was a contemporary of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England : the Friends were not. Persecution of the Friends by the Pilgrim Fathers was chronologically impracticable. George Fox, a good authority on such a point, says, " In 1655 many went beyond the sea, where truth also sprung up ; and in 1656 it broke forth in America."³

It will be seen that this was thirty-six years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620 (a date which cannot be shaken). In 1656 every leader of that party whose name history has recorded was in his grave. John Carver, first Governor, died in 1621 ; John Robinson died in 1625 ; Samuel Fuller in 1663 ; Elder Brewster in 1643 ; Edward Winslow (Williams's friend and correspondent) died in 1655 ; Myles Standish in 1656 ; and in the same year William Bradford of Scrooby, historian of the party, closed his career, in the 69th year of his age, in the very year in which George Fox says that the truth held by the Friends broke forth in America. At this date great changes had taken place in New England. Plymouth was no longer an independent colony, but only one of a confederation of the four New-England settlements of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven ; and we now come in order to inquire whether the *successors* of the Pilgrim Fathers who had now passed off the scene forgot the religious principles of their fathers. I am not called to prove this ; but it is very satisfactory to find that some of the sons and successors of the Pilgrim Fathers suffered obliquely and made sacrifices for their hostility to the persecuting acts of the Council in relation to the Friends.

Isaac Robinson, son of John Robinson, pastor of the Pilgrims at Leyden, was disfranchised for his opposition to the laws against the Quakers in 1659, and removed from his place in the government of Plymouth colony. At the period at which we have now arrived, an important branch settlement and church of Separatists had been formed at Scituate, near Plymouth. This settlement was formed of members

¹ Roger Williams's Letter to Major Mason, in Mass. Hist. Coll., i. 276.

² Ibid., 275.

³ Fox's "Journal."

of the Separatist church in Southwark under Henry Jacob, to whom we have had occasion to refer. It was joined in 1634 by John Lothrop, also pastor of the Southwark church; and, on his arrival at Scituate, some of the Plymouth colonists went to join them. They are known in the Colonial History as "the men of Kent." Amongst those who joined and befriended the church at Scituate we find Isaac Robinson, just referred to; also Timothy Hatherley and James Cudworth. The church was accustomed to meet at the house of the latter. I have said that Isaac Robinson suffered disfranchisement and removal from office for befriending the Quakers. Cudworth and Hatherley also suffered from the same cause. Cudworth was assistant to the Governor in 1656-58, and a Commissioner of the United Colonies in 1657. In 1658 he fell under the displeasure of these Commissioners "*because he would not set his hand to the laws which had been propounded to the several courts to be enacted against the Quakers.*" He was left out of the magistracy and Board of Commissioners, and deprived of his military command. In 1659, being returned as a deputy by the town of Scituate, the Court rejected him. A letter of his, in 1658, shows plainly what were his sentiments. "The anti-Christian and persecuting spirit," he says, "is very active, and that in the powers of the world. He that will not lash, persecute, and punish men that differ in matter of religion, must not sit on the bench, nor sustain any office in the Commonwealth. Last election," he adds, "Mr. Hatherley and myself were left off the bench, and myself discharged my captainship because I entertained some of the Quakers at my house, that I might thereby be the better acquainted with their principles. But the Quakers and myself *cannot close in divers things*, and so I signified to the Court; but *I told them withal, that, as I was no Quaker, I would be no PERSECUTOR.*"¹ He then narrates how for two whole years he had been in opposition to the ruling powers on behalf of the same cause, and describes feelingly the sufferings of the Friends, which, he says, "saddened the hearts of the precious saints of God."

James Bowden, in his "History of the Friends in America," bears testimony to the noble conduct of Cudworth and Hatherley, particularly in reference to their protecting three members of the Society,—William Brand, John Copland and Sarah Gibbons. Hatherley, as a magistrate, furnished them with a free pass to protect them on their way.

My task is accomplished. I have shown as well as I knew how, and so far as time has permitted, that the Pilgrim Fathers, and their precursors in England, Holland, and at Plymouth, were *Separatists*, and had no connection with the *Puritans*, who subsequently settled in New England, at Salem and Boston in Massachusetts; that the principles and practice of the two parties, confounded by some careless writers, differed essentially; the Separatists ever contended for freedom of conscience, and separation from the powers of the State, while the Puritans remained in connection and communion with the State Church, and held both in England and New England that the State should be authoritative in matters of religion. Hence the anti-Christian and intolerant acts of the Puritan colony to the Separatists, Ralph Smyth, Roger Williams, Isaac Robinson, John Cudworth, and Timothy Hatherley. Hence also, on the arrival of the Friends, the cruel laws for whipping, banishing, and executing, for matters of religious faith and practice. I have shown that the Separatist colony of Plymouth had no share in this intolerant conduct during the lives of the Pilgrim Fathers; and moreover, that they acted kindly, and received into their church both Smyth and Roger Williams when forbidden to worship freely elsewhere; and that, after the death of the Pilgrim Fathers, some of their sons and

¹ "History of Scituate," p. 216.

successors, acting up to their principles, shielded the Friends, and refused to be parties to the persecuting laws then enacted. This last point I was not pledged to support by proof ; but I felt it due to the noble men of whom I have been speaking to show that they left some noble successors behind them.

It may interest you to know that two eminent historians recently deceased virtually admitted the truth of that which I have to-night affirmed. I refer to Lord Macaulay and Earl Stanhope (Lord Mahon), who, as commissioners for decorating historically the House of Lords, were appealed to respecting an erroneous inscription placed under Mr. Cope's painting of the Pilgrim Fathers landing in New England. The inscription stood, "Departure of a *Puritan* Family for New England ;" but after listening to the proofs submitted, and hearing Mr. Cope, who stated that he had taken his ideas from Bradford's "Journal," the commissioners ordered the terms "*Puritan Family*" to be removed, as unjust to the memory of the parties concerned, and substituted the words "PILGRIM FATHERS."

It may be objected, "This is merely a question of names, dates, and localities ; that, if the Pilgrim Fathers did not persecute, the Puritan colony of Massachusetts did." It is, however, a question of graver importance than this,—even of *truth, justice, and principle*. It is due to truth itself, that truth should be spoken, if ascertainable, upon every subject. It is due to the parties concerned, that justice should be done to their memories ; it is just, moreover, to their ecclesiastical successors to this day, and to the end of time. It is due to the high and sacred principles involved, that they should be rightly stated ; for ourselves, our children, and our children's children, will either learn or unlearn right principles, as they are placed truly before them, or withheld from their observation. It is due also upon the common ground of justice from man to man. History which confounds right and wrong, the persecutor with the persecuted, is not only unjust, but worthless. History so written would confound the slave-holder with the enslaved ; indeed, would treat as one and the same the rabble of priests, scribes, and soldiers, which clamored for the crucifixion of our Lord, and the small weeping band of sympathizers who surrounded his cross. Religious history which does not accurately and justly discriminate between not *men only*, but their PRINCIPLES, had better never have been written.

This is a question of grave importance to you, my friends, who listen to me to-night. The struggle commenced at the Reformation is not yet over ; indeed, in some respects, it has hardly yet begun in some countries of Europe. The Society of Friends, in common with all who virtually hold Separatist views, are awakening to the fact that those great religious questions opened in the Tudor and Stuart period are reserved for final settlement in our day. America—thanks to the Separatists and Friends—has led the van, and Europe must soon follow ; but if our ecclesiastical trumpets give forth uncertain, confused, and conflicting sounds, who shall prepare himself for the struggle ? "Europe," says the late Abbott Lawrence, United States ambassador to this country,—“Europe has begun to study the principles of the Pilgrim Fathers.” *Well, but what were those principles ?* This is the question. Were they the principles of a church claiming to be dominant and exclusive, and to hold authority over the minds and consciences of men, placing earthly rulers on the throne of spiritual supremacy ? Or were they the principles of churches which know no king but Christ, no law but his word, no teaching but that word as it shall be applied to *each man's conscience* individually by the influence of the Holy Spirit ; churches which repudiate human authority, however august, whether of kings, councils, or parliaments ; churches which hold, that, while the most devoted loyalty is due to civil rulers, loyalty to Christ demands that he should be lord of conscience ; churches

which, in short, "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's"?

Are not these two systems sufficiently distinct to render justice to their professors and founders an act of fairness and Christian duty? If they be not sufficiently distinctive to render such justice incumbent upon all of us Separatists of the present day (by whatever name we be termed), then it follows, as a necessary consequence, that we are not justified in our separation from the churches established in this or any other land by the authority of the law.

It may be remarked, that the persecution of Roger Williams at Salem occurred previous to his adoption of the peculiar tenets of the Baptists. It had no reference, therefore, to the sentiments of that denomination, and in itself furnishes no ground for the charge that the Puritans persecuted the Baptists.

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

SEVENTH ANNUAL DINNER

OF

THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN,

OFFICERS, DIRECTORS, COUNCIL, MEMBERS,
STANDING COMMITTEES,

AND

BY-LAWS OF THE SOCIETY.

BROOKLYN.

1887.

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OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn is incorporated and organized to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers ; to encourage the study of New England History ; to establish a library, and to promote charity, good fellowship and social intercourse among its members.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

ADMISSION FEE,	\$10.00
ANNUAL DUES,	5.00
LIFE MEMBERSHIP, <i>besides Admission Fee.</i>	50.00


Payable at election, except Annual Dues, which are payable in January of each year.

Any member of the Society in good standing may become a Life Member on paying to the Treasurer at one time the sum of fifty dollars ; and thereafter such member shall be exempt from further payment of dues.

Any male person of good moral character, who is a native or descendant of a native of any of the New England States, and who is eighteen years old or more, is eligible.

If in the judgment of the Board of Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society, a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society.

The friends of a deceased member are requested to give the Historiographer early information of the time and place of his birth and death, with brief incidents of his life, for publication in our annual report. Members who change their address should give the Secretary early notice.

 It is desirable to have all worthy gentlemen of New England descent residing in Brooklyn, become members of the Society. Members are requested to send application of their friends for membership to the Secretary.

Address,

THOMAS S. MOORE, *Recording Secretary,*
102 Broadway, New York.

OFFICERS,

1887.

President:

JOHN WINSLOW.

First Vice-President:

CALVIN E. PRATT.

Second Vice-President:

BENJ. F. TRACY.

Treasurer:

CHARLES N. MANCHESTER.

Recording Secretary:

THOMAS S. MOORE.

Corresponding Secretary:

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

Historiographer:

PAUL L. FORD.

Librarian:

CHARLES E. WEST, LL.D.

DIRECTORS.

For One Year:

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN.

GEORGE H. FISHER.

HIRAM W. HUNT.

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

HENRY E. PIERREPONT.

For Two Years:

WILLIAM H. LYON.

WILLIAM B. KENDALL.

ALBERT E. LAMB.

STEWART L. WOODFORD.

J. S. CASE.

For Three Years:

CALVIN E. PRATT.

JOHN WINSLOW.

RANSOM H. THOMAS.

CHAS. N. MANCHESTER.

JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

For Four Years:

BENJAMIN F. TRACY.

HENRY W. SLOCUM.

A. S. BARNES.

GEORGE B. ABBOTT.

NELSON G. CARMAN, JR.

COUNCIL.

A. A. LOW.

A. M. WHITE.

S. B. CHITTENDEN.

A. F. CROSS.

ROBERT D. BENEDICT.

HENRY COFFIN.

CHARLES PRATT.

C. L. BENEDICT.

THOMAS H. RODMAN.

AUGUSTUS STORRS.

ARTHUR MATHEWSON.

D. L. NORTHRUP.

W. H. NICHOLS.

FRANCIS L. HINE.

H. W. MAXWELL.

SETH LOW.

ISAAC H. CARY.

H. H. WHEELER.

W. A. WHITE.

DARWIN R. JAMES.

J. R. COWING.

A. C. BARNES.

JOHN CLAFLIN.

M. W. ROBINSON.

J. S. T. STRANAHAN.

WILLIARD BARTLETT.

L. S. BURNHAM.

HENRY EARL.

JASPER W. GILBERT.

M. N. PACKARD.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Finance:

WILLIAM H. LYON,

GEO. H. FISHER,

ALBERT E. LAMB.

Charity:

BENJAMIN F. TRACY,

HENRY W. SLOCUM,

J. F. KNAPP.

Invitations:

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

JOHN WINSLOW,

STEWART L. WOODFORD.

Annual Dinner:

HIRAM W. HUNT,

CHAS. N. MANCHESTER,

RANSOM H. THOMAS.

Publications:

NELSON G. CARMAN, JR.

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

J. S. CASE.

Annual Receptions:

PRESIDENT and VICE-PRESIDENTS.

SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, was held in the Director's Room of the Art Association Building, on Wednesday Evening, December 1, 1886.

MR. JOHN WINSLOW, the President of the Society, called the meeting to order, and acted as Chairman.

The minutes of the Sixth Annual Meeting, held December 2, 1885, were read and approved.

MR. WILLIAM B. KENDALL, Treasurer of the Society, presented his Annual Report, showing a balance on hand of \$13,239.95, deposited in the following institutions:

South Brooklyn Savings Institution...	\$3,046.00
Brooklyn Savings Bank.....	3,045.00
Dime Savings Bank.....	3,045.00
Williamburgh Savings Bank.....	3,060.00
Brooklyn Trust Co....	1,043.95
	<hr/>
	\$13,239.95

which was on motion approved, and ordered to be placed on file. There was appended to the Treasurer's Report, a certificate signed by the Finance Committee, that the same had been examined and found to be correct.

The PRESIDENT read his Annual Report, which was as follows:

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT.

In submitting the report required by the By-Laws, I have the pleasure to state that the Society is prosperous both in its membership and finances.

The declared purposes of the Society are to encourage the

study of New England history, to establish a library, to promote charity, good fellowship, and social intercourse among its members, and to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

These objects have been kept in view since the organization of the Society.

That the success of the last Annual Dinner, both as to the quality of the dinner, and the brilliancy and high character of the speakers was appreciated, is seen in the fact that there has not been since the organization of the Society, so many applications for tickets to the next dinner as now.

The Society has sought to make this Annual Festival a notable event in Brooklyn, and its success in that respect is generally recognized.

The indications are that the next Annual Dinner will be more largely attended than any former one. The high standard that the Society has thus far maintained for these annual occasions will be firmly upheld.

It is provided by Article 24 of the By-Laws, that if in the judgment of the Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society, a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society.

There have been several occasions when help in this manner has been given under the direction of the Committee on Charities.

The Report of the Secretary shows a recent increase of membership, the total of which is now four hundred and fifty.

The report of the Treasurer shows that there is in the treasury at this date, the sum of \$13,239.95, most of this sum is deposited in the four leading Savings Banks in the City of Brooklyn.

The Historiographer's Report shows that four members of the Society have died in the past year. They are :

WINCHESTER BRITTON, who was born at North Adams, Berkshire County, Mass., April 9th, 1826, where he lived with his parents till his tenth year, when he went to the home of his grandfather in Troy, N. Y. In 1847, he entered Union College, but his health breaking he became a law student in the office of John Van Buren, till it was restored, when he resumed his college course, but was again compelled to leave through ill health.

In 1848, he went to California, where he had a successful career, but eventually lost the fortune he had acquired, and for a short time returned East. On his revisiting California he became interested in politics, but soon returned East again, where, after completing his college course, he began the practice of the law in New York. In 1870, he removed his practice to this city,

and two years later was elected District Attorney, and was re-elected the next term.

Mr. Britton was twice married, first in 1853, to a daughter of William W. Parker, of Albany, by whom he had one son, who survived his mother but a few days; and again to the sister of his wife, Caroline A. Parker, by whom he had eleven children, all of whom survived him.

He died February 13, 1886, in the sixtieth year of his age.

JEREMIAH P. ROBINSON, son of George C. and Mary Niles (Potter) Robinson, was born August 18, 1819, in South Kingston, R. I., where he lived with his grandfather till his twelfth year, and then entered the grocery store of his uncle in Newport, with whom he remained for two years, at the end of that time returning to South Kingston, where he worked on a farm till 1836, when he came to New York and secured employment in the firm of E. P. and A. Woodruff, dealers in salt fish and provisions, of which firm in five years he was admitted a partner, and on the retirement of Mr. Woodruff took the name of J. P. and G. C. Robinson, Mr. Robinson having taken a younger brother into the firm.

In 1843, Mr. Robinson moved to Brooklyn and became interested in the water front of this city, building wharves and warehouses on property he purchased, and with Mr. William Beard he planned the Erie Basin. For a period he was president of the Brooklyn Bridge, and for many years one of the Trustees. He married Elizabeth DeWitt, of Cranberry, N. J., and had five children, four of whom survived him.

Mr. Robinson died August 26, 1886, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

HENRY SANGER, the third son of Zedekiah and Sarah (Kissam) Sanger, was born in New Hartford, Oneida County, New York, on the 20th of May, 1823. He was the sixth lineal descendant from Richard Sanger, of Hingham, Mass., who came to this country between 1634 and 1636, and who was the ancestor of a family of note in the Colonial and Revolutionary periods.

Mr. Sanger was prepared for college, but, preferring a business career, came to New York in 1843, where he secured a situation as clerk in the fancy goods house of William H. Cary & Co., and in three years became a partner in the firm, which was successively Cary, Howard & Sanger, and (on the death of Mr. Cary) Howard, Sanger & Co. On the destruction of their store by fire, in 1879, Mr. Sanger ceased all active connection with the business, though retaining an interest for several years.

In 1852, Mr. Sanger married Mary E. Requa, of Albany, and shortly after removed to Brooklyn, residing first on Pierrepont Street and later on Montague Terrace. He took a prominent lead in the affairs of this city, was President of the Academy of Music, an active member of the Art Association, the Brooklyn Library, the Packer Collegiate Institute, Grace Church and Greenwood Cemetery, and was a leader in many charitable institutions.

Mr. Sanger had five children, two of whom died in infancy. His widow and three children (one son and two daughters) survive him.

He died March 15, 1886, in the sixty-third year of his age.

CHARLES DENNIS, a life member of this Society, and Vice-President of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, died at his home, in Montague Street, Brooklyn, June 15, 1886, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Dennis was born in New London, Conn., on January 26, 1821, and there he received his early education. At the age of sixteen he came to New York, and secured employment as clerk in the dry goods house of C. H. Russell & Co. Finding the confinement of that occupation irksome to his vigorous energetic nature, he gave up that employment and entered the shipping house of E. D. Hurlburt & Co., as a clerk. While he was thus engaged, Commodore Stringham, of the United States Navy, took a fancy to him and engaged him as his clerk, and in that capacity he made a cruise around the world, during which he gained much information that proved of great value to him in his after life as a marine underwriter. After his voyage with Commodore Stringham he accepted employment in the firm of Goodhue & Co. In 1850 he resigned his position in that house to enter the employ of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company as an entry clerk. He continued in the service of this company the remainder of his life. In June, 1854, he was promoted to the position of assistant underwriter, and in February, 1855, to be Second Vice-President of the company. In January, thirty years ago, he was made Vice-President of the company. Mr. Dennis's early training especially fitted him to be a successful marine underwriter, and in that business he was a noted adept. One of his associates in the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company said there was scarcely a man in the street who had taken so many risks.

Mr. Dennis was a member of the Union League Club during the war. He was a fine penman, and it was partly on that account that Commodore Stringham took such a fancy to him. He wrote with ease and fluency, and his letters were models of brevity and clearness. He was a close reader, and unusually well informed on all matters connected with his business and kindred subjects. He was a very energetic man and he believed in vigorous methods of dealing with any difficulty in business or otherwise, that presented itself.

He was large hearted, generous, and genial, fond of his home and family, and his friendships were of the sturdiest and most faithful kind. Mr. Dennis was married twice, the first time in 1843, and the second in 1880. His second wife was a Miss Cholwell, who, with two sons and three daughters, by his first wife, all married, survive him.

To this list must be added the name of CHESTER A. ARTHUR, late President of the United States, and who was one of our honorary members. His recent death has brought out the history of his most useful and honorable life so fully in the public press, that it is not necessary to recall it now. We all remember with pleasure and gratitude the noble and splendid speech he made at our annual dinner three years ago.

The record made by Chester A. Arthur as President will compare well with that of the best of his predecessors.

On motion this report was accepted, and ordered to be

spread upon the minutes, and to be published in the annual report.

The terms of Messrs. Benjamin F. Tracy, Henry W. Slocum, A. S. Barnes, George B. Abbott, and Nelson G. Carman, Jr., as Directors, having expired, the Society proceeded to elect by ballot five directors, to hold office for four years, Messrs. Benjamin F. Tracy, Henry W. Slocum, A. S. Barnes, George B. Abbott, and Nelson G. Carman, Jr., were elected, and their election duly declared by the chairman.

The meeting then adjourned.

THOMAS S. MOORE,
Recording Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES
AT THE
SEVENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1886,

In commemoration of the Two Hundred and Sixty-sixth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims.

The Seventh Annual Dinner of the New England Society, in the City of Brooklyn, was held in the Assembly Rooms of the Academy of Music, and in the Art Room adjoining, on Tuesday evening, December 21, 1886.

The reception was held in the Art Room, and at six o'clock the dinner was served.

Three hundred and forty gentlemen were seated at the tables.

The President, HON. JOHN WINSLOW, presided, behind him hung the new banner of the Society. This banner is made from specially imported blue silk, and is of large proportions. The border is of white and red silk, and the fringes, cords and tassels, of gold colored silk. The lettering is illuminated in gold colors, as follows: "The New England Society of the City of Brooklyn, Incorporated 1880." In the centre is emblazoned in gold the seal of the Society, which contains a design of the ship "Mayflower." Below the seal is a painting of the Rock with date, 1620, commemorative of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The staff and cross-bar are of polished mahogany, surmounted with an eagle of gilded metal.

Upon his right sat GEN. W. T. SHERMAN, GEN. HENRY W. SLOCUM, HON. NOAH DAVIS, HON. EDWARD L. PIERCE, REV. ALBERT J. LYMAN, HON. GRANVILLE P. HAWES, HON. JOHN W. HUNTER.

On the left of the President sat HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, HON. B. D. SILLIMAN, REV. JOHN R. PAXTON, HON. STEWART L. WOODFORD, HON. D. D. WHITNEY, WILLIAM SULLIVAN, ESQ.

The members of the Society were seated as follows :

TABLE B.—William B. Kendall, W. W. Hewlett, Ripley Ropes, S. W. Boocock, Arthur R. Paine, N. H. Clement, J. T. Marean, William Berri, A. Ammerman, H. D. Hotchkiss, S. D. Morris, A. R. Jarrett, Chas. Heckman, E. W. Richardson, Leonard Moody, Paul C. Grening, Chas. I. De Baun, Geo. P. Merrill, A. E. Lamb, Charles S. Higgins, A. E. Whyland, David S. Babcock, J. A. Wernberg, D. A. Hulett, F. E. Taylor, Albert Douglas, Jr., Geo. A. Boynton, T. E. Pearsall, N. Townsend Thayer, David Barnett, Quincy A. Atwood, J. P. Cranford, Jesse Johnson, Franklin Allen, J. F. Talmage, John N. Partridge.

TABLE C.—Charles N. Manchester, Arthur Dean, Joel W. Hyde, Gustave A. Jahn, James E. Hayes, Walter K. Paye, Leonard Richardson, George C. White, Jr., George C. White, F. H. Lovell, Albert C. Woodruff, C. B. Davenport, Andrew Jacobs, Henry Pratt, John L. How, Gustave A. Recknagel, Thos. R. Ball, William D. Wade, Nelson G. Carman, Jr., Caskie Harrison, Seelye Benedict, H. C. Du Val, Mark D. Wilbur, Henry C. Collins, F. Abbott Ingalls, Isaac H. Cary, Rev. Chas. F. Russell, D. M. Somers, Chas. N. Chadwick, Albert W. Newell, Silas Condict, H. H. Perrin, Chas. M. Clarke, Richard M. Johnson, George C. Bradley, H. B. Moore.

TABLE D.—Hiram W. Hunt, Geo. W. Hunt, C. H. Wheeler, J. A. Tweedy, William H. Buffum, W. S. Badger, George N. Wilcox, Henry Adams, Jr., Sam'l Richards, Schuyler Walden, Chas. F. Lawrence, S. S. Blood, H. H. Wheeler, James W. Ridgway, Aug. Van Wyck, Wm. Barre, Abram Lott, Wm. Hester, Geo. B. Abbott, Henry J. Cullen, Jr., Daniel G. Rollins, W. B. Davenport, Henry A. Moore, E. W. Bliss, E. Spicer, Francis L. Hine, Henry E. Ide, John F. Owings, M. N. Packard, J. Lester Keep, Henry Hentz, Almet F. Jenks, Landon Carter Gray, Willard Bartlett, Calvin E. Pratt, St. Clair McKelway.

TABLE E.—James S. Case, Eugene L. Maxwell, Abraham Sanger, H. R. Heath, George A. Price, R. N. Denison, John S. James, E. C. Kimball, Ira A. Kimball, George H. Staynor, Henry S. Ives, Elihu Dwight, James O. McDermott, James S. Stearns, James Brady, H. D. Brookman, G. S. Hutchinson, E. H. Kellogg, Charles A. Moore, George L. Pease, William C. DeWitt, Stephen Condit, H. W. Slocum, Jr., Albert S. Hoyt, Charles A. Hoyt, E. A. Seccomb, Charles P. Williams, E. A. Lewis, John G. Johnson, N. W. Josselyn, George H. Prentiss, Rodney C. Ward, H. A. Tucker, H. A. Tucker, Jr., D. C. McEwen.

TABLE F.—John B. Woodward, A. D. Wheelock, A. I. Ormsbee, H. Judd, C. W. House, Rev. Jno. Rhey Thompson, Benjamin Estes, George W. Brush, William G. Creamer, Edwin Atkins, Philander Shaw, J. M. Leavitt, S. E. Howard, S. V. Lowell, Henry Coffin, William H. Taylor, J. N. Kalley, E. B. Litchfield, R. W. Ropes, Amory T. Skerry, Amos Robbins, S. S. Guy, James S. Bailey, William Coit, Charles H. Parsons, William T. Cross, Alfred F. Cross, Arthur B. Hart, J. R. Cowing, I. A. Whitman, J. A. Cowing, Noah R. Hart, H. W. Cowing, Charles A. Denny, Henry C. Hulbert.

TABLE G.—Henry E. Pierrepont, Jasper W. Gilbert, Rev. W. A. Snively, D. D., J. Spencer Turner, J. W. Frothingham, Julian T. Davies, Thomas S. Moore, W. A. White, E. H. Litchfield, H. E. Pierrepont, Jr., James R. Taylor, C. J. Lowrey, A. Van Sinderen, Henry Sheldon, Charles Pratt, C. M. Pratt, F. B. Pratt, Edwin Packard, J. S. T. Stranahan, Spencer Trask, Seth Low, S. V. White, Frederick Cromwell, Alexander E. Orr, Alfred T. White, W. A. Pierrepont, B. T. Frothingham, Henry K. Sheldon, Frederick A. Ward, Bryan H. Smith, W. B. Leonard, W. T. Hatch, F. L. Babbett, W. O. Pratt, W. B. Mossman.

TABLE H.—B. F. Tracy, Geo. G. Reynolds, Stewart L. Woodford, E. E. Eames, R. S. Roberts, Wm. H. Wallace, Wm. H. Nichols, Geo. F. Gregory, James H. Thorpe, Thos. S. Thorpe, Robert H. Thompson, D. P. Templeton, D. L. Proudfit, Henry E. Pratt, Chas. A. Pratt, C. S. Van Wagoner, George J. Loughton, M. W. Robinson, Wm. H. Williams, R. D. Benedict, Augustus Storrs, O. A. Gager, James B. Dewson, Henry Emerson, John E. Dwight, H. D. Norris, Wm. W. Wickes, Wm. W. Rossiter, T. L. Woodruff, Reuben Leland, James E. Dean, Wm. C. Wallace, David A. Boody, Wm. H. Bennett, C. S. Brainerd, A. J. Perry.

TABLE I.—Wm. H. Lyon, Geo. Follett, James H. Pratt, Wm. H. Lyon, Jr., Marvin T. Lyon, Ethan Allen Doty, John P. Adams, George M. Nichols, Rufus L. Scott, John A. Quintard, O. T. Jennings, A. G. Jennings, James P. Wallace, Alva Lewis, Cyrus W. Field, Jr., M. S. Beach, Geo. D. Mackay, H. B. Barnes, A. S. Barnes, A. C. Barnes, E. M. Barnes, W. D. Barnes, John T. Sherman, Henry Elliott, John E. Jacobs, Edward E. Hoyt, E. F. Beadle, Nelson J. Gates, William Adams, L. W. Manchester, Ezra D. Barker, John W. Sedgwick, E. G. Webster, C. R. Duxbury, A. W. Follett, J. B. Elliott.

TABLE J.—Joseph F. Knapp, Bernard Peters, L. M. Fiske, Alonzo Slote, E. G. Blackford, Lowell M. Palmer, James Applegate, R. M. Gray, E. Clifford Wadsworth, Daniel T. Wilson, Chas. H. Russell, Sherlock Austin, Wm. H. Gaylor, A. C. Hockmeyer, Timothy Perry, Daniel L. Northup, George R. Conner, Ambrose Snow, George H. Fisher, Rev. Newland Maynard, Wm. C. Bryant, John H. Shults, John H. Schumann, William B. Hurd, Jr., Charles F. Tonjes, Bernard Gallagher, George C. Barclay, H. Clay Swain, A. H. Creagh, J. Culbert Palmer, A. W. Higgins, Ed. C. Wallace, Warren E. Smith, I. M. Bonn, E. R. Kennedy, Silas B. Dutcher.

BILL OF FARE.

Oysters.		
Soups.		
Broth Chatelaine.		Green Turtle.
Side Dishes.		
Olives.	Radishes.	Celery.
Timbales, Queen's style.		
Fish.		
Salmon, Joinville.		Fried Smelts.
Potatoes Hollandaise.		
Removes.		
Filet of Beef, Piémontaise fashion.		
Cauliflower Damezac		
Entrees.		
Young Turkeys, Toulousaine.		Sweetbread Grammont.
French Peas.		String Beans.
Terrapin, Baltimore style.		
PUNCH VENETIAN.		
Game.		
Canvas-back.		Quails.
Cold.		
Terrine of Goose Liver, with Truffles.		
SALAD.		
Sweets and Confectionery.		
Plum Pudding, Sabayon		
Wafers, Chantilly.	Fruit Jelly.	Fancy Ice Creams.
Pyramids.		Assorted Cake.
COFFEE.		

When the company had assembled at the tables, REV. ALBERT J. LYMAN, pronounced the following grace:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, the God of our fathers, whose way Thou didst guide, and whose wants Thou didst satisfy, we acknowledge Thy bounty and crave Thy blessing. We thank Thee for the histories we are assembled to remember. We thank Thee for the ample store provided in our land,—a land by Thy Providence opened, and in Thy wisdom appointed, to the service among men of a just liberty and a reasonable faith. We acknowledge Thy goodness in maintaining for us, undecayed, the fruit of former toils,—in the peace and the power which Thou hast vouchsafed unto our people, so that strength and hope have come to the hearts of Thy true servants throughout all the world. Grant us now, therefore, we beseech Thee, that in reverence and gratitude, we may partake of Thy gifts, and that, both now and always, we may in all things continually honor Thy truth and Thy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN WINSLOW, THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

*Gentlemen of the New England Society in the City of Boooklyn,
Guests and Friends :*

It is cause for congratulation that our Society continues to prosper. We have four hundred and fifty members, and \$13,239 in the treasury.

At this, our seventh annual dinner, the attendance is larger than at any former one. There are three hundred and forty gentlemen present, and there would be many more if space and tickets could be had. We are not strong in numbers only. What occasion brings together such a body of gentlemen as we see here to-night? If the Pilgrim Fathers are looking down on this brilliant scene, they must feel the flush of honest paternal pride. [*Applause.*]

In this connection it is proper to recognize that this Society has had a good, influential, steadfast and generous helper from its beginning, in our excellent friend, now our President *Emeritus*, Mr. Silliman. [*General applause, with cheering, the company rising; Mr. Silliman bowed his acknowledgment.*] That he now receives your assurances of high respect and warm regard is, we trust, pleasing to him, as we know it is appropriate to the occasion. [*Renewed applause.*]

That we may the better see and understand the life of the Pilgrims, let us consider some of the blessings of our advancing civilization, of which they were deprived, and some of the evils they escaped.

For instance, though they were at times, blown up by the Indians and by other enemies, both sides of the Atlantic, the Pilgrim Fathers were never blown up by a steamboat or steamship, and never saw one. [*Laughter.*] They never saw or heard a rattling, thundering locomotive, and never enjoyed a railroad collision. [*Laughter.*]

Nobody in their time could calculate the next eclipse of the sun. Galileo, though a scientific contemporary, was not in public favor, and the view continued to prevail that "the sun do move." Ether had not been discovered to soothe their wounds and pains. What a pity that photography was

not known to them, that we might adorn these walls with their good faces. [*Applause.*] Though they enjoyed the Geneva and King James version of the Bible, the revised version came too late to bless them. No Henry George vexed or fooled them with new born land problems. [*Applause.*] The earth and sea were theirs, or at least as much of them as they cared to have or contend with. They never heard the click of the telegraph, nor of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The only western union that interested them was a union of hearts and hands in a common cause in this western world, on the shores of Plymouth. [*Applause.*]

The only instance of watering stock that distressed them was when they forded the waters of Cape Cod and Plymouth Bay, in the hard, cold winter, looking for a site for settlement. As usual with stock watering operations, it did not bring health and happiness to all concerned. [*Laughter.*] They never heard of the telephone. Just imagine, if you can, a Pilgrim Father at the tube of a telephone crying, "Hello! hello!" [*Loud Laughter.*] They doubtless believed that hell was a low place, but they were not in the habit of expressing their views on that subject in that way. They never enjoyed an earthquake. The only quake that ever troubled them and made them sorrowful was the shake up between the Boston Puritans and the Boston Quakers. They never conceived the idea of an Ocean Cable, and if one had been produced in their day, they would have doubtless believed it was the devil himself putting his tail to some infernal use in the deep sea. [*Laughter.*] Neither had they the slightest conception of one of our modern inventions in the science of government and home rule—I mean a New York Alderman. [*Loud Laughter.*] It is a solemn thought, what would have become of the Pilgrim Fathers had they fallen into the hands of a body like the New York Aldermen? It is my private opinion the Pilgrims would have triumphed by freezing them out and by thumping their wicked heads very hard on Plymouth Rock. [*Applause.*] If an Anarchist of the Chicago type had appeared among them, striving to overthrow the Mayflower compact, for civil government, the Pilgrims would, in the first place, have made diligent search for his brains, and, if discovered, would, in the second place, have

left them scattered near the aforesaid Rock. [*Loud applause.*] For four years the Pilgrims had neither butter nor milk—not even watered milk. No Pilgrim Father owned a cow until March 1624. Neither did they have any oleomargarine. [*Laughter.*] This article of prime necessity was not discovered in time to fill the gap, from the day of the landing until the cattle arrived. With oleo to nourish them, it might have become a leading issue when they elected a Governor, as it seems to have become, in some measure, in this State, on the question of electing a United States Senator. [*Loud Laughter.*]

The Pilgrims had no navy. No naval questions of “structural weakness,” beset them, though the poor little Mayflower was, it is said, overstrained; but they had a powerful army, consisting of Captain Standish and sixteen men armed with “match locks.” Garfield said, “President Mark Hopkins and a barn would make a university.” Rampant Indians found that Captain Standish and his sixteen made an invincible army. [*Applause.*]

Last, but not least, the Pilgrim Fathers were not acquainted with Delmonico. [*Laughter.*] How in the world they got along without him is more than this Society, at this moment, comprehends. [*Merriment.*] Perhaps they did not see the importance of their landing, as we now see it, and so the event was not celebrated until 1769. We may as well admit that Delmonico helps us see it in its true light, proportions and magnitude. [*Laughter.*]

But, notwithstanding these deprivations, the good Pilgrims brought with them and adopted the Common Law of England, and were greatly blessed with an abiding faith in Divine truth, and with a firm belief in, and love for, civil and religious freedom. They believed in and upheld Liberty regulated by Law. [*General applause.*]

We are here, therefore, to commemorate their noble principles and high achievements. They believed in Church Life, in civil government and education. In planting the seeds of Harvard University as early as 1636, and Yale in 1700, the Fathers showed the great care they had for education. This early planting at Cambridge, by John Harvard, aided by the general Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, has now become the large and flourishing tree we see it to be, standing

well among the leading universities of the world. [*Applause.*] Yale, though younger, stands among the best, and is showing vigorous growth. [*Applause.*] But it is wonderful how near such a beacon light of intelligence the shades of darkness may prevail.

Here was Harvard planted in a wilderness. In its early time it had two Indian students from the woods. Mr. Lowell said the other day in his elegant discourse at fair Harvard, where was witnessed a most impressive literary spectacle, that the "College succeeded in keeping but one of these wild creatures long enough to make a graduate of him, and he thereupon vanished into the merciful shadow of the past." In other words, they both took to the woods. [*Laughter.*] Years ago, Holmes referring to this creature from the wild forest, wrote :

" And who was on the catalogue
When college was begun?
Two nephews of the President,
And *the* professor's son;
They turned a 'little Injun' by,
As brown as any bun;
Lord, how the seniors knocked about
The freshman class of one."

It was, doubtless such scenes as this that stirred the pious mind of the famous Indian missionary, John Elliott. [*Laughter.*]

A freshman class of one! As the army that marched to the sea would be likely to look upon an army such as was led by Captain Miles Standish, so the throngs that now fill the classes of Yale and Harvard, and similar institutions, may look back at the "The two nephews of the President and the professor's son," also at the 'little Injun.' [*Applause.*]

While these powerful contrasts denote our great progress, let us remember that the beginnings were inspired by a spirit that made this progress possible. The sense of duty and the military ardor that filled the soul of Standish and other heroes in the early time, made it easier and surer for the country to have in the hour of its great need, a Sherman and a Grant. [*General applause.*]

But here is another illustration in Connecticut this time, of

how the shades of bad literature, if not of darkness, may prevail near another beacon light, Yale University. The case is this: A man went to his grocer the other day in New London, not far from Yale University, and mixed up Yale's English and the King's English in this manner: He said "he wanted an empty barrel of flour to make a hen-coop for his bulldog." [*Laughter.*]

Here we see again how, by the side of resplendant light, ignorance, if not barbarism, may prevail. We were told by the same poet at Harvard, on the occasion of its late magnificent celebration, that so liberally does

"Harvard's beacon shed its unspent rays,"

"A brighter radiance gilds the roofs of Yale."

This being so, let us hope all things will be set right in due course, in New London and elsewhere. [*Laughter.*]

It is true to-day, as the Pilgrims and the Puritans saw it was true in their day—that the warfare of knowledge against barbarism is eternal. The vigilance of our schools and colleges and universities in this fight, gives us the comforting hope that our free institutions may be perpetuated; that we may keep our "Liberty regulated by Law." [*General applause.*]

You will now please rise in your places and drink to

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

(The toast was drank standing, followed by applause)

(*The President then resumed*)—I am sure that the words I am about to read from this programme are in your minds and hearts already,—

"A CORDIAL WELCOME TO GEN. SHERMAN."

General Sherman is so well known to us all that I shall not indulge in a single word of eulogy; but he tells a story of himself, in Volume 2 of his *Memoirs*, page 290, of which this occasion reminds me. He says that, as the army was marching along on

the road leading to Cheraw, during its great march to the Sea ; and after working its way up through the Carolinas, and near the Peedee River, he was one morning riding along on his famous Lexington horse, a dancing, prancing, spirited steed, when he saw a colored man standing by the roadside, and asked him about the road to Cheraw. The colored patriot gave all the desired information, and the General went on. In a moment or two General Barry came up, and seeing the colored man standing there, asked him what he was doing there. "Why," said the colored man, "they tell me that Massa Sherman is coming along this way, and I am waiting to see him." "Why," said General Barry, "that is General Sherman that you were just talking with. See him down the road there?" The colored man looked, and exclaimed, "De great God ! Look at dat horse !" Now we are inclined to amend that a little, and say, "Good Heavens, look at that rider !" [*Laughter and loud applause.*] The General adds that the colored man walked along with him about a mile and seemed to think a good deal more of the horse than of the rider. Let me present the rider. [*Vociferous applause, the company rising and giving "Three cheers and a tiger for old Tecumseh."*]

ADDRESS OF GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—I thank the members of this most honorable body for the delicate manner in which you have called me to my feet. [*Applause.*] I thank you, Mr. President, for recalling some little reminiscences recorded by myself, which should teach me to be silent,—if our stories are to be quoted against ourselves. [*Laughter.*] And I certainly compliment you this evening, friends of Brooklyn, compatriots, fellow-descendants from honored parents, upon this magnificent testimonial to the virtues of your sires. [*Applause.*] Two hundred and sixty-six years have passed since a little "band of weary wanderers" landed at Plymouth Rock and began that series of events which has gone on, is still going on, and which, I trust, will go on to the end of time. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Honoring the virtues of your ancestors, you add to the glory of our country and to its perpetuity.

[*Applause.*] And though you are not surrounded by the bare rocks and the cold waters of the sea which confronted the Pilgrims as they landed at Plymouth, you are none the less in your heart of hearts Puritans and Pilgrims in the progress of great events. You do well to honor your ancestors and their sturdy character and virtues. In like manner, let the Cavaliers of the South honor theirs; let the sturdy Germans and Dutchmen, right here in New York, honor their ancestry. They have all come to unite in making the one common destiny in which your forefathers, it may be, were the chief pioneers. [*Applause.*]

It so happened that I, in boyhood, saw the little white emigrant wagon wending its way to the far west when Indiana was the frontier. I remember the wagons going by the old National road to the Wabash, then a far distant land. Again, I have seen them start from the frontiers of Missouri to the plains of Colorado; yea, I was in California when the first great emigration of our race came across the mountains, forty years ago. Eighty human beings, with bodies and souls like those of our ancestors, and like your own, with warm hearts beating, then as now, were caught by the cold blasts of the Sierra Nevada and were imprisoned in the snows, just forty years ago, and out of the eighty, thirty-eight perished; and it is said that many of the survivors were kept alive by eating of the dead bodies of their comrades, and that some were killed in order to feed the living. They were men and women as good as we, bound upon the same general purpose to open up new lands and create a new civilization. In the spring of 1847, a few succeeded in getting across the mountain to Sutter's Fort, then a solitary spot in the valley of the Sacramento, carrying the news, when brave men buckled on their snowshoes, crossed the mountains, and brought the survivors in, where they were welcomed with the best fare the rescuers possessed. I was in California at the time, and saw some of the poor miserable wretches, and none of us had the heart to accuse them of having killed their fellows, in order that the few might survive. [*Applause.*]

Still later, I saw the immigration of 1848 and 1849 of 50,000 people, men, aged men, young and sturdy men, and even women and little children toddling along by the side of their ox-wagons. They came to California over the same

Sierra Nevada, and the same winter storms threatened them. It was not then, as it is now, necessary to advertise for sixty days in order to expend a few dollars of public money ; and the brave and gallant gentleman who commanded the troops in California, General Parsifer F. Smith, ordered the quartermaster, Captain Folsom, to lay aside \$100,000 for the purpose of equipping three parties to cross the mountains, whom he ordered not to return westward until every emigrant had safely crossed to the Plains of the Sacramento. [*Applause.*] Were the same thing to occur to-day, he would have to advertise for sixty days in the newspapers of the neighborhood, before he could spend a cent. [*Laughter and applause.*] I had occasion recently to overhaul the papers of the officer who was entrusted with this noble errand, worthy the virtue of your ancestors, Major D. H. Rucker, now a retired officer in Washington, and I found the list of names, to whom had been issued such items as forty pounds of bacon, thirty pounds of sugar and coffee, a bag of flour, etc., for his train. Some of those same men, thus rescued certainly from great suffering and, it may be, from death, by the hands of a gallant soldier whose name, very likely, is forgotten by most of you that sit by these tables to-night, are now useful, rich and influential citizens of the United States, and are held in high honor by their neighbors as "Pioneers" as "Forty-niners." [*Loud applause.*]

Great deeds, my friends have been done since Plymouth Rock was first touched by the feet of your ancestors ; great deeds are now being done. The same civilization that they planted has formed States, whose soil has since been watered by the blood of as good, brave and gallant men as ever trod the earth. [*Applause.*]

And I hope that in being the bearer of such a message to you, it will be understood that I do not detract one iota or particle from the character of those noble men who first landed and organized out of nothing a society which grew to be a colony, and from a colony to a State, and from one State to the many, which compose this glorious Union, whose branches spread to the Pacific ocean on the West, to the Lakes on the North, and to Mexico on the South. They were your ancestors, and you to-day in Brooklyn are enjoying, in a great measure, the fruits of their labor. [*Applause.*]

I congratulate you upon living in this day, instead of two hundred and sixty-six years ago. I have no doubt that at this very moment trains of Pullman cars are speeding past Donner's Lake, where to the passengers are still pointed out the stumps of trees that were cut off twenty feet above the ground, where Donner's party perished in the deep snows of 1845. There is a great contrast between that day on the Sierra Nevada and the frigid winter which our forefathers endured on the coast of Massachusetts two hundred and sixty-six years ago, on the one hand, and this, as illustrated by your magnificent banquet, on the other. Look at these walls and ceilings brilliant with flowers, evergreens and gaudy banners, look around you at the faces of your contemporaries and see the lines of refinement, of cultivation and of wealth. God knows I wish you to enjoy all these blessings to the very limit of life, and may you also transmit the hardier virtues of your ancestors down to the latest generation.

Yes, my friends, you do well to honor the virtues of your ancestors. Forget their little foibles, but remember the seeds of independent thought and hardy endurance which they planted in that soil whose fruits are now enjoyed, not only in America, but by all freemen on the face of this earth.

Again I thank you, and wherever two or three of the sons of sturdy *old* New England meet together, there will I be most happy to be as one of them, until I, too, am called to that rest toward which we all are hastening so fast. [*General applause.*]

President Winslow :—The next regular toast is

“THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.”

I confess that I now have an embarrassing and delicate duty to perform. I am about to introduce a youthful and inexperienced public speaker. [*Laughter.*] We don't exactly know how he will get through. We do know that he can speak up very well *for* his dinner to a court and jury, but how he will speak *after* dinner, who can tell? [*Laughter.*] What

he is going to talk about, I cannot guess, except that I heard a remark from him just now to the effect that he came over the East River Bridge to-night and was greatly impressed with its strength. Possibly he regards the fact that it brought him safely over, as the best evidence that it is strong. [*Laughter.*]

At any rate, we are all very glad to see our friend, and I have great pleasure in presenting him to you, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate. [*Applause.*]

ADDRESS OF HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the New England Society of Brooklyn :

I observe that the next speaker after me, the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., L.L.D., President of Yale University, who was assigned to speak to the toast, "The Schools and Colleges of New England," has failed to appear. I, accordingly, propose, as there is no natural limit to my remarks, to talk until the next speaker but one after me, begins. [*Laughter.*] And if you can tell how long that will be, you will be better timekeeper than the great chronometer in the National Observatory at Washington. There is time enough, too; there is no need for being in a hurry.

The situation reminds me of another story of another darkey, related by General Sherman, in his ever memorable Memoirs. During the War, when he was making that great, historic march through Georgia, [*Applause.*] General Sherman, the Miles Standish of our generation, [*Chcering.*] for we know that Miles Standish marched a triumphant army through all the country that there was in *his* day. [*Laughter.*] Well, in his triumphant progress, he came to Howell Cobb's plantation, and the Yankees whom he led, squatted and took possession for the night. A darkey, hearing that the great deliverer of America and of his race had come, and looking, with admiration upon his features, exclaimed: 'This nigger will have no sleep to-night!' "And so," the General continues in his charming record, "when we marched on and on, and finally reached the Sea and there saw the Stars and Stripes waving over our

welcoming gunboats by the shore, I, too, remembered the exclamation of the old darkey, and repeated in the same fervid spirit, ‘This nigger will have no sleep to-night,’” [*Cheers and laughter.*] When I look around me upon this “sea of up-turned faces” and swollen forms, [*Laughter.*] I, too, believe that I can exclaim, on your behalf, as there is time enough, “These niggers will have no sleep to-night.” [*Laughter and cheers.*]

What was that you said about the Bridge, Mr. President? [*Laughter.*] As I came with the six o’clock crowd to-night, on a three-cent fare, over the Brooklyn Bridge, that greatest triumph of modern art, I could not help asking myself the question, which can by and by only be answered in one way, “Why any longer two cities? Why ever two New England Societies?” That teeming tide of life that pours over the Bridge at every hour of the day, and demonstrates that each city is always in full possession of its sister, proves that the swift river that divides them is only the thread that binds their fortunes together. The cars that keep flying across it with the swiftness of steam, bearing the living streams of humanity across, are but the shuttles that are weaving these two great municipalities into one—one and inseparable, forever. [*Applause.*] We are ready for it on our side now. If you will give us your judges and your voters, we will give you our whole Board of Aldermen. [*Great merriment.*] If you will give us your property we will throw in our taxes, [*Continued laughter.*] And on the principle that equality is equity, who shall deny that this will be a fair exchange? Then what reason is there for the being of this separate New England Society? Are we not all men and brethren? and haven’t I seen scores of these gentlemen before me,—the same Salem men, and Boston men, and New London men, and Worcester men hovering around the tables of the New York Delmonico’s at our Pilgrim dinners? I know why you did it. It was not simply to vindicate the truth of history; it was not simply to set up the landmark of the 21st, as the day of the landing instead of the 22d, but it was to give a practical demonstration of that good old maxim that as “he who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, is the greatest benefactor of his time;” so he who makes two dinners to be eaten

in one day does more for the people of Brooklyn than anybody else. [*Laughter and cheers.*]

I have listened with delight to the opening remarks of your presiding officer, and I must say that never, until to-night, did I fully realize the matchless virtues of "Winslow's Soothing Syrup." [*Laughter.*] I have been reading about it in the advertisements all my life, and I have there observed that when an infant has overgorged his stomach, and has partaken too freely from the bottle, [*Laughter.*] this admirable compound soothes and softens the child. [*Laughter.*] But what a signal demonstration of the virtues here to-night, when a single dose, administered to three hundred and forty full-grown men, who have been eating and drinking solidly for two hours and a half, puts them, within ten minutes, in absolute good humor with themselves and with all mankind, so that they are ready to encounter, without a murmur, the perils of the tempest, the assaults of savages, and the dangers of famine that welcomed our Pilgrim fathers as they landed on the rock at Plymouth. [*Laughter.*] I have always heard that it was an easy thing to bear the sufferings and distresses of people afar off, but when those are our own sires, who begat us eight and ten generations removed, why it is well to be fortified with such an admirable and charming compound. [*Applause.*] But, seriously, gentlemen, I must congratulate you upon the elevation of this gentleman to the chair that he now occupies, and him upon the honor of holding it. Who would not rather be President of this body of men than be a member of either house of Congress or the Governor of the State of New York. [*Applause.*] He is an instance of that doctrine of evolution, the survival of the fittest. I have been very much interested in heridity, a charming and fascinating study. One of the signal demonstrations of it is the cropping-out of the personal features and characteristics of a remote ancestor in his far-distant posterity. If you have read the annals of the Plymouth Colony, as you ought to have done, you have read that, in 1633, one Edward Winslow was chosen Governor of the Colony, in the place of Governor Bradford, who had served for many years, and who was then, by his own importunity, let off. He served his country faithfully on missions to England. He was there taken by the government at home, and sent on a mission to which he gave

his valuable life. The poetical chronicler of that day says of him—mark the words, for you will recognize the resemblance;

“ Winslow, a man of chiefest trust,
Whose life was sweet and conversation just,
Whose parts and wisdom most men did excel,
An honor to his place, as all can tell,”

[*Applause.*]

Forty years afterwards there was another Governor Winslow chosen by the Plymouth Colony. A son of the first governor of the same name, who held the office for seven years, during which time the great King Philip's War was brought to a successful close. When he died, the chronicler said of him,—and you will note the resemblance again, “ He was a worthy and well-accomplished gentlemen; deservedly beloved by the people, being a true friend of their religious liberties; generous, facetious, affable and sincere; *qualities incident to the family.*” [*Laughter and applause*] Need I give you any further reason why I congratulate you upon the President you have chosen?

But while I praise the rising sun, I also bow to him whose race is run. [*Laughter and cheers.*] I do not know, gentlemen, whether there were any Sillimans in the Mayflower. Probably there were not, but I know that three lives like his will carry us back into actual and personal contact with the Pilgrim Fathers themselves; and that all the way back to the Plymouth Colony, you won't find a more courteous gentleman or a truer chip of Plymouth Rock itself. [*Applause.*] You do well to honor him, gentlemen; you do not have such a treasure always with you. [*Renewed applause.*] He was a resident of Brooklyn when there were only 7,000 people in this city, whose population has grown to 710,000. He was one of fourteen children; a genuine descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins. He came of that good old original stock of which we may say that all the Pilgrim fathers continued to have children while life and health and being lasted, and the Pilgrim mothers endured, [*Laughter and cheers.*] and before vital statistics had run out, as they have in these degenerate days. [*Continued laughter.*]

Mr. President, why, in Heaven's name did you call on me to speak for the “Day We Celebrate?” One who has been doing nothing but drink to it and speak of it, to your personal

knowledge, any time in the last twenty-five years. Why didn't you assign it to General Sherman, or to Judge Davis, who possibly might have evolved some new idea out of their inner consciousness? I think you deserve to be a little abused for it, and I proceed to do so. [*Laughter.*] I think you said, Mr. Chairman, that if the Pilgrim fathers could look in upon us to-night, a flush of paternal pride and admiration would overspread their features. You couldn't have said anything more false to History than that. The Day We Celebrate! How, in Heaven's name, do you celebrate it? With the drinking of toasts, with the fumes of tobacco, with this comprehensive riotous living! Why, if there is anything that could have shocked the moral sense and the religious instincts and spirit of your Pilgrim sires, it would be just such a scene as this, and instead of a "flush of paternal pride and admiration" overcoming their features, they would have drawn back from the door in horror and disgust. Why, in 1631, the General Court in the Plymouth Colony passed an act that anybody found guilty of the crime of drinking of toasts should be liable to a fine of two shillings, and to stand in the stocks until the fine was paid. [*Laughter.*] Three years later the Court of Assistants enacted, that any man found smoking tobacco in public should be fined two shillings and sixpence, and that no keeper of an ordinary should, under any circumstances, allow it to be taken in his house. So there are two penal offences, sir, for which each man in this company would be entitled to have his ears cropped and to be stood in the pillory for at least one hour. Don't tell me that they look on this scene with pride and admiration! They would have said, "Who are the people that presume to be singing praises and smoking pipes and segars in our honor? How do they live? What is the great object of their life?" And when we should have been compelled to answer, "They are chiefly absorbed in making money," how would our Pilgrim fathers have started back aghast. Because our Pilgrim fathers could not *afford* to make money; they were engaged in better things. And again they would have asked, "Who are those men? What are their occupations? Are they honest planters? Are they preachers of the Word?" No; mostly lawyers, brokers, merchants. Why, we never had a lawyer for the first fifty years in all New England.

A broker? You would have to define it, just as you would their own "straddles" and "puts" and "calls" to make the men of the Mayflower comprehend what manner of man it is. The fathers would not know who they were. Merchants also, were unknown among them in the first generation. Their moral sense being thus completely overwhelmed, how would their religious instincts have started when they put the question, "Well, who are these worshippers at the shrine of the Pilgrim fathers? Orthodox Congregationalists all to a man, of course?" And when they received the answer, Well, yes; Brooklyn Congregationalists, [*Laughter.*] a handful of them; and the rest are, what? Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Quakers,—men believing, each one as he pleases, and letting every other man believe as he likes,—I think, then, that good old Edward Winslow, with head averted and downcast eyes, would take this boy of his lineage and blood by the hand and lead him away from this place and this assemblage, as company not fit to be kept by a true child of the Pilgrims. [*Laughter.*]

Mr. President, I had intended to go on and say a great many serious things about the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, and the sufferings that they endured upon and after the landing, and the glorious work of the fathers in founding the common schools and colleges; about the glory of Harvard, the wondrous virtues of John Winthrop and John Eliot and Elder Brewster, and of Roger Williams, the true founder of religious liberty in America and in the world. [*Applause.*] But as you have listened to me with extreme patience and consideration, I will trespass no more upon you, but bid you God-speed and farewell. [*Laughter and applause.*]

President Winslow:—The next toast upon the list before me is,

"THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF NEW ENGLAND—THE FATHERS FOUNDED THEM IN THE EARLY DAYS; THEY HAVE KEPT ALIVE THE SPIRIT OF THE FATHERS IN THE LATER DAYS."

President Dwight, of Yale University, who was to have

responded to this toast, is unfortunately prevented from being with us, as we had expected. His absence, caused by the death of Professor Kingsley, of Yale University, is greatly regretted by us all. We will, therefore, pass the toast assigned to President Dwight and proceed to the next thing in order, which is to sing two verses of the hymn "AMERICA," and in order that we may keep in order, Mr. Ali, our cornetist, will play a portion of the air so as to get you into the right time ; after that you are to rise, upon his signal, and sing these verses with hearty will.

(The company then rose and sang the following with excellent effect :)

" My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let Freedom ring.

" Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King."

President Winslow:—The next regular toast is,

"THE PURITAN SPIRIT; A MIGHTY FORCE
IN HUMAN PROGRESS."

I will say of the gentleman who is to respond to this toast, though he may not be known to you all as well as he is to some of us, that some signal honors have come to him. If it were not for referring to personal matters, I should say that the first great honor that came to him was that he was my room-mate at Cambridge, thirty-six years ago, and behaved pretty well. [*Laughter.*] The friendship there formed has

never suffered a jar. In his professional life he has held the office of District Attorney, an office, you know, which, in some parts of the country, including this part, "means business." But the district in which our friend held the office included Plymouth Rock, and so, of course, you will naturally infer the district attorney business was rather dull. In its traditions and influence, Plymouth Rock is a district attorney. [*Applause.*]

But another honor that has come to our friend—and I think it a very choice one, whatever he may say of it—is, that that great philanthropist and statesman, Charles Sumner, in his last will and testament, associated him with the poet Longfellow as his literary executor. [*Applause.*] The burden of that office, because of the death of Longfellow, has come upon our friend. How ably, capably, and faithfully he has performed it thus far, the two volumes that have been published, attest. It is with special pleasure that I introduce the Hon. Edward L. Pierce, of Boston. [*Applause.*]

ADDRESS OF THE HON. EDWARD L. PIERCE.

Your President's kind words call up precious memories of our school days at Cambridge passed in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. We were young then; I younger than he, though you would hardly believe it; each with less solid weight than we now have, though neither had then a lean and hungry look, and with each hope elevating and joy brightening his crest. Knowing, as I do, the roots of his character, I have watched with all the interest of early friendship his career in this city of his adoption. As I have seen him in the chair this evening, I have been reminded how sturdy and enduring are the Puritan characteristics, even in person. I once remarked to one of the present generation of the Adamses, how strikingly he and his brothers resembled his father, grandfather and great-grandfather in stature, features and baldness. "Perhaps so," he replied, "but, after all, I have only one-eighth of my grandfather in me." Your President is, I believe, only collaterally connected with, and also removed many generations from, Colonel John Winslow, of Marshfield, who with a sad heart removed the Acadians, so that, instead of one-eighth, he may not have one-thousandth part of the provin-

cial officer's blood in him. But the historian of "Montcalm and Wolfe " describes him at the time of that transaction as fifty-three years of age, with double chin, smooth forehead, arched eyebrows, round, rubicund face, and a close powdered wig—a fair description, I submit, of your President, Judge Winslow, if he had not left his judicial appendage at home. [*Laughter.*] I trust I do not anticipate titles for more than a year. [*Cheers.*]

We are all happy to be at a New England dinner. To most of you, however, it is a greater novelty than to myself, for I sit at three hundred and sixty-five New England dinners during a year; [*Laughter and cheers.*] not all, indeed, so sumptuous as this; for, if they were, my household and myself would hardly live to complete the annual round. [*Laughter.*]

Your President has mentioned my relations to the late Senator from Massachusetts, the friend of my youth and later years. It is interesting to recall that Mr. Sumner's last appearance before the people, his last public words, except brief utterances in the Senate, were at the New England dinner in New York, a few weeks before his death, where he was in company with General Sherman as fellow-guest; going, as he said at the time, under pressure from his friend, Mr. Cowdin, and taking the only holiday he had allowed himself in a long public service. His tribute to the Pilgrims marks the end of his career, as his oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," in 1845, marks its beginning.

It is always most pleasant to me to find myself among the New Englanders of New York; for I have to confess to a kind of feeling that better than a New Englander at home is a New Englander transplanted. [*Applause.*] The strong blood of his race which the emigrant carries with him is quickened by the larger life which awaits him in this metropolitan centre; and more than those left behind he values his precious birthright. And is it not a truth of history, that the best fruits of a great idea are often yielded elsewhere than on the spot where the idea was first planted? If you visit Eisleben where Luther was born and died, you will find, as I found, the churches on Sunday, even the one most associated with his memory, almost deserted, while the ale-houses, at the same hour, are crowded; yet the power of the great Reformer still sways Northern

Europe, and is an enduring fact in civilization. [*Applause.*] You need not seek modern Geneva, that miniature of Paris, that factory of watches and music boxes, to study the fruit of Calvin's work. You will see there a statue to Rousseau, whose dreams and confessions could have been spared without loss to mankind, but none to the man who, as thinker and magistrate, is the greatest in her history. Not there, but rather in Scotland and America, will you find the immortal stamp of his mind and character. And now, when so many of our New England cities and populous towns are passing under the control of crowds who have no connection, by blood or training or ideas, with that early history we commemorate, the time may not be far off when you will have to seek on the farms of the Western Reserve of Ohio, of Michigan, Northern Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, for the best realization of the Puritan influence and character.

I have myself trodden with a traveler's interest the lanes and fields of Scrooby and Austerfield associated with Brewster and Bradford, and have visited in Leyden the house where Robinson taught his flock, and the cathedral opposite where he was buried; but I cannot confess to any new inspiration drawn from these spots. The Puritan spirit has no limitations of place; it exists wherever there is united fear of God, love of man, stubborn loyalty to convictions, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the readiness to suffer, and, if need be, to die for a good cause, be that cause a pure faith, the freedom of the slave, the preservation of the Union, or the safety of society. [*Applause.*] In technical dogmas there was little of the Puritan in Channing, Palfrey, Parker, Mann, Sumner and Andrew; in dress, habits and nurture, how unlike our grim forefathers were the fair youths whose names Harvard has carved on memorial slabs; there is nothing in this brilliant scene that revives the picture of the men with wan faces, meagre fare and Bible speech, whom we are here to honor. But, nevertheless, the Puritan spirit has survived all mingling of blood, all changes in manners, all new departures in theology, all reconstructions of government. It has survived in the martyrdoms of Torrey and Lovejoy and Brown; in reformers and statesmen who have broken the fetters of the slave; in the benefactors of schools and colleges and noble charities; in that uncounted host of men of New England

origin or nurture who have stood for a lofty ideal of duty and sacrifice ; in the heroes celebrated and unknown who fought for the cause of Liberty and Union ; it lives also in us if we do our part, as they did theirs, in the cause of good government, of pure administration, of honest money, of equal laws for all men of every race within our borders, Caucasian, African or Semetic. [*Applause.*] To-day, among whom, outside of the Quakers, do you find the leaders in the cause of justice to the Indian, confronting land grabbers, and hardest of all to bear, the indifference and sneers of even Christian people ? It is among New England men, statesmen like Henry L. Dawes in the Senate, [*Applause.*] and citizens like William H. Lyon, your townsman, honored member and officer of your Society. [*Loud applause.*]

Though not by education or profession a Calvinist, I have a profound respect for the body of believers who bear that name. If they have contemplated with a too lurid imagination the depths of human depravity, they have always pointed to the heights which human nature might attain. With all the Apollons of human sin, they have ever been ready to grapple. You never saw a Calvinist who was a pessimist or a cynic. [*Applause.*]

Mr. President, I attempt no distinction between Pilgrims and Puritans, between the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, between Carver, and Brewster and Bradford on the one hand, and the Winthrops on the other, both happily united before the close of the seventeenth century, and all comprehended in our filial gratitude and affection. Looking at them as men of their time, I have no sympathy with any one, historian, or critic of dogmas and manners, who has a sneer for their faith, their observances, their ways of living and speaking. It may be, as one has pleasantly said, that they came in a month of winds and storms, and took a cold which has affected the intonations of their posterity. [*Laughter.*]

I prefer always to regard the Pilgrim Puritans or the Puritan Pilgrims in a large way, as emancipators of the human mind, as evangelists of liberty to mankind. I delight to recall the confession of Hume, partisan of the Stuarts and cynic as well, that the Puritans kindled and preserved in England the spark of liberty, and that to them the English owe the whole

freedom of their Constitution. I remember that Bancroft, professor of a different faith, attributes to Calvin the influence which enfranchised the human mind, and carried the doctrines of popular liberty over the globe. Dean Stanley, dignitary of the church from whose persecutions our Fathers escaped, standing in Leyden street in Plymouth, said thoughtfully and reverently, "This is the most historic street in the world." [*Applause.*]

It deserves special note that the few questionable acts of our fathers appear in a better light as the records of their time are subjected to keener research and criticism. Allowing all that is due to Roger Williams for his assertion of "soul liberty," modern studies have shown that this "conscientiously contentious man," as one has called him, this "arch-individualist," as another has called him, was excluded from the Massachusetts Colony for reasons almost wholly, if not purely political; for his disturbance of the public peace, his insubordination to civil authority outside of matters of religion and belief, his assault on the foundations of civil government. He was visited with none of the dire penalties inflicted in those days on heresy, and was simply allowed to withdraw to the milder climate and better soil of the Narragansetts. Dr. Dexter's monograph on this question has been accepted as a true version of history by eminent historical students of Rhode Island, like Professor Diman.

The removal of the Acadians a century later, in part executed by Colonel Winslow, has been another of the grave charges against our fathers. Romance has pictured their sad migration from Grand Prè to distant Louisiana. Their tale of woe has been told in the hexameters of our most renowned poet. The imagined face of Evangeline, fair maiden of seventeen summers, reproduced in illustrated gift books and hanging on cottage walls, has taught impressible childhood how cruel were the men of New England of the eighteenth century. But it now appears from Mr. Parkman's authentic narrative, that the Acadians, stimulated and wrought upon by French priests and emissaries, were a hostile body encamped within British territory, in dangerous proximity to the enemy's line, at a dread moment when two well matched powers were contending for the mastery of the continent. Nor was

the extreme measure of expatriation resorted to until all efforts to bring the Acadians to their allégiance had failed.

The men of New England here and everywhere, with all their traditions of freedom, are again summoned to the defense of the old cause now assailed from a new direction. Our fathers contended for liberty of conscience and of worship. A later generation fought for the right to tax themselves, or in a larger sense, for national autonomy and development. Still a later one amid fire and blood broke the fetters of four million slaves, and welded this nation together. [*Applause.*] But now the right of men and women to labor for themselves and their families is assailed by terrorism and violence. To the aspirations of toiling millions, Christian America will always respond with sympathy, favoring all social and industrial arrangements which will promote their welfare. But to one thing as a free people, we must hold fast. The right of every man to work for whom he pleases, and as long as he pleases, and for what wages he pleases,—with a corresponding right in every man who wished to employ him,—is a fundamental, an original, a primordial right, lying deeper than statutes or any human devices, just as essential as the right of every man to own himself, born with us and derived from nature herself. [*Applause.*] If we are not to hold this right free, unlimited and absolute, if it is to be yielded to threats, to boycotts, to the despotism of self-constituted bodies, vain then are all that Milton, and Sidney, and Harrington, and Adams, and Jefferson have written! Vain, too, are those fields of blood at Saratoga and Gettysburg! Are freemen, sons of Pilgrim and Revolutionary sires, struggling to give bread to their children, to be driven from their workshops, to be compelled to lose the fruits of their labor, to mortgage and sell their homes, to draw from the savings bank the last farthing of their deposits, and then with their starving and weeping families to go forth to beggary, or the almshouse, at the dictation of any illegal and irresponsible power? Men of New England, it is for you to answer! All honor to that elected Mayor of New York,* though not a New Englander, who when standing for the suffrages of his fellow citizens, the other day, kept his manhood and boldly struck at dangerous heresies. [*Applause.*] All honor to that high pre-

* Abram S. Hewitt.

late,† though not a Protestant, who with clear thoughts, set in a vigorous style, has just ministered to his flock in timely warnings.

On Friday last, the poet, who by his sympathy with her ideals, her history, her scenery, and her common life, is distinctively the poet of New England, completed his seventy-ninth year. Rich in fame and the gratitude of mankind, as he is, we bespeak for John G. Whittier continued length of days. [*Loud applause.*] He will allow us to apply to all New England, what he has written of his beloved Massachusetts :

“For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock,
And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause.”

[*General applause.*]

President Winslow:—The next regular toast is,

“AMERICAN LAW AND LIBERTY.”

The distinguished gentleman who is to respond to this toast is about closing a long, a strong, and an honorable career as a Judge of the Supreme Court. In this hour, when some of the fundamental principles of liberty seem to be threatened in certain quarters, if not endangered, it would not surprise me if we should hear from him a voice for the right of no uncertain sound. I have the honor to present the Hon. Noah Davis. [*Applause.*]

ADDRESS OF HON. NOAH DAVIS.

Mr. President and Pilgrims of Brooklyn :

I was never so happily placed in my life at a public dinner. Here on my right hand is the Church militant [referring to Rev. Mr. Lyman] ; on my left, the army triumphant [Generals Sherman and Slocum]—and between them am I, to whom your President has alluded only as the “setting sun” of Justice. [*Applause.*] I am glad to stand here to-night to speak to the

† Archbishop Corrigan.

toast that is given to me, but I feel bound, before I enter upon that subject, to repel some of the imputations on the pilgrims of Brooklyn that have fallen from the lips of Mr. Choate. It is not true that if the Pilgrim fathers lived to-day they would not sit down to just as good a dinner as they could get. That is precisely what they did in life, and precisely what Mr. Choate, one of their descendants, has more often than any other man, illustrated in his life. [*Laughter.*] My memory goes back easily to a period of time when that gentleman was wholly contented with a diet of milk, [*Laughter.*] but with him appetite has grown with what it feeds upon, until to-night he stands here probably the best living eater of New England dinners in the United States. His Pilgrim fathers gave him that appetite, as they gave similar appetites to all their sons. [*Laughter.*]

I like to recall and reflect upon the glorious deeds of the army that subdued the rebellion. A little more than a year ago we laid in his honored tomb the great leader of that army. Of Napoleon it was often said that he manifested his best qualities as a soldier in the selection of the generals who led his armies to victory. So Grant has still, thank God, the living witnesses in Sherman and Sheridan of his capacity as a general to choose men always triumphant, always obedient, always able to meet and master the situation in which accident or genius had placed them. [*Applause.*] And here by the side of General Sherman sits the commander of the left wing of the army of Georgia throughout the long march from Atlanta to the sea—your honored fellow-citizen, to whom you have more than once paid tributes of respect through the ballot-box, and of whose record in civil, as in military life, no man can speak aught but praise. [*Heartly cheers for General Slocum.*]

I like also to give to the army the honor which so largely belongs to it, in re-establishing and maintaining the American Union, and clothing it with the purified garment of universal liberty. [*Applause.*] When slavery, like the serpents that bound Læocöon and his sons, held the Constitution and the Union within its crushing folds, what Congress would not legislate, what Presidents could not execute, what Courts dare not adjudicate, the army achieved. [*Loud applause.*] It was the sword that severed the serpent's folds; it was the hand of

war that plucked away the writhing fragments and flung them aside forever. [*Renewed applause.*]

When, three years ago this night, I came to the annual banquet of this Society, I was forced to cross by a ferry-boat, the arm of the sea that then divided two great cities. To-night I came by carriage over the beautiful and monumental roadway of art that now unites them. The consummation of that union in all its benefits and blessings is yet to come, and ultimately to give to the world a single city, unsurpassed in wealth and power, intelligence and influence, amongst the peoples of the earth. Upon the sure and rapid approach of that event both Brooklyn and New York may well be congratulated. [*Applause.*] Whether it will unite them in the commemoration on the same day of the landing of the Pilgrim fathers, may perhaps be doubted. [*Laughter.*]

In recounting the virtues of the Pilgrim fathers, the tender consideration with which they enabled two great cities to celebrate their landing on different days, ought not to be lost sight of. Few people, under such circumstances, would have displayed such impartial forethought. One landing would have sufficed them, and when they got once ashore on that bleak New England coast, they would have stayed there, and left Brooklyn to celebrate the 21st of December, and *West Brooklyn* to do the like, or go without a celebration. To reëmbark for the purpose of relanding on the 22d, that their posterity might celebrate either or both of those days, was an act which the Pilgrims across the Bridge do not appreciate. Brooklyn alone does justice to both events by their banquet to-night and their to-morrow of sober reflection. [*Applause and laughter.*]

The sentiment you have given me to-night, "American Law and Liberty," opens an almost unbounded field. Its consideration may well begin with that marvellous evolution of law, order and liberty, found in the compact of the Mayflower, which contains in briefest form the essence and soul of true republican government. It recognizes God in human governments, and His providences in their workings and achievements. It recognizes man in his equality of right in representation and protection, and sees in him the true and only just source of the authority that governs him. It establishes the *written* constitution as the charter of governmental agency,

and "just and equal laws and measures," as its aim and limit. If the Pilgrim fathers had done nothing more than frame this instrument, with its simple and sublime embodiment of republican principles, they would have won the admiration and applause of mankind. [*Applause.*]

After more than two hundred and sixty years of more or less vigorous life, American law and liberty can hardly be said to have outgrown the garments in which the humble pilgrims of the Mayflower wrapped its infant form. It has been developed in the constitutions of Nations and of States. It has challenged the virtues of Washington, the genius of Hamilton and Jefferson, and the skill and energies of hosts of statesmen and soldiers, and received the baptism of blood on the field of numberless battles, yet there it stands in its sublimity and purity, an unsurpassed expression of the best excellencies of a popular government "that shall not perish from the earth." [*Applause.*]

American law and liberty to-day rest upon solid bases. There is no difficulty in comprehending their nature and operation, both upon the people and their government. But we are in danger of forgetting that in all essential elements they are AMERICAN, and as such must be preserved and maintained for ourselves and our posterity against all that threatens their existence and perpetuity, either at home or abroad.

We have not responsibility for the governments of other peoples and countries, but for our own we have vast responsibilities, which we cannot safely forget or neglect. [*Applause.*] We have held our government and its unbounded freedom altogether too cheaply. We forget what it has cost us in blood and treasure and the sufferings of the past. It is time to recall, and act boldly and firmly upon the fact that the Constitution of the United States, and the government it creates, belong to us—and to no other people on earth; and that it is our right and duty to protect them and hand them down to our posterity as pure and strong as they have been given to us. [*Applause.*]

Against all dangers of external war we would guard them with our lives and fortunes, and if needed, meet a world in their defence. But we have no such danger to threaten. Our dangers are internal and more insidious.

We welcome to our shores all races of the world who, in habits, customs and thought, can assimilate with ourselves, and thus enjoy in common with us, the blessings of liberty. But the condition is always implied that they shall be faithful to the principles of our government and true to the duties of citizenship.

We want, and it is time to say, we will have no others.

Why should we take to our bosoms and nourish and cherish the enemies of our system; ready to poison and destroy the principles we love. The Socialist, the Communist, the Nihilist, the Anarchist, in so far as they are enemies of our government and its principles, have no right to the protection of what they seek to destroy. [*Applause.*]

Liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, and liberty of speech are the guaranteed rights of American citizens, and they must be preserved as part of the elemental principles of our Constitution, but their *abuse*, when they seek to subvert principles, destroy order and law, and substitute anarchy, are not guaranteed. [*Applause.*] The doom of all who organize force to resist the law and its officers by the new and fearful destructive inventions of the day, must be swift and certain. [*Loud applause.*] And while we bear this in mind we must not forget that we owe to a world at peace all the security we can give against the fearful crimes that its enemies can commit in our land. Home Rule is a principle Americans love and will maintain at home and will gladly see prevail in other lands; but we will not forget that the greatest enemy Home Rule has on earth is the wretched dynamiter, who seeks to hide his crimes behind the shelter of our Constitution and laws. Every blow he strikes from our shores is an assassin's stroke against American law and liberty, as well as against the peace and happiness of mankind.

The sanctuary we afford to the oppressed of all lands cannot be truly sacred when we allow its protection to yield opportunity to those enemies of the human race who strike blindly at all order and law, and aim to overthrow the principles of justice that protect them. [*Applause.*]

In maintaining American law and liberty we have assurance of home and its virtues, peace and its joys, protection and its safety, religion and its freedom, equality and its hopes,

property and its opportunities, labor and its achievements, education and its blessings ; and therefore, it is that American Law and Liberty must, at all hazards, be maintained. [*Long and continued applause.*]

President Winslow :—The next regular toast is,

“THE LEGACY OF THE PILGRIMS AND
THE PURITANS.”

This toast is in the hands of a master workman. I shall add no words of mine to prove it, but leave the case with him. I have the pleasure to introduce the Rev. John R. Paxton, D.D. [*Applause.*]

ADDRESS OF REV. JOHN R. PAXTON, D. D.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society of
Brooklyn :*

It was not the rebellion of the belly against short rations, but the revolt of the soul against tribunals, that coerced conscience—settled New England. In our time people emigrate because they are hungry and want bread. It was to better their fortunes that the Chinese and the Irish came to our shores. They wept when they sailed away from the Flowery Kingdom and Erin ; they came unwillingly ; but hunger has no option ; they came for bread. But the Pilgrim fathers and William Penn, of my State of Pennsylvania, came to this land to clothe their souls with righteousness, and not to fill their stomachs with bread. There is a vast difference between a new country settled by empty stomachs and one settled by hungry souls and consciences determined to be free. [*Applause.*]

If the cabin of the Mayflower had been filled with a crowd of hungry peasants fleeing starvation and thinking only of bread, then the Declaration of Independence would never have been signed, and Bunker Hill would never have been fought. [*Applause.*] People who emigrate on their belly never

found great States. [*Laughter.*] M. Taine says, "A society cannot be founded only on the pursuit of pleasure and power, a society can only be founded on respect for liberty and justice." I say, on conscience and God. The Kingdom of Israel which gave us religion and morality, was created by men who left bread and plenty and ease to keep company with God and endure hardness in a strange land. The French Revolution was sprung by hunger driven to desperation; but when that hunger had glutted by the guillotine its hate, and was filled with bread and flushed with wine, it ended in Bonaparte instead of Bourbon. The English Revolution was backed on God and fought for liberty and justice and the rights of man, and it incorporated its victory in the English constitution and its good works still follow it in mother country and our own land. [*"Hear! hear!" and applause.*] I say then, Mr. President and gentlemen, that people who want more bread emigrate in our day. Who ever heard of an English gentleman or nobleman coming to us except for a rich wife, to go back to spend American money in London follies? [*Laughter and cheers*] But the Pilgrim fathers were not at all an unwashed lot of tinkers and peasants, driven by want and armed with the fanaticism of superstition. They were a well-bred company. Brewster's manor-house, at Scrooby, was a gentleman's residence. In the cabin of the Mayflower were Oxford graduates, fellows of Cambridge; men who knew the *Humanities* as well as the Hebrew Psalms and fasts. [*Applause.*] It was conscience and God; it was a loftier ideal of the worth of a human soul and the rights of a man, that filled the sails of the Mayflower; not poverty, superstition and ignorance. [*Loud applause.*]

Now the Pilgrim father who landed in 1620 was a Christian and a gentleman; he was a man of convictions, *plus* charity, toleration and concession on equal terms. The Pilgrim father had joints in his spine; he could bow. The Puritan, on the other hand, who came in 1630, was a man of convictions, a Christian, but a Christian *minus* charity, toleration and concession. The Puritan spine was invertebrate, unjointed; he could not bow, not even to his God—for he insisted on standing erect before the throne of high Heaven in his prayers. I reverence and love the Pilgrims; I admire and esteem the

Puritans. The Pilgrim demanded liberty to worship God after his own conscience, but he conceded the same right to others; strict with himself in conforming his conduct to a rigid creed, yet he was gentle, mild and tolerant, and he offered asylum to Roger Williams. The Puritan, on the other hand, was a sort of Procrustes; he had his little, narrow, iron bed; everybody must lie on it and fit it to a hair. If one were too long, they cut off his legs or his head, as the case might be, to make him fit. If one were too short, they lengthened him in various ways; for instance, by the stocks—which stretch, you know,—by the expansive power of heat in a brand, or by the elongating virtue of a rope with a heavy weight suspended on it from a gibbet. Still, I admire the Puritans, because such men as they carry the world before them. When you find a man who is as ready to suffer death for the truth of his creed as he is to inflict it, you have got the man who, eventually, will master your world. [*Applause.*] Of course the Puritans were narrow from our point of view. “But so,” says Mr. Lowell, “the sword of righteousness is narrow.” Certainly the Puritans had but one idea, but it was an idea born, gentlemen, of the spirit and not of the flesh; an idea of the stuff St. Paul’s was made of, and you know what that did; it turned your world upside down, overthrew the unclean gods of Paganism, broke the fasces and trailed the eagles of thirty legions in the dust, and dragged the dazed Cæsar from his throne. [*Applause.*] Mr. President and gentlemen, all the epochs in human history have been created by men who were narrow, if you please, but intense, by men who had an undoubting conviction of the righteousness of their cause. An age of wide and varied culture, such as ours, has never produced heroisms, and never can be an age of martyrdoms. I admire a Puritan—at long range—[*Laughter.*] far enough away from him to differ from him safely, without feeling the weight of his Sinaitic hand and the oppressions of his iron creed. I thank God that I was not living, with keen senses and a jovial soul, in Salem town in 1692, it would have gone ill with me, for the Rev. Samuel Parris, of unenviable memory, would have probably hanged me by the neck until I was dead,—to the greater glory of his God. [*Laughter.*]

The Pilgrim fathers and the Puritans were alike in this,

that they insisted on their right to stand on their own feet, to see with their own eyes, to breathe, not through a King's lungs, a Pope's lungs, a Parliament's lungs, or a Presbytery's lungs, but through their own lungs. In maintenance of this right they came to our wilderness shores and they laid broad and deep the corner-stone of our republican institutions. [*Applause.*] A Pilgrim respected himself as well as revered his terrible God. He had an independent mind; he was accented on the individual, not on a Court, or on a King, on a Parliament, or on a Church. He believed in the worth of a human soul, in the dignity of a man, in the personal right to cleave a space for himself in the world, and to go to Heaven by his own road, unhindered by King, Prelate or Presbytery. Lowell hit off the Puritan to a hair, disclosed his secret, and painted his portrait, in two lines:

" John P. Robinson, he,
Said they didn't know everything down in Judee."

[*Laughter.*]

That is a Mayflower Pilgrim; that is a Yankee of to-day. The independent mind, the right to find a way through this world, or to make one for himself; the right to breathe through his own lungs, to do his own thinking and his own repenting—that kind of man was Elder Brewster and the first Winslow, and that kind of man was Emerson, Garrison and John Brown. [*Applause.*] It is in your blood, and much of it in Brooklyn. You still call your churches "Independent" and "Congregationalist," for the son, as well as the sire, of New England is a good driver, with all his isms and his reforms, but he is a balky horse in harness; he is hard to drive, and he never takes kindly to blinds or to bits or to reins. [*Laughter and cheers.*] Nevertheless, on the New England idea, gentlemen, namely, the right to stand on one's own feet, the sovereignty of the individual soul,—on that idea this Republic was founded and on that idea must it continue to stand if it is to endure. For the idea that a man is not a pawn to protect a king, or to hedge a bishop, or to be sacrificed for a queen or a moss-covered castle, is at the bottom of all our liberties and all our rights. It is the old Puritan idea; it is your legacy from your sires; and that idea has made your little New

England great, dominant and foremost in shaping the destinies of our country, in fostering institutions of learning, in advocating the rights of man, in redressing wrongs and in raising up for and furnishing to the Republic successive generations statesmen, philosophers, poets, historians, reformers and scholars, who have marched in the van of all our progress, and who have been and still are firm in loyalty to our institutions and foremost in enriching our literature and adorning our country with their works of genius and patriotism. [*Applause.*] Let the lavender little fellows criticize the harsh features of the stern Puritan; it is small business. They were masterly, wonderful, colossal men, your ancestors; they believed that a little distinct universe walked around under their steeple-crowned hats,—a universe God-made, God-understood, and to God alone responsible; and the priceless legacy they left you is individual right, personal accountability, self-respect, the approbation of one's own conscience, constancy to truth as you understand it, loyalty to the best light you have as you see it shining on your path. That is the legacy of Plymouth Rock; and God grant that the billows of passion, the strife of parties, the conflict of classes, the despair of hunger, the rage of atheism, or the greed of corporate power never submerge Plymouth Rock. God grant that our degenerate hands shall never throw away, like the base Judean, the two pearls richer than all the gifts of fortune, than all the prizes of life, the two pearls of an unfettered conscience and a free body; a mind imbued with reverence toward the ordaining God, and a hand open and friendly to all that elevates humanity, but a hand stern and terrible, a hand clenched and uplifted to strike all oppressors of conscience and all who would corrupt freedom or menace human rights. [*Applause.*]

President Winslow :—The next toast is,

“OUR SISTER SOCIETIES,”

and it will be responded to by the Hon. Granville P. Hawes. [*Applause.*]

ADDRESS OF HON. GRANVILLE P. HAWES.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen :

I desire to thank you all, in behalf of the New England Society of New York, for your courtesy and kind reception. Owing to the lateness of the hour I can scarcely do more, but I know you will bear with me a moment if I express a kind but firm dissent to a remark made by the brilliant and eloquent divine who has just preceded me. He, as well as others, have spoken in glowing terms of the distinguished soldiers who are your guests to-night—General Sherman and General Slocum—and I beg to unite in the elogiums so happily expressed by others. Their valor and noble conduct in behalf of the country is beyond praise and beyond eulogium, for it is ineffacably written in the hearts and memories of a grateful people. But while this is all true, I would be wanting in duty to myself and to the Society I represent, were I to forget in their presence and in yours, the gallant and unremembered brave men, that star-crowned host that passed to death in the great conflict, when captain and general was no greater in his love and valor than the humblest soldier of the command. [*Applause.*] My friend, Dr. Paxton, however, says that “Our age cannot produce heroism and martyrdom.” Think you, sir, that this is true, and in this presence, too? In 1861 the bugle note sounded, and this age shook itself into form and into valor and into the noblest heroism this world has ever seen. [*Applause.*] A million of men awoke to martyrdom at the tap of the drum. I almost see them now, in vision, as those martyr hosts filed past our honored chieftain here—at Shiloh and Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain. They passed in review, sir; but not to return—they passed to unknown graves—they passed to the realms of silence, their names and memories forgotten except by the widowed wife and fatherless children in the quiet homesteads of the valley and the mountain. Gently they passed, and in the “eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread.” Yes, sir; they passed in review before you, indeed, with the touch of the elbow, saluting as they passed.

Morituri te Salutant
 Say the soldiers as they passed ;
 Not in uttered words they say it,

But they feel it as they passed,
 We who are about to perish,
 We salute you as we pass.

[*Continued applause.*]

And as they passed, those nameless brave men, the thickness of battle enshrouded them, and through the waiting years you and I and all the world saw the "thin red line" extending from the ocean to the rivers, now wavering and faltering, then quiet but still firmly moving on, further on, toward the south; over the mountains and across the rivers, and growing from red to bright crimson, until finally in 1865, it lost itself in the sea, and the country awoke again to peace and rest. Well is it that the valleys are again fruitful, that the passes over the mountains are again secure, and that the rivers flow once more unmolested to the Gulf. But far better than all that, is the consciousness of our people that the age of heroes and martyrs has come back again, and we have discovered, not only that there is steel in our hearts, but faith in our souls. [*Applause.*] This is the greatest triumph since the world began, that a whole people, both North and South, stand ready to voluntarily die for a principle. This heroic force, grander than all others, has permeated our life and is as potential to-day as it was in 1861.

Do you think, sir, that this is not an age of heroes and martyrs? I am told of the valor of the Greeks on the plains of Troy, or the martyrdom at Thermopylæ and Marathon, or the bold audacity of the Carthaginian hosts before the gates of Rome, but can they be compared for a moment to the heroic martyrdom of the gallant men that passed in review before you into the valley of the shadow, and do you believe that these untitled brave will not grow more illustrious as the years roll on?

"Warriors gentler, truer, braver,
 Never shall behold the light."

This, sir, is in my opinion, the most heroic age the world has ever known, and I say it not because men have not always been courageous and heroic, but because in the place of the old has come the new courage—the courage of faith, of convictions, of principle. No longer is there pleasure in fighting, or love of glory or spoils. The heroism of the age is a

heroism of principle which stands fast for an idea, of its own free will is ready to die for it. This was the heroism of Carver and Winslow and Standish and all the early fathers. This new-born heroism had its birth at Plymouth in 1620, and it has so infused itself through the life of the Nation that if to-morrow morning some great wrong were done this people, or the honor of the Nation in any respect assailed, a million of men of their own free will would be found before night-fall, ready to risk their lives and all they hold dear in its defence. [*Applause.*] An age of heroism indeed is this. This noble inspiration that has so enriched the life of this Nation and made us all heroes and martyrs, has its source and power in the teachings and in the example of the early Pilgrim fathers, and I believe, and I think I have reason to believe, in spite of all that may be slightly said, that the present age is nobler and better, and more heroic in all essentials, than their's or than any past age in the world's history. And not only in great crises, but in its widest reach, touching the minutest details of life, so I believe that this is true. [*Applause.*]

But, Mr. Chairman, I have trespassed on your time, and have been led away when I should have been talking about the society I represent.

In the first place, I have a grievance, and my society has requested me to expostulate with you in a kind but decided way. As you know, we have taken great pains to assist you to a successful career. We have even gone so far in order to make management easy as to take Woodford and put him through all the paces of office-holding—Director, Second, First Vice-President, and finally President. You can readily understand how much trouble, not to say anguish, this effort to give you a full equipped manager has cost us; but what did you do in return? The very first public meeting you had you started out like an undisciplined boy and celebrated the landing of the Pilgrims the day before they landed. There was not the slightest excuse for this, for there isn't a school-boy in all Brooklyn who doesn't know that the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth on the twenty-second day of December, 1620. Neither is there a person within the sound of my voice who hasn't been taught it from his earliest childhood. I am per-

fectly well aware that this is an age of steam and electricity, and sawdust swindling, and all the other improvements, but we had a right to expect, and did expect, that you would hold fast to the old truths as delivered to us by the fathers.

As a historic fact they landed on the thirtieth, but we have no right to ask questions when we have been taught in the English Reader and Webster's Speller that it was the twenty-second. You may have a temporary success over the old folks, but the end will be ruin, sure and complete. The old ways are, after all, the safe ways.

There is an old Norse legend that when King Olof was in the midst of his reforms, and changing the old order of things, Thor suddenly made his appearance before him and said: "Oh yes, King Olof, it is all very beautiful with the sun shining on it there, green, fruitful, a right fair home for you, and many a sore day had Thor, many a wild fight before he could make it so, and now you have a mind to put away Thor; King Olof have a care." He then disappeared. The legend merely adds, "King Olof, too, was never heard of more." No, gentlemen, it will not do to trifle with the writers of history, or question your English Readers. Of course, you understand that we are not at all jealous across the river because you have got ahead of us, but we will merely wish you well, and beg of you to return to the faith of the fathers. I am also reminded that there are other provisions which you have departed from, and which it becomes my duty to call to your attention. Among other provisions it was enacted that "No person shall take tobacco publicly under the penalty of one shilling." This ordinance I see you even now rigidly enforce. [*Laughter.*] Their instructions to their constables were somewhat unique. "If, after 10 o'clock they see lights, to inquire if there be warrantable cause, and if they hear noise or disorder, wisely to demand the reason, but if they are dancing and singing, wisely admonish them to cease; if they do not discontinue after moderate admonition, then the constable to take their names and acquaint the authorities therewith. If they find young men and maidens not of known fidelity walking after 10 o'clock, modestly to demand the cause, and if they are ill-minded, to watch them narrowly." Perhaps the more appropriate provision was one which sen-

tenced Captain Stone to pay a fine of £100, and prohibited him from coming within the patent without the Governor's leave upon pain of death, for calling Mr. Justice Ludlow "A Just-ass."

Some women would not brew on Saturday because the beer would work upon the Lord's day. Drinking healths were prohibited by order of the Court for the following reasons: First, because it was a thing of no good use; second, it was an inducement to drunkenness; third, it occasioned much waste of time and beer. Yet the narrative naively adds, "Even Godly persons were loathe to part with this idle ceremony, though they could not find any arguments to maintain it."

This was the golden age of New England, when vice was crushed, especially oppression and extortion in prices and wages, which is injustice done to the public. Captain Keyne was heavily punished in 1639 for selling goods at exorbitant prices. In 1660, one Edward Palmer, having overcharged for a pair of stocks, was compelled to sit in them an hour himself. Now, many of these enactments exhibit profound wisdom; others were seized because the supposed decrees of the Bible, whilst another class decreed as to such matters as appeared puerile. But we forget that they acted upon the principle of nipping crime in the bud. Things which were forbidden in themselves were comparatively unimportant, but if unchecked have led to gross crimes. The audacity of Wall street would be impossible in a community which fined Thomas Clark £2 for selling a pair of boots and spurs for fifteen shillings that cost him but ten. Women, for abusing their husbands or striking their fathers-in-law were sentenced to be fined or to be whipped at the post. There seems to have been no provision made as to the mothers-in-law. [*Laughter.*] It seems that a man for making proposals of marriage to a young lady, and presenting the same contrary to the parents' wishes, and without their consent, and directly contrary to their mind and will, was sentenced to a fine of £5, and should be put under bonds for good behavior, and denied the use of any means to obtain or retain her affection. The bond stated that "Whereas the said young man hath disorderly and unrighteously endeavored to obtain the affections of the young lady,

against the mind and will of her parents, if, therefore, the said young man shall for the future refrain and desist the use of any means to obtain or retain her affections as aforesaid, and appear at court the first Tuesday of July next, and be of good behavior, etc., he shall be released." You can rest assured that the young man minded his eye after that and solemnly desisted. In 1632, it was enacted that if any man elected to the office of Governor would not serve he should be fined £30 sterling. If he refused to pay the fine, it was to be levied out of his goods and chattels. It was also ordered that if anyone chosen to the office of Councilman (which corresponds to our Alderman) and declined its acceptance, he should be fined £10 each. If, however, one had been twice Governor, he could decline without a fine, except they could prevail upon him by entreaty. They wisely regulated the dress of the ladies, and declared that no garment shall be made with short sleeves, and such as have garments with short sleeves shall not wear the same unless they cover the arm to the wrist, and hereafter no person whatever shall make any garment for women with sleeves more than half an ell wide, which was about two feet. [*Laughter.*] I notice your ladies' sleeves are cut the right length. [*Laughter.*]

Now, gentlemen, I am aware that we all smile at their simple laws, which seem to govern the individual too strictly, but I sometimes question whether we have not gone too far the other way. It might be very healthy if old Cotton Mather could come back once more with all his power and bring back with him the real Devil who, as he says, "walked about the streets with clanking chains making a dreadful noise," or if not that kind some positive Devil who hadn't too much "sweetness and light." What think you would Governor Carver or Elder Brewster or William Bradford or Thomas Dudley say, and what laws would they enact when they were told that there was no longer any legitimate business, and if you wanted to buy a bag of coffee, for instance, you must make a bet as to what it would be worth next February; that stock-watering and cotton-gambling were legal enterprises; that now our newspapers tried our criminals and terrorized our Courts, or at least try to, and are oftentimes successful, and they so intimidate our jurors who have been forced into the jury-box, that

the poor juryman does not know whether he is trying to serve his country or is actually the prisoner at the bar. He is aware of one thing, however, and that is that if he does n't vote as the newspaper thinks he ought, that he will be hounded for weeks, his wife and family disgraced, and he will be charged with ignorance, incompetency and venality. Perhaps I speak too strongly on this subject, but I fear the reaction which will come by this debasement. Respectable citizens will revolt, and sympathy will sooner or later come to the aid of the criminal, when it would be as misplaced as is the temporary but unhappy triumph of the press, that prides itself upon its power to intimidate jurors and coerce verdicts. Such a triumph is too costly even for so powerful a force in the community as a newspaper, and powerful for good, Mr. Chairman, as it is for evil. Even a newspaper, however, cannot afford to break down the barriers that the community has itself created for its own protection. Thank God that we have one Judge at least who has the courage of his convictions, the true Puritan conscience, and he has iron enough in his blood to do his whole judicial duty as he understands it, whether the newspaper likes it or not, and will give to every man however criminal he may be found to be, all that he is entitled to under the law, no more and no less. By such honesty and courage alone is there safety to the commonwealth. Public opinion, so called, is one thing to-day and another to-morrow ; but the eternal principle of justice, as administered under the law, are never changing.

There would be little trouble of this kind, gentlemen, if Governor Carver was in charge ; but I fear I shall have the newspapers after me, and perhaps I had better stop myself, for they always have the last word, and that isn't always the gentlest.

I am reminded that I haven't spoken to you of my own Society and its venerable antiquity. The Society of the City of New York is getting along in a very quiet, old-fogy way. As you are holding on to the old ways and having perfect faith in the early teachings of the fathers, we read our catechism and know when the Pilgrims landed. In that wicked city we stand and hold the fort against the encroachments of heresy, and all kinds of schism, religious, political and social.

The Society of New York is, as you know, the oldest society of that peculiar character in the country. It was not only the oldest New England Society in or out of New England, but it was in the full vigor of manhood before St. Patrick or St. Andrew or St. Nicholas, or even St. George were born. The New England society was organized in 1805, at No. 6 State street, at the house of James Watson, who was its first president. Samuel Hopkins, who lived in upper Pearl street, was the secretary, and in the notes it speaks of his troubles in reaching Watson's house that night with his tin lantern in his hand, as he was compelled to go round the swamp in order to avoid the high tides of Cedar and Pine streets. I notice here on your list of toasts the name of President Dwight, of Yale College. That name runs like a thread of gold through all the history of the New England States. That name is synonymous with everything that is honored, manly, and cultured. That reminds me of the fact that on the first roll of the society appeared his name. [*Applause.*] He came over from New Haven for the purpose of organizing the society, after a quick voyage of two days "being favored by wind and tide." Trumbull, the painter, was one of the seven there assembled. They agreed to hold a public meeting at the City Hotel if they could find seventy New England people in the city. They succeeded in doing so, and have kept up the number ever since, and I can report to you that they are still increasing. Afterwards they held their meetings at the Tontine Coffee House, at Burdan's Long Room, Broad street, and would intersperse the speeches by singing "Hail Columbia," "Roslyn Castle," and "Anacreon in Heaven." The language of this first constitution was so chaste that I know you will pardon me a moment when I read the preamble: "We, whose names are herewith subscribed, convinced that it is the duty of all men to promote the happiness and welfare of each other, witnessing the advantages which have arisen from the voluntary association of individuals allied to each other by a similarity of habits and education, and being desirous of diffusing and extending the like benefit, do hereby associate ourselves under the name of The New England Society of the City and State of New York." This sentiment not only expresses a kindly feeling of

the heart, but it was equally expressive of the New England idea of mutual dependence and of mutual equality, where these simple virtues flourished, and a stainless life was all there was of living. We had no landed gentry, but six square miles was granted by the General Court to a certain number of persons named in the grant who might enter upon it in company, reserving some common property for meeting-house, school, burial ground and minister's lot. So they lived their earnest, simple lives, an example to all the world, fulfilling the prayer of St. Pierre, the French essayist, who asked for his country neither wealth nor military glory, nor magnificent palaces and monuments, nor splendor of Court nobility, nor clerical pomp. Rather, he says, "Oh, France, may no beggar tread thy plains, no sick or suffering man ask in vain for relief; in all thy hamlets may every young woman find a husband, and every man a true wife; may the young be trained aright and guarded from evil; may the old close their days in the tranquil hope of those who love God and their fellowman." Such was the life, Mr. Chairman, our forefathers led, and the nearer we can come back to it, the nearer, in my opinion, do we come to true living and all worthy effort. [*Applause.*]

In behalf of the Society of the City of New York, I again thank you for your kind reception. [*Applause.*]

President Winslow.:—I will now call upon William Sullivan, Esq., President of the St. Patrick's Society, to respond to the toast, "OUR SISTER SOCIETIES." [*Applause.*]

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM SULLIVAN, ESQ.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society :

In behalf of the St. Patrick's Society, I acknowledge the friendly courtesy of your invitation, and thank you for your fraternal welcome and genial hospitality. After listening to so many eloquent speeches recounting the achievements and extolling the virtues of your ancestors, one cannot help admiring the Yankee for his patriotism and pride of ancestry. He

has every reason to be proud of New England and of his ancestors, because New England is part of Ireland, by conquest, by occupation, by amalgamation and by absorption. [*Laughter.*] It seems to me, however, Mr. President, that as every member of your Society is a native, or a descendant of a native, of New England, your historiographer is a sinecurist, for does not everybody now know where your Pilgrim fathers originally came from? It was hardly worth while to spend over two hundred years in finding out where they were born, because their descendants were soon absorbed by the Irish, and it is an admitted historical fact that the Pilgrim father of the Irish was born in every country in Europe but Ireland. [*Laughter.*] When St. Patrick became an Irishman, the Irish made up their minds to become a nation of doctors and of saints, and this accounts for their emigration to New England. The land of pork and beans and of pumpkin pie and dyspepsia had an irresistible attraction for the doctors; and the result is that every Yankee has now a sound mind in a sound body. [*Applause.*] And as for the saints, they were attracted thither by their belief in the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. Before the Irish came to New England it was a penal offense to refuse an office. What a change since then! Now one runs the risk of being convicted if he accepts an office. [*Laughter.*]

But, Mr. President and gentlemen, seriously, allow me in conclusion to again thank you for the privilege of participating in the commemoration of an event which has resulted in the establishment of the greatest and best Republic that has ever existed on the face of the earth. [*Applause.*]

President Winslow:—We will now sing the Doxology, and then be dismissed.

(The company then rose and in conclusion sang:)

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING
AND
EIGHTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL
OF
THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN,

INCLUDING AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY, FEBRUARY 9, 1888,
BY HON. JOHN L. SWIFT, OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
ON "MILES STANDISH."

OFFICERS, DIRECTORS, COUNCIL, MEMBERS,
STANDING COMMITTEES,
AND
BY-LAWS OF THE SOCIETY.

BROOKLYN.
1888.

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OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn is incorporated and organized to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers ; to encourage the study of New England History ; to establish a library, and to promote charity, good fellowship and social intercourse among its members.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

ADMISSION FEE,	- - - - -	\$10.00
ANNUAL DUES,	- - - - -	5.00
LIFE MEMBERSHIP, <i>besides Admission Fee,</i>	- - - - -	50.00

Payable at election, except Annual Dues, which are payable in January of each year.

Any member of the Society in good standing may become a Life Member on paying to the Treasurer at one time the sum of fifty dollars ; and thereafter such member shall be exempt from further payment of dues.

Any male person of good moral character, who is a native or descendant of a native of any of the New England States, and who is eighteen years old or more, is eligible.

If in the judgment of the Board of Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society, a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society.

The friends of a deceased member are requested to give the Historiographer early information of the time and place of his birth and death, with brief incidents of his life, for publication in our annual report. Members who change their address should give the Secretary early notice.

☞ It is desirable to have all worthy gentlemen of New England descent residing in Brooklyn, become members of the Society. Members are requested to send application of their friends for membership to the Secretary.

Address,

THOMAS S. MOORE, *Recording Secretary,*
102 Broadway, New York.

OFFICERS.

1888.

President:

JOHN WINSLOW.

First Vice-President :

CALVIN E. PRATT.

Second Vice-President :

BENJ. F. TRACY.

Treasurer :

CHARLES N. MANCHESTER.

Recording Secretary :

THOMAS S. MOORE.

Corresponding Secretary :

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

Historiographer :

PAUL L. FORD.

Librarian :

CHARLES E. WEST, LL. D.

DIRECTORS.

For One Year.

WILLIAM H. LYON.
WILLIAM B. KENDALL.

ALBERT E. LAMB.
STEWART L. WOODFORD.

J. S. CASE.

For Two Years.

CALVIN E. PRATT.
JOHN WINSLOW.

RANSOM H. THOMAS.
CHAS. N. MANCHESTER.

JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

For Three Years.

BENJAMIN F. TRACY.
HENRY W. SLOCUM.

A. C. BARNES.
GEORGE B. ABBOTT.

NELSON G. CARMAN, JR.

For Four Years.

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN.
GEORGE H. FISHER.

HIRAM W. HUNT.
WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

HENRY E. PIERREPONT.

COUNCIL.

A. A. LOW.
A. M. WHITE.
S. B. CHITTENDEN.
A. F. CROSS.
ROBERT D. BENEDICT.
HENRY COFFIN.
CHARLES PRATT.
C. L. BENEDICT.
THOMAS H. RODMAN.
AUGUSTUS STORRS.

ARTHUR MATHEWSON.
W. H. NICHOLS.
FRANCIS L. HINE.
H. W. MAXWELL.
SETH LOW.
ISAAC H. CARY.
H. H. WHEELER.
W. A. WHITE.
DARWIN R. JAMES.
M. N. PACKARD.

J. R. COWING.
F. A. WARD.
JOHN CLAFLIN.
M. W. ROBINSON.
J. S. T. STRANAHAN.
WILLARD BARTLETT.
L. S. BURNHAM.
HENRY EARL.
JASPER W. GILBERT.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Finance :

WILLIAM H. LYON,

ALBERT E. LAMB.

GEO. H. FISHER,

Charity :

BENJAMIN F. TRACY,

J. F. KNAPP.

HENRY W. SLOCUM,

Invitations :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

STEWART L. WOODFORD.

JOHN WINSLOW,

Annual Dinner :

HIRAM W. HUNT,

RANSOM H. THOMAS.

CHAS. N. MANCHESTER,

Publications :

NELSON G. CARMAN, JR.

J. S. CASE.

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

Annual Receptions :

PRESIDENT and VICE-PRESIDENTS.

EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the New England Society, in the City of Brooklyn, was held in the Directors' Room of the Art Association Building, on Wednesday Evening, December 7, 1887.

MR. JOHN WINSLOW, the President of the Society, called the meeting to order, and acted as Chairman.

The minutes of the Seventh Annual Meeting, held December 1, 1886, were read and approved.

MR. CHARLES N. MANCHETESR, Treasurer of the Society, presented his Annual Report, showing a balance on hand of \$14,506.21, deposited in the following institutions :

South Brooklyn Savings Institution	\$3,139.50
Brooklyn Savings Bank.....	3,135.00
Dime Savings Bank.....	3,150.00
Williamsburgh Savings Bank.....	3,180.00
Brooklyn Trust Co.....	901.71
City Savings Bank.....	1,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$14,506.21

which was on motion approved, and ordered to be placed on file. There was appended to the Treasurer's Report, a certificate signed by the Finance Committee, that the same had been examined and found to be correct.

The PRESIDENT read his Annual Report, which was as follows :

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT.

The By-Laws provide that the President may make an Annual Report touching the condition of the Society, as to its

membership and finances, and make such recommendations as he may deem proper.

The Society has kept in view its declared purposes, which are to encourage the study of New England history, to establish a library, to promote charity, good fellowship, and social intercourse among its members, and to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The last Annual Dinner was a success, both as to the quality of the dinner and the brilliancy and high character of the speakers. That this was appreciated was obvious to all in attendance. The number present was larger than at any former dinner. The numerous applications for tickets to the next dinner gives assurance of a large attendance.

The Society has sought to make this Annual Festival a notable event in Brooklyn, and its success in that respect is generally recognized.

It is provided by Article 24 of the By-Laws, that if in the judgment of the Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society, a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society.

There have been several occasions when help in this manner has been given, under the direction of the Committee on Charities.

The report of the Secretary shows the total membership to be four hundred. It is desirable to have the membership increased. Let every member do what he can in this respect.

The report of the Treasurer shows that there is in the Treasury at this date the sum of \$14,506.21. Most of this sum is deposited in the five leading savings banks in the City of Brooklyn. This shows an increase of \$1,266.26 for the year ending December 7, 1887.

The Historiographer reports the death of seven members of the Society. They are as follows :

JOHN WEBSTER SEDGWICK was born in West Hartford, Conn., July 24, 1831, and early in life came to New York, where he accepted a position in the jewelry business. He later went to Wilmington, N. C., where he resided for some years, but in 1864 returned to New York, and formed a partnership with Stephen P. Cox, for the manufacture of jewelry, under the firm name of Cox & Sedgwick, at 26 John street, in which he continued till his death. For several years he was Vice-President of the Jewelers' Circular Publishing Company.

In 1864 Mr. Sedgwick removed to Brooklyn, residing at 419 Clinton avenue, and has always taken an active interest in Brooklyn affairs. He attended the Church of the Messiah, was a member of the Oxford Club, and

was greatly interested in our own Society, of which he was a regular attendant.

His wife and two children survive him. He died April 20, 1887, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL PUTNAM, son of Nathaniel Putnam, was born in Danvers, Mass., May 4, 1802. Receiving the education such as every New England lad of that time obtained, he entered his father's store in that town, but at nineteen went to sea before the mast and in but four or five years had worked his way up to the command of a vessel, in the employment of Oliphant & Co., engaged in the china trade.

On his marriage with Abigail D. Putnam, January 9, 1844, Mr. Putnam left the sea and engaged in business as a member of the firm of O. H. Gordon & Co., at the same time taking up his residence in Brooklyn, in which he lived till his death.

He died April 2, 1886, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in Greenwood.

JOSEPH HOWARD MARVIN was born in Brooklyn, March 17, 1853, and was educated at the Polytechnic Institute and Yale College ('76) where he took a Townsend prize. In 1878 he graduated from the Columbia College Law School, and was in the law offices of Mr. Benjamin Silliman, with Sherman & Sterling, and with Betts, Atterbury & Betts, his specialty being patent law.

He died August 26th, 1887, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

WILLIAM P. LIBBY was born in Tuftonborough, N. H., May 8th, 1817. At twelve years of age he left his native town and worked in Dover, N. H., in Whitehall, N. Y., and later, came to New York city, from which he soon removed to Brooklyn, where he spent the latter part of his life.

Mr. Libby was greatly interested in Brooklyn schools, and was one of the members of the Board of Education for several years. He was a member of the South Congregational Church, and was for many years President of the Citizens' Gas Light Company, and was connected with several of our moneyed institutions.

He died July 3d, 1886, in the seventieth year of his age.

RICHARD H. MANNING was born in Ipswich, Mass., February 1, 1809, and was educated in his native town and at the famous Summer Academy in Byfield, Mass., the leading school, at that time, in New England.

He started in business as a young man, in the drygoods trade in Philadelphia, but left that city in 1840 and came to New York, where he became interested in mining enterprises and in the manufacture of zinc paint, being the senior partner in the firm of Manning & Squire, engaged in that business in Liberty street. In 1882 he retired from all active business.

Mr. Manning came to Brooklyn in 1867, residing at 305 Clinton avenue, and has always been actively interested in the affairs of the city, especially in her charities and public institutions. He was early identified with the Unitarian denomination, and was one of the founders of the Second Unitarian Church in this city. An old-time abolitionist and a Civil Service reformer, a lover of science and art, as well as deeply interested in Fourierism and other social questions. Mr. Manning enjoyed the friendship of many able men, among them, the late Professor Youmans and Horace Greeley, of whom he was the executor.

His wife and four children survive him. He died November 2, 1887, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

HARRY EUGENE DODGE, son of Edward and Caroline Perkins (Alden) Dodge, of Providence, R. I., was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on January 14, 1844. From childhood he was a resident of Brooklyn, and was educated at the Polytechnic Institute.

At an early age he entered the banking house of Clark, Dodge & Co., of which his father was a partner, and in 1867 became a member of the firm, in which he continued to the day of his death, being for some years the active member of the firm. In 1866 he had become a member of the New York Stock Exchange, being elected by the largest vote ever cast, up to that time, for any candidate.

Mr. Dodge was prominent in yachting circles as the owner of the yacht Triton, and was a member of the Atlantic Yacht Club, of which he was at one time Vice Commodore. For several years he was respectively Treasurer and Secretary of the Brooklyn Club.

On October 8th, 1866, he married Jeannie M. Hall, by whom he had two children. His son Edward survives him.

He died June 3, 1887, in the forty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

WILLIAM KENT, son of Ruggles and Achsah Bliss Kent, was born in West Springfield, Mass., September 30, 1817. Educated in his native town and in Hartford, he early in life came to New York, and by his energy and ability was shortly able to establish, in connection with Wellington Clapp, the firm of Clapp & Kent, which by the addition of Samuel Beckley became Clapp, Beckley & Kent, one of the leading drygoods houses before the war.

On the dissolution of the firm, Mr. Kent accepted a position of great responsibility in the Appraiser's office of the New York Custom House, a situation for which he was peculiarly fitted by his long business career, and which he filled till the day of his death.

Mr. Kent was an old resident of Brooklyn, living first on the Heights and later on the Hill. He was one of the founders of the Brooklyn Club, of which he was a prominent member.

In 1842 he married Hannah Chandler Ely, of West Springfield, Mass. Four daughters and a son survive him. He died October 28, 1887, in the seventy-second year of his age.

By a recent vote of the Directors the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars has been contributed to the fund for the National Monument at Plymouth, Mass. This monument was begun about thirty years ago, is now nearly completed and is a noble work. I was present when the corner stone was laid and the occasion was a notable one. A large tent was erected protecting some 10,000 persons, and the people gathered from many parts of New England, and not a few from distant parts of the country. General Banks was the orator of the day. In the afternoon there were distinguished speakers, who addressed the people under the tent, including the late Chief Justice Chase, the Governors of several States, and others.

The total cost of the monument will be \$110,000. Most of this sum has been contributed by the sons and daughters of New England throughout the country. The State of Massachusetts has contributed \$10,000 to the Statue of Morality; Connecticut, \$3,000 for the panel representing the embarkation, and Congress, by a recent appropriation, \$13,500 for the Statue of Liberty and the panel representing the landing. The New England Society in the City of New York has contributed \$1,500, and the Society in Philadelphia \$500. It is expected the grounds will be graded by the Town of Plymouth, and the whole work will be completed in June, 1888. The balance, \$3,000, needed for the monument, will be given by the Pilgrim Society in Plymouth.

Our action in contributing to the fund is in harmony with the declared purposes of our Society, some of which are to promote the study of New England history, and to perpetuate the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Thus will stand upon an eminence in Plymouth, a grand historical monument that may be seen in an extended region, including a distant point on the bleak sea, where the Fathers first saw Plymouth, and which will be forever associated with their sufferings and their work.

JOHN WINSLOW, *President.*

Dated December 7, 1887.

On motion this report was accepted, and ordered to be spread upon the minutes, and to be published in the annual report.

The terms of Messrs. Benjamin D. Silliman, George H. Fisher, Hiram W. Hunt, William H. Williams and Henry E.

Pierrepont, as Directors, having expired, the Society proceeded to elect by ballot five directors, to hold office for four years ; Messrs. Benjamin D. Silliman, George H. Fisher, Hiram W. Hunt, William H. Williams, and Henry E. Pierrepont, were elected, and their election duly declared by the chairman.

The meeting then adjourned.

THOMAS S. MOORE,

Recording Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES
AT THE
EIGHTH ANNUAL DINNER,
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1887,

*In commemoration of the Two Hundred and Sixty-seventh
Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims.*

The Eighth Annual Dinner of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, was held in the Assembly Rooms of the Academy of Music, and in the Art Room adjoining, on Wednesday evening, December 21, 1887.

The reception was held in the Art Room, and at six o'clock the dinner was served.

Over three hundred gentlemen were seated at the tables.

The President, HON. JOHN WINSLOW, presided.

Upon his right sat GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, HON. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, HON. ALFRED C. CHAPIN, HON. JOHN W. HUNTER, HON. WM. H. MURTHA.

On the left of the President sat REV. DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, HON. BENJ. D. SILLIMAN, GEN. HORACE PORTER, REV. DR. L. T. CHAMBERLAIN, REV. DR. F. A. FARLEY, HON. D. D. WHTNEY.

The members of the Society were seated as follows:

TABLE A.—William H. Nichols, G. M. Luther, R. B. Van Vleck, R. B. Hinman, Sanford H. Steele, George S. Small, George A. Evans, J. T. Baldwin, Pascal C. Burke, Wm. C. Wallace, James E. Dean, John A. Nichols, R. S. Roberts, Henry D. Hotchkiss, B. H. Knapp, David Barnett, John E. Jacobs, Henry Elliott, Albert Ammerman, George W. Almy, Benj. Barraclough, A. R. Jarrett, Warren S. Sillocks, S. H. Cornell, Horace H. Stevens, N. Townsend Thayer, Edwin C. Moffat, W. H. H. Childs, Samuel S. Beard, Chas. H. Brush, J. C. Hoagland, Geo. F. Gregory, Wm. J. Coombs, A. Sanger.

TABLE B.—Charles N. Manchester, H. B. Moore, John T. Van Sickle, A. de Riesthal, Edward F. Gaylor, James E. Hayes, D. Seymour Willard, Robert Christie, Silas Condict, Chas. N. Chadwick, F. H. Lovell, C. B. Davenport, George G. Brooks, Seelye Benedict, D. M. Somers, Edward T. Hunt, John L. How, Nelson G. Carman, Jr., H. H. Wheeler, Isaac H. Cary, Franklin Allen, Chas. L. Fincke, H. D. Polhemus, A. C. Woodruff, E. B. Bartlett, A. J. G. Hodenpyl, A. W. Newell, Leonard Richardson, I. M. Bon, Geo. A. Boynton, George C. Bradley, Warren E. Hill, Chas. M. Clarke, Joel W. Hyde.

TABLE C.—Hiram W. Hunt, George W. Hunt, Henry W. Slocum, Jr., John A. Tweedy, Walter S. Badger, Chas. A. Hoyt, Albert S. Hoyt, Edwin A. Lewis, L. S. Burnham, Hugh Boyd, James H. Race, J. T. Marean, D. A. Hulett, A. R. Gray, L. V. D. Hardenbergh, Chas. M. Stafford, James W. Ridgway, N. H. Clement, Aug. Van Wyck, Almet F. Jenks, William Hester, C. F. Lawrence, W. B. Wilkins, John F. Owings, Darwin R. James, M. N. Packard, E. P. Goodwin, Stephen Condit, Wm. C. De Witt, James W. Smith, Henry W. Slocum, Calvin E. Pratt, W. B. Dowd.

TABLE D.—James S. Case, C. A. Moore, Henry W. Maxwell, Geo. W. Alexander, Edward C. Kimball, Ira A. Kimball, John S. James, Reuben W. Ropes, W. E. Wheelock, A. D. Wheelock, A. I. Ormsbee, James J. Ormsbee, Henry W. Knight, George A. Price, R. N. Denison, George L. Morse, A. G. Jennings, O. T. Jennings, H. A. Tucker, Jr., H. A. Tucker, Rodney C. Ward, J. A. McMicken, W. H. Perry, E. D. Burt, W. Edwin Thorp, S. W. Johnson, Henry R. Heath, Frank Squier, Reuben Leland, D. P. Templeton, W. W. Wickes, W. W. Rossiter, E. L. Maxwell.

TABLE E.—William H. Waring, Samuel Winslow, William Coit, Geo. H. Prentiss, J. N. Kalley, Wm. H. Taylor, Calvin Patterson, Leonard Dunkley, Wm. D. Cornell, Sidney V. Lowell, Wm. Sullivan, H. S. Stewart, Albert Woodruff, James P. Wallace, S. E. Howard, Chas. H. Parsons, James S. Bailey, C. H. Requa, James Brady, C. A. Denny, H. C. Hulbert, E. F. Beadle, William Adams, Nelson J. Gates, A. H. Topping, A. F. Cross, William T. Cross, E. H. Kellogg, G. S. Hutchinson, Wm. G. Creamer, Edwin Atkins, C. P. Dixon, William D. Wade.

TABLE F.—Henry E. Pierrepont, Jasper W. Gilbert, A. M. White, Thos. S. Moore, F. A. Ward, W. A. White, Ripley Ropes, E. F. Knowlton, E. H. Litchfield, W. S. Perry, F. L. Babbitt, Charles Pratt, John Gibb, Bryan H. Smith, J. G. Johnson, Thomas E. Pearsall, J. P. Adams, Gordon L. Ford, Wm. B. Leonard, W. T. Hatch, A. E. Orr, Chas. J. Lowrey, C. M. Pratt, F. B. Pratt, W. O. Pratt, A. T. White, Seth Low, John A. Taylor, Geo. F. Peabody, E. M. Shepard, David A. Boody, John B. Woodward, J. S. T. Stranahan.

TABLE G.—Stewart L. Woodford, John M. Crane, George L. Pease, John T. Sherman, F. L. Wheeler, H. W. Wheeler, Lewis A. Parsons, F. E. Parsons, John F. Henry, George J. Loughton, C. S. Van Wagoner, A. J. Perry, Albert G. McDonald, Wm. H. Williams, Charles W. Ide, M. W. Robinson, George G. Reynolds, Benjamin F. Tracy, Andrew D. Baird, Frank Sperry, Augustus Storrs, O. A. Gager, Benjamin Estes, Eugene F. O'Connor, Jesse Johnson, John B. Greene, Henry E. Townsend, Ethan Allen Doty, C. S. Brainerd, Geo. C. Brainerd, N. T. Sprague, H. H. Beadle, Thos. S. Thorp, James H. Thorp.

TABLE H.—Joseph F. Knapp, Silas B. Dutcher, E. R. Kennedy, W. H. B. Pratt, Lowell M. Palmer, Anthony H. Creagh, C. Mortimer Wiske, H. Clay Swain, Samuel S. Utter, Wm. I. Preston, James H. Redman, John J. Cogger, John E. Dwight, M. Everett Dwight, Elihu Dwight, James A. Sperry, Wm. C. Bryant, George H. Fisher, Rev. Dr. N. Maynard, Daniel L. Northup, Rufus L. Scott, Geo. M. Nichols, Wm. J. Walker, Wm. B. Hurd, E. C. Wadsworth, Joseph Applegate, F. S. Driscoll, Warren E. Smith, Ed. C. Wallace, A. L. Bassett, W. L. M. Fiske, Joseph K. Hegeman, John R. Hegeman, Alonzo Slote.

TABLE I.—Wm. H. Lyon, J. B. Elliott, Marvin T. Lyon, Wm. A. Taylor, New York Tribune, New York Herald, New York World, Standard-Union, Brooklyn Eagle, Brooklyn Times, Brooklyn Citizen, New York Sun, New York Times, Wm. T. Lawrence, F. E. Taylor, Wm. H. Lyon, Jr.

BILL OF FARE.

Oysters.

SOUPS.

Broth Charmel,

Green Turtle.

SIDE DISHES.

Celery.

Olives.

Radishes.

Timbales, perigord fashion.

FISH.

Salmon, Parisian style.

Fried Smelts.

Potatoes persillade.

JOINT.

Filet of Beef, stuffed Olives.

Brussels Sprouts.

ENTREES.

Braised Capons, Chèvreuse fashion.

French Peas.

Sweetbread, Montebello.

Kidney Beans.

Terrapin, Baltimore style.

PUNCH: IMPERIAL.

GAME.

Canvas-back Duck.

Quails.

COLD.

Goose Liver patè with Truffles.

Lettuce Salad.

SWEETS.

Plum Pudding with Rum.

Pistachio Jelly, Oriental fashion.

Vanilla Charlotte.

PYRAMIDS.

Assorted Fancy Ices.

Fruits.

Mixed Cakes.

COFFEE.

When the company had assembled at the tables, REV. F. A. FARLEY, D. D., pronounced the following grace :

Almighty God, our ears have heard, and our fathers have told us of the works that Thou didst for them in the olden time : and we, the children of that blessed stock, are here before Thee, to call them to remembrance ; to speak their praises ; to take lessons from their career, and to do what we may in our day and generation to carry out the great objects which led them to this land, which governed them in its residence, and made them a name and a place among the nations of the earth.

O, God, we recognize our growth from them under the loving guidance of Thine all wise providence, to the great stature of our day, and the blessed institutions which make it glorious. May we, as grateful children of the fathers of old, and children of Thee the most high God, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, go forth to do Thy will and to praise and bless Thee all our days ; ascribing to Thee all our public and private blessings ; looking unto Thee for forgiveness for all our shortcomings and sins, and endeavoring, under the guidance of our blessed gospel, the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, to be worthy the name we profess.

Hear us, forgive us, and accept us, in the name of Christ our Redeemer. Amen.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN WINSLOW, THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

*Gentlemen of the New England Society of the City of Brooklyn,
Guests and Friends :*

This is the eighth anniversary of our society and the 267th of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. It will please you all to learn of the continued growth and prosperity of our society. There is in our treasury the sum of \$14,506.21, and no debts. [*Applause.*] This shows an increase of \$1,266.26 over last year. As occasion requires this money is used for charitable purposes and in other useful ways, as provided by our by-laws. Such a gathering as we have here to-night is an inspiration. It must be especially so to the distinguished gentlemen, our guests, who will address you. So it comes to pass that you are to have to-night the advantage of listening to inspired men—an advantage not uncommon in the days of the pro-

phets, but rare in our times. [*Laughter and applause.*] It is proper and agreeable to us all just here and now to recognize as with us our friend and benefactor and president *emeritus*, the Hon. Benjamin D. Silliman. [*A voice* : "Three cheers for that grand old man." The company rising gave rousing cheers.] He is with us with a young heart and a cheerful mind, and continues to be what he has been from the beginning—a loyal and devoted friend of our society. [*Applause.*] We are here this evening enjoying the sufferings of our Pilgrim Fathers. [*Merriment.*] Their heroic work takes in Plymouth Rock, ours takes in the Saddle Rock. They enjoyed game of their own shooting, we enjoy game of other's shooting ; they drank cold water, because they could no longer get Holland beer. The fact that they must give up Dutch beer was one of the considerations (so we are told by one of their Governors) that made them loth to leave Leyden. [*Laughter.*] We drink cold water because we want it and like it. The Pilgrim Fathers went to church armed with muskets; we go to church with our minds stuffed and demoralized by the contents of Sunday morning newspapers. [*Laughter.*] The Pilgrim mothers went to church dressed in simple attire, because they could afford nothing elaborate and because they thought they could better catch and hold the devotional spirit. The Pilgrim mothers of our day' go to church with costly toiles, because they can afford it, and are quite willing to take the chances as to catching and holding the aforesaid spirit. [*Laughter.*] The Pilgrim Fathers, when they made the compact on the *Mayflower*, planted the seeds of constitutional freedom; we, their worthy sons, commemorate their work: try to perpetuate it and enjoy the fruits thereof. It is sometimes said the Pilgrims were a solemn people; that they were not cheerful. Well, in their severe experience in England and Holland and at Plymouth, there was much to make a born optimist grave and thoughtful. But it is a mistake to suppose that they could not rejoice with those who rejoiced as well as weep with those who wept. Take, for instance, the first Thanksgiving festival held by the Pilgrims. The quaint account of this by one of their governors is always

interesting. This first American Thanksgiving took place at Plymouth in 1621, only about ten months after the landing. It was like a Jewish festival continuing out of doors for a week. The Pilgrim writer, Governor Winslow, describes it thus: "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor (meaning Governor Bradford) sent four men out fowling, so that we might, after a special manner (meaning doubtless a gay and festive manner) rejoice together after (not counting chickens before they were hatched) we had gathered the fruit of our labors." Now, listen to this: "They killed in one day so much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week." What this "little help beside" was not stated. In our day it would mean that the hunter and the fisherman made heavy drafts upon Fulton Market for meat, fowl and fish, to supply what was short. "At which time," says the writer, "among other recreations, we exercised our arms"—this probably means they shot at a mark [*laughter*]"—"many of the Indians coming among us"—they were not the mark, at least this time—"and among the rest, their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted." Think of that; feasting ninety Indian three days and the whole colony beside. What New England Society has ever made so good a showing of hospitality and good cheer? [*Laughter.*] "And they" (the ninety Indians), "went out and killed five deer." Now, I submit, we have here a clear case of the application of the great principle of honest, even-handed co-operation, no modern device in that line could surpass it. It is true the Indians were not an incorporated society, and so there was no receiver appointed to wind them up. [*Laughter.*] "Which they brought," says the writer, "to the plantation and bestowed on our Governor" (meaning Governor Bradford), "our captain and others." Governor Bradford, in speaking of this, tells us that among the fowl brought in "was a great store of turkeys." Thus begins the sad history in this country of the rise and annual fall on Thanksgiving days of that exalted biped—the American turkey. After this description of a Pilgrim festival day who shall ever again say the

Pilgrims could not be merry if they had half a chance to be so. Why, if the Harvard and Yale base-ball clubs had been on hand with their great national game of banging each others' eyes and breaking bones promiscuously, they could not have added to the spirit of the day though they might to its variety of pastime. [*Laughter.*] It is interesting to remember in this connection that in the earlier years of the colonies. Thanksgiving Day did not come every year. It came at various periods of the year from May to December, and the intervals between them sometimes four or five years, gradually shortened and then finally settled into an annual festival on the last Thursday of November. A few years ago two Governors of Maine ventured to appoint a day in December for Thanksgiving. Neither of them was re-elected. [*Laughter.*] The crowning step in this development, which is now national, was when the fortunes of our late war were in favor of the Union, and a proclamation for a national Thanksgiving was issued by our then President, dear old Abraham Lincoln. [*Applause.*] That the festival shall hereafter and forever be national is a part of our unwritten law. [*Applause.*] It will thus be seen that we, the sons of the Pilgrims, may fairly and modestly claim that this feature of our national life, like most of the others that are valuable, proceeded directly from Plymouth Rock. The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, will ever honor the work and the memory of the fathers. As in the sweet lines of Bryant :

“ Till where the sun, with softer fires,
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the Pilgrim sires
This hallowed day, like us, shall keep.”

[*General applause.*]

You will now please rise in your places and drink to

“THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.”

(The toast was drunk standing, followed by applause.)

The first regular toast is :

“A CORDIAL WELCOME TO GEN. SHERMAN.”

The Chairman: You may think it a very easy matter for the presiding officer to introduce so distinguished a man as General Sherman, yet I feel a good deal as Daniel Webster must have felt at the Bunker Hill Monument celebration, when, gazing upon it, he exclaimed : “ There it stands! Here it is !” And, so I say : “ There he stands! Here he is !” [*Great cheering.*]

ADDRESS OF GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

Gentlemen of the New England Society of Brooklyn:—I think I am sensible of the honor which you have conferred upon me to-night. To be so recognized is a pleasure and an honor conjoined, and being on my feet I will endeavor to recognize the compliment as far as I may without taxing your patience. Your ancestors, my young friends, were not idle during the 160 years which preceeded the peace after our Revolution. The last battle of that war was at Yorktown, October 19th, 1781, but it was not till January, 1783, that Washington could recommend the disbanding of his armies, lest some slip might occur ; and it was not till June of that year that he announced to the Army that finally a treaty of peace had been concluded with Great Britain, whereby the Independence of the United States of America had been acknowledged, and her boundaries extended to the Mississippi River. Permit me, without treading upon Governor Hoadley's toast, “ New England in the West,” to call the attention of some here present to the early times in the West, of the deeds done by pure Yankees of as good stuff and material as came across in the *Mayflower*. When the Army assembled at various points, especially at New Windsor and Newburg, were seeking their discharges, about to depart with two years' pay due them and the resolutions of Congress unheeded, they cast about for new homes ; and a petition went up to Congress signed by 282 names, of which 232 were from New England,

36 from New Jersey, 13 from Maryland, and 1 from New York, asking that they might invest their soldiers' certificates, worth $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents on the dollar, in lands west of the Ohio River. Congress had as yet an inchoate title to that property. It was to that land that the men of New England asked the Government to allow them to go and make new homes for themselves to replace those which they had abandoned to join the Revolutionary Army, in which they had served eight long years. At first Congress endeavored to divide that Territory in ten States. It may interest you to know the names of some of them. (To General Hawley), I suppose you know them, Senator Hawley. [*Laughter.*] But a Committee of Congress, of which Jefferson was the head, suggested dividing that country into three ranges of States by parallels of longitude, passing through the mouth of the Big Kanawah, and, I think, through the Falls of the Ohio, what is now Louisville. The States proposed were, first, the one away up in the North West, Sylvania; then came Michigania, Assenissipi, Metropotamia, Illinoia, Saratoga, Washington and Polyptamia. Fortunately these names were not adopted by Congress, otherwise some of us would not have been born in Ohio.

From that historic camp at Newburg, went forth a petition to Washington, with a letter of Gen. Rufus Putnam, not old Israel Putnam, but a General, a man of superior intelligence, and a simon pure Yankee from Worcester, Mass. Associated with him was another General named Tupper, and still another by the name of Cutler: Rev. Manasseh Cutler, an Army Chaplain. Now, my friends, Congress was then overwhelmed with business, as it is now, [*Laughter*] and could give very little heed to the complaints of the poor suffering officers and soldiers. But these urged their petition, and Washinton endorsed it with all his force and love for his old comrades. Congress yielded but little, and finally Tupper went on to New York, then the Capitol, or at least where Congress was sitting. But he could make no impression, and finally the Rev. Manasseh Cutler was sent, and he was a man of strong character. He tells in his own journal, recently published in Cincinnati, that he saddled his horse and rode first to Boston, to confer with some of his companions, and get letters of in-

trodition to Members of Congress, whom he had never seen. He then went to the University, and there got other letters. He rode on to Middleburg, Conn., where he found General Parsons, also a Revolutionary soldier associated with them in this enterprise of founding a new State on the Ohio River, and so on, to New York. Here he came, as he says, by a road which came into the Bowery, put up his horse at the "Plough and Harrow," and then sauntered forth to deliver his letters, of which he had about fifty, addressed to different members of Congress, mostly the Southern members. He submitted his proposition to purchase 1,500,000 acres of land northwest of the Ohio River, to pay for it in \$1,000,000 of soldiers' scrip. Congress veered and hauled, modified and amended, but Cutler stuck to it. He insisted upon having one section of each township for a school, another for churches, and an allowance for waste land in the Whortleberry hills which abounded in that country. He had to stipulate that St. Clair should be Governor, to him then a stranger, presiding over the Continental Congress; also to include the Scioto purchase in which many members of Congress were interested, which turned out to be a perfect Credit Mobilier, as bad as that of recent date.

He succeeded at last in making his purchase, and went back by the same way he had come, sending the glad tidings of joy ahead; and all the old soldiers felt encouraged that at last they could go into the unknown wilderness, and build up new homes, in place of those which they had sacrificed in good old New England. The first detachment landed at the mouth of the Muskingum, on the 7th of April, 1788; and the people of Ohio are going to celebrate that Centennial this year; and now look out for others right along. The first one will be on the 7th of April next. The next Winter, 1788, our friend Manasseh Cutler followed, and he placarded his wagon all the way out, "For Marietta, on the Ohio." It was driven over the mountains. And on his way down to Marietta he devised the first screw propeller; long before anybody ever heard of Ericson; he made a screw of wood turned it with a windlass, and propelled his boat down the Ohio River and joined the others. Then the Indian wars broke out, worse than any old Peter Parley has told us of in your old Plymouth

Rock settlement. These lasted five years, from 1790 to 1795, in which the Wyandottes, Delawares, Shawnees and others participated. Harmar was defeated in 1790, St. Clair in 1791. But their men were largely of Yankee stock, and they carried their Yankee pluck with them. Finally old Anthony Wayne went to work, and the newspapers raised the same stories about him that they did about McClellan, "On to Richmond!" and "What are you waiting for?" and so on, and so on. But old Anthony waited till he was ready; it was two years before he got ready, but when he did, he went to work and cleaned out those Indians good, and thenceforth and forever peace reigned in Ohio. The Yankees then having full scope, thrived and prospered; and bearing in mind the original purpose of carrying Civilization and Education with them, Commissioners went up the Hockhocking (my own creek, where I was born), poling and paddling their canoes. And their provisions consisted of 800 pounds of salt pork, usually called "Middling," what we in the army called in our late war "Sow Belly," 1,200 pounds of flour, 3 bushels of beans, and 40 gallons of whiskey. That whiskey carried them up to Athens, and then they laid the foundation of the first University established West and North of the Ohio River. The boat by which they ascended the river was called the *Mayflower*. I guess that was the real *Mayflower* after all. Now, my friends, from that time on until the Yankee stood on the Pacific coast, I, myself, have seen the country grow, New Englanders, of course, in the lead, Pennsylvanians, Virginians, Carolinians and others co-operating. First Indiana, then Illinois, Missouri, away to the Pacific, where I was a pioneer; and I believe that I am one of the oldest pioneers of California still living.

There is a little circumstance about which I hope I may not be misunderstood. In 1861 there was a war in this country, a very considerable war. We first depended upon volunteers, and God knows how I love those volunteers who first stepped forward. [*Cheers.*] But in the Spring of 1863, volunteering fell off very fast. You had to pay bounties of \$600 and \$1,000 per man, and finally Congress took it into her own hands to enlist men, to enforce enlistment, to enforce a draft.

In order to ascertain who should be drawn, or what proportion of the inhabitants should be drawn, it was necessary to ascertain, of those people capable of bearing arms, what was already in the field, counting by States. I have here a list, and I hope you will pardon me for reading it, because I want to deduce the moral. When they first commenced the draft in 1863, there was a credit and debit list of each State carefully prepared in the War Department, and I will read you how it stood: Connecticut was 1,784 behind; Delaware, 473 behind; Illinois, 60,171 ahead; Indiana, 25,511 ahead; Iowa, 13,897 ahead; Kansas and Kentucky not determined; Maine, 2,892 behind; Maryland, 13,302 behind; Massachusetts, 5,851 behind; Michigan, 5,238 ahead; Missouri, not determined; Minnesota, 2,535 ahead; New Hampshire, 388 behind; New Jersey, 12,503 behind; New York, 5,517 ahead; Ohio, 28,429 ahead; Pennsylvania, 15,407 behind; Rhode Island, 1,198 ahead; Tennessee, not determined; Vermont, quota full; West Virginia, 3,373 behind; Wisconsin, 3,578 ahead. If you will scan this list, you will see that the New England of the West—that newer New England, as it might be called, even as old England is sometimes called “Greater Britain”—was the largest factor in the earliest years of our Civil War. And it may be that you gentlemen owe in a measure to them the fact that the armies which we needed then so much, the pure volunteers, the men who went for the love of the thing and for love of their country, came largely from that country which you and your fathers got in 1787 by the act passed by Congress that year, followed up by the noblest of the sons of New England, who, after the Revolutionary War, migrated to that then far off region, many of whose sons have fought the good fight of Civilization, and some of their descendants have led those armies to glory and to victory. Don’t consider me as drawing parallels or comparisons, which are always odorous [*Laughter*], but I claim that the West in 1861 was the living embodiment of the principles of our forefathers, the principle of standing up for one’s country and fighting at the first call, just as they did in Massachusetts in 1620, and on. You, of course, and all of us, now enjoy the fruits of that war; and I hope that whilst you bear in loving kindly memory your

New England of the East, and your good ancestors, true as steel, you will not forget the newer New England of the West. [*Prolonged cheering.*]

The Chairman :—The next regular toast is

“THE CITIZEN SOLDIER.”

I have already referred to the embarrassment which a presiding officer feels in introducing a well-known and distinguished man. If I refer to the distinguished gentleman who is to respond to this toast as a pathetic speaker, you will immediately recall some of his fine humor; and if I should speak of him as a humorous speaker you will recall some pathetic sentence; so it is better to let Gen. Horace Porter speak for himself. [*Cheers.*]

ADDRESS OF GEN. HORACE PORTER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen :—After General Sherman the deluge. I am the deluge. It is fortunate for me this evening that I come after General Sherman only in the order of speech, and not in the order of dinner, for a person once said in Georgia—and he was a man who knew regarding the March to the Sea—that any one who came after General Sherman wouldn't find much to eat. [*Laughter.*] Having been brought up in Pennsylvania, I listened with great interest to General Sherman's reference to the proposed names of the States in the country. He mentioned one as “Sylvania.” That was evidently a dead letter till we put the Pen(n) to it. [*Laughter.*] I noticed that President Dwight listened with equal interest to the statement of that expedition which went West and carried such a large quantity of whiskey with it, in consequence of which the first University was founded. [*Laughter.*] But, gentlemen, when I am requested in such an august presence as this to speak of the “Citizen Soldier,” I cannot help feeling like the citizen soldier of Hibernian extraction who came up, in the streets of New York, to a general officer and held out

his hand for alms, evidently wanting to put himself temporarily on the general's pay-roll, as it were. The general said: "Why don't you work?" He said he couldn't on account of his wounds. The general asked where he was wounded. He said, "In the retreat at Bull Run." "But whereabouts on your person?" He replied, "You'll notice the scar here." (Pointing to his face.) "Now, how could you get wounded in the face while on the retreat?" "I had the indiscretion to look back." [*Laughter.*] "Well," said the general, "that wouldn't prevent your working." "Ah," answered the man, "the worst wound is here." (Left breast.) The general said, "Oh, that's all bosh; if the bullet had gone in there it would have passed through your heart and killed you." "I beg your pardon, sir, at that moment me heart was in me mouth!" [*Great laughter.*] So if I had known that such an early attack was to be made upon me here to-night, I should have thrown my pickets farther out to the front, in hopes of getting sufficient information to beat a hasty retreat; for if there is one lesson better than another taught by the war, it is that a man may retreat successfully from almost any position, if he only starts in time. [*Laughter.*]

In alluding to the Citizen Soldier I desire it to be distinctly understood that I make no reference to that organization of Home Guards once formed in Kansas, where the commanding officer tried to pose as one of the last surviving heroes of the Algerine War, when he had never drawn a sword but once and that was in a raffle [*laughter*] and where his men had determined to emulate the immortal example of Lord Nelson. The last thing that Nelson did was to die for his country, and this was the last thing they ever intended to do. [*Laughter.*]

I allude to that Citizen Soldier who breathed the spirit of old Miles Standish, but had the additional advantage of always being able to speak for himself; who came down to the front with hair close cropped, clean shaven, newly baptized, fresh vaccinated, pocket in his shirt, musket on his shoulder, ready to do anything, from squirrel hunting up to manslaughter in the first degree. He felt that with a single rush he could carry away two spans of wire-barbed fence without scratching

himself. If too short-sighted to see the enemy he would go nearer, if lame he would make this an excuse to disobey an order to retreat, if he had but one stocking he would take it off his foot in wet weather and wrap it around the lock of his gun, and as to marching, he would keep on the march as long as he had upper garments enough left to wad a gun or nether garments enough to flag a train with. [*Laughter.*] He was the last man in a retreat the first man in an enemy's smoke house. When he wanted fuel he took only the top rail of the fence, and kept on taking the top rail till there was none of that fence left standing. [*Laughter.*] The New England soldier knew everything that was between the covers of books, from light infantry tactics to the new version of the Scriptures. One day, on a forced march in Virginia, a New England man was lagging behind, when his colonel began stirring him up and telling him he ought to make better time. He at once started to argue the case with the colonel, and said: "See here, colonel, I've studied the tactics and hev learned from 'em how to form double column at half distance, but I hev never yet learned how to perform double distance on half rations." [*Laughter.*]

But, Mr. President, this is a subject which should receive a few serious words from me before I sit down. It was not until the black war cloud of rebellion broke upon us that we really appreciated the Citizen Soldier at his full worth. But when the country was struck we saw, pouring down from the hill tops, and surging up from the valleys, that magnificent army of citizen soldiery, at the sight of which all Christendom stood amazed. They gathered until the streets of every hamlet in the land was lighted by the glitter of their steel and resounded to the tread of their marching columns. It seemed that the middle wall of partition was broken down between all classes, that we were living once more in the heroic ages, that there had returned to us the brave days of old, when none were for a party but all were for the State. [*Applause.*] And then that unbroken line swept down to the front. But in that front what scenes were met! There was the blistering Southern sun, swamps which bred miasma and death; rivers with impassable approaches; heights to be scaled, batteries to be cap-

tured, the open plain with guns in front and guns in flank, which swept those devoted columns until human blood flowed as freely as festal wine ; there was the dense forest, the undergrowth barring the passage of man, the upper-growth shutting out the light of Heaven ; the wood afire, ammunition-trains exploding, the dead roasted in the flames, the wounded dragging their mangled limbs after them to escape its ravages, until it seemed that Christian men had turned to fiends, and Hell itself had usurped the place of earth. [*Applause.*]

And when success perched upon our banners, when the bugle sounded the glad notes of final and triumphal victory, the disbanding of that army was even more marvellous than its organization. It disappeared, not as the flood of waters of the spring, which rend the earth, and leave havoc and destruction in their course ; but rather, as was once eloquently said, like the snows of Winter under a genial sun, leaving the face of Nature untouched, and the handy-word of man undisturbed ; not injuring, but moistening and fructifying the earth. [*Applause.*] But the mission of the Citizen Soldier did not end there, it has not ended yet. We have no European enemy to dread, it is true ; we have on our own continent no foeman worthy of our steel ; for, unlike the lands of Europe, this land is not cursed by propinquity. But we must look straight in the face the fact that we have in our midst a discontented class, repudiated alike by employers and by honest laborers. They come here from the effete monarchies of the old world, rave about the horrors of tyrannous governments and make no distinction between them and the blessings of a free and independent government. They have, but a little while ago, created scenes in which mob-law ruled the hour, riot held its sanguinary sway and the earth of our streets tasted the blood of our citizens. When such scenes as these occur, we cannot wait for aid from the crews of vessels in the offing, we cannot look for succor to the army garrisons of distant forts ; but in our great cities—those plague spots in the body politic—we want trained militia who can rally as rapidly as the long roll can be beaten. And I know that all property owners feel safer, that all law-abiding citizens breathe freer when they see a militia, particularly like that in our own State, go forth in

the Summer to be inured to the hardships of the march, to the discipline of tent-life in the field, exhibiting an *esprit de corps*, a discipline, a true touch of the elbow, which is beyond all praise. I love to take off my hat to their marching columns; I love to salute its passing banners. They will always be the true bulwark of our defence. I know of no man, and no set of men, who more gladly or more eagerly make this statement than those who have been reared in the regular army; and I take particular pride in making this acknowledgment and paying this tribute in the presence of the senior and the most illustrious living commander of our Citizen Soldiery. (Alluding to General Sherman.) [*Great applause.*]

President Winslow :—The next regular toast is,

“THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF NEW ENGLAND—THE FATHERS FOUNDED THEM IN THE EARLY DAYS; THEY HAVE KEPT ALIVE THE SPIRIT OF THE FATHERS IN THE LATER DAYS.”

New Englanders would not be true to themselves on an occasion of this kind if they did not provide a proper place for the cause of National Education. Without a head there can be no Republic. We are gratified to have with us to-night the President of one of the leading Universities of the land; a year or two ago it was known as Yale College; now Yale University; the only difference, however, is said to be that Yale University has changed the hours of recitation to accommodate the Base Ball Club.

I have the honor to introduce President Dwight, of Yale University.

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

Mr. President and Gentlemen :

During a part of General Porter's speech I thought of myself as one of the citizen soldiers, and as one of those who made

Connecticut a little ahead in the number of volunteers, as General Sherman read the record, or a little behind. I could not tell precisely which it was, for the noise in the house at the moment carried away from me the sound of his voice. It matters not, however, which it was. If Connecticut was behind by reason of my absence from the army as a citizen soldier, the fact that it was thus behind was evidently the fact that secured the victory for the nation through General Sherman. And if, on the other hand, Connecticut was ahead because I was a citizen soldier, it was this fact that enabled General Porter to give to the closing portion of his remarks a tone somewhat more befitting this serious and solemn occasion, as you may have thought, than that which characterized the beginning of them. In either case, therefore, I feel, on this occasion, as I have felt at all former times when my thoughts have been turned to the subject, whether in private or in public, proud of the record of Connecticut.

I appear before you, in response to your call, Mr. President, with some encouragement and yet with some embarrassment. My honored friend, Mr. Siliman, wrote to me a few days ago, asking if the toast which has been read would be satisfactory to me, and then kindly adding that on these occasions it was not considered to be in the least degree necessary that the speaker should make the slightest allusion to the toast assigned to him, or put his speech into any connection whatever with the text thus given. I wrote him in reply that, under these circumstances, the toast would be perfectly satisfactory. Accordingly, having been accustomed to deal with texts, and sometimes with texts respecting which I had not a very large flow of ideas, I felt encouragement in coming here, in the thought that I might occupy the usual time of a public discourse without any objection on the part of the audience, no matter what I might do with the particular subject in hand. But when I found that General Sherman and General Porter were to speak before me I felt the embarrassment natural, in the presence of such men, to one quite unaccustomed to public speaking on occasions of this kind. With respect to General Porter, however, I am not altogether embarrassed, but partly encouraged, and I will ask you, gentlemen, to permit me to give a word of

explanation as to what I mean. A few years ago it used to be allowable for a public speaker sometimes to tell a story which he had himself told before; not to say one which had been told by somebody else. This is not permitted in the cases of ordinary men at the present time by the younger part of the community; but I have been a professor in a college for many years, and it is a happy circumstance in the life of college professors that they do not meet the same audience in any given year which they met in the previous one. Occasionally, therefore, they are able, with impunity, to repeat the same story. In the limited experience that I have had I find that these stories, thus repeated, are nearly as interesting to the audience of this year as they were to the audience of the last year. We who belong to the teacher's profession may well consider ourselves to be privileged men in this regard. And now, as your chairman has assured you, I am the President of a University, and certainly must be thus privileged, for what use is there in being a President unless one can do as one pleases. I am ready to admit, however, that I am conscientiously opposed—not, indeed, to telling again a story which some one else has told, for there are comparatively few in existence that are true which do not belong to this class of stories—but to telling again a story which I have myself told before. But I shall be pardoned on the present occasion, I hope, if I violate for once this excellent rule. You will see the reason why I violate it, I trust, before I sit down, and will consider the reason sufficient.

In the month of October, a year ago, I was requested by one of the Secretaries of the American Missionary Association to speak at a meeting of that Association, which was to be held in New Haven. I objected, saying that I was not a platform speaker, not gifted in that line, and that I had a great deal to do, and presenting the various excuses which are well-known to all gentlemen present here who are sometimes invited to address such meetings. He wrote to me in reply that it would be sufficient, if I would show myself, and would give a kind of blessing to the cause. I answered that, if he merely wished me to stand up and pronounce the benediction, I would do so. In due time, the meeting was held and I was called upon to speak. In the course of the few words which I said, I men-

tioned the circumstance which I have just alluded to, but remarked that, having showed myself by standing up, I could do no more, for as General Hawley, who had been asked to speak had not yet spoken, I could not pronounce the benediction until he had finished what he had to say, and when that would be, I was unable to tell. A few days afterward, an editorial or article appeared in the *New York Times*, which stated that President Dwight rose at this meeting for the purpose of pronouncing the benediction; that the audience all bowed their heads in reverent manner, and that thereupon he proceeded to tell an amusing story. The writer of the article then followed this remarkable statement with the suggestion that President Dwight was undoubtedly proposing to pose in the character of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew and Gen. Horace Porter! I told the story at a dinner of the Yale Alumni in New York, last winter, because Mr. Depew was present. As I have never had the pleasure of meeting General Porter until this evening, I ask indulgence for repeating it here. I tell it again, because it affords me some encouragement, as I am placed in the embarrassing position of following him as a speaker at this time—the ground of which encouragement may, perhaps, be best set forth by another little story connected with my own experience. In my earlier years, when I was beginning my active life, I was invited to preach two Sabbaths in a certain country town in Connecticut. A part of the congregation, as I was informed afterward, had the idea that I was to preach on only one Sunday, and that a gentleman by the name of Marvin was to appear on the second Sunday. When the second Sunday came, therefore, a considerable portion of the audience expected to find this other gentleman in the pulpit. In fulfillment of my duty, however, I preached the second time, and I was told, after the service was over, by the gentleman at whose house I was staying, that a good lady said to him, as he came away from the church, that she never saw two preachers who looked so much alike as Mr. Marvin and Mr. Dwight did.

Now, gentlemen, if you will put these two stories together, you will see the encouragement that I have in following General Porter, for when this meeting of the New England Society

is ended, and you go about your daily business to-morrow, you will, no doubt, think that General Porter and President Dwight look marvelously alike, and that I made the speech which he has made and which has so greatly interested the audience. The "Citizen Soldier," who so strikingly resembles Gen. Horace Porter, stands before you. In the language of your Chairman, "Look at him!"

I trust, gentlemen, that I have now met the approbation of my honored friend, Mr. Silliman, by saying nothing whatever connected with the toast. But, as the old New England preachers never closed their sermons without what they called an "Improvement," I may, perhaps, be permitted to say a word or two after the same manner—a word or two related to the text or growing out of it. A year ago last September, through the kindness of the citizens of Dedham, Mass., I was invited to be present at the celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of the town. That town was settled by nineteen persons, one of whom was my paternal ancestor, John Dwight, who came to this country in 1636, with his son Timothy Dwight. These nineteen persons were permitted by the General Court of Massachusetts to leave the Town of Watertown, because that town was supposed to be overcrowded, and to go into some other region where they might find a satisfactory abiding place. They went to the town which is now called Dedham. They went there to secure a home for themselves, and for those of like spirit with themselves. They desired a peaceful, happy life in a community animated by common thoughts and principles, and inspired by common purposes and hopes. They did not propose to admit persons indiscriminately into their town, but only those who should prove, on examination into their character and habits, to be fitted for their fellowship. They wished to be at peace among themselves. After organizing their town and providing for the social and moral life of the community, they presented a memorial to the General Court of the Commonwealth, requesting that the town might be named. In this memorial, according to the simple style of those days, they said that while, with all due respect, they would leave to the General Court the decision of the question as to what

name should be given to the town, they would, if allowed to have any voice in the matter themselves, decide that the town might be called "Contentment." The spirit of those settlers of Dedham, gentlemen, was the spirit with which the Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers came to New England. They desired for themselves true contentment, and they organized their communities in the New World in order that they might secure this end. It was, however, a noble kind of contentment—a contentment founded upon unity in spirit, and upon a wise provision for the individual life, the family life, and the church life. They wished for an intelligent contentment in a moral and Christian community; and so they began immediately to establish schools, and very early in their history in Massachusetts, to establish a college for the education of their sons; as one of the early writers expresses it, "with a dread lest those who should follow them might grow up in ignorance." The spirit of the Fathers was the same, whithersoever they went, and it is the glory of the descendants of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, that they have had the same spirit even in these later generations. They have sought for a true contentment by means of the best provision for the family life, the church life, the university, college and school life. And thus they have made our land a land of happiness and peace.

Those men of the early days of New England, gentlemen, were men of strong character, and we sometimes criticise and even smile at the strictness of some of their rules of living. But their age was the early age of the nation, and we of to-day may well remember that the strong life of boyhood is what prepares us best for the happy and contented life in after years, and that the man who fails in obedience to stern duty in the beginning of his career, will find himself bereft of the power which ennobles the end of it. I glory in the Pilgrim and Puritan ancestry, because they gave to us, their descendants, a sense of duty which moves forward with us through all our living, and, as life passes onward in its course, superadds to itself a contentment which is based upon the consciousness of duty fulfilled; and I glory in them also because they gave to us, as essential to this contentment, education and the gospel; to make us know that the inward life is

higher and better than the outward life—that there is something within us which is above and beyond the things that are around us.

The audience then arose and sang the two following verses of

AMERICA!

“ My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

“ Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.”

President Winslow :—The next toast,

“CONNECTICUT,”

will be responded to by a gentleman who, in time of our late war, bore a distinguished part, heroic, able and brave, and now in time of peace holds and fills the great office of United States Senator.

Let me present SENATOR HAWLEY of Connecticut.

GENERAL HAWLEY, in answer to the toast “Connecticut,” said :

There was not a joke recorded in Connecticut in her first history of one hundred and fifty years. General Porter can invent them as he stands. The first political speech was a sermon. It was delivered by Thomas Hooker, who brought his congregation to Hartford, and established the first regular free government in the world.

He gave a resumé of this sermon, which, he said, was the embodiment of the principles which rule this great nation to-day.

The speaker gave a resumé of the early laws governing the State, and claimed that Connecticut's influence led to the adoption of the present constitutional form of government, based upon the methods that had always prevailed in that State. He spoke of the greatness of the men of Connecticut, of her soldiers and her statesmen. Of her patriotism he said there was no doubt. On the Colonial war she spent £400,000 and sent 30,000 soldiers to battle for the king. In later days she had kept up the record for the preservation of the Union. He spoke of the charter, which was so perfect that no change was made in it until 1818. Connecticut was proud of her record, he said, and of its free schools, first established there; of their love of State rights and their desire for a strong Federal government. In concluding, he said he joined with the assemblage in their pride for what their fathers did, and in the glowing future of the country.

The President :—The next regular toast

“NEW ENGLAND IN THE WEST,”

was to have been responded to by Governor Hoadley, of Ohio, but for reasons mentioned in his letter, which the Secretary will now read, he is unable to be with us to-night, and so we reserve him for next year.

Mr. Moore, the Secretary, then read the following letter :

DECEMBER, 20, 1887.

HIRAM W. HUNT, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir,—I am very suddenly and unexpectedly called to Columbus, O., on business of the highest consequence to me. I must leave to-night. The result of this is, I shall lose the pleasure of being present at the dinner of the Brooklyn New England Society to-morrow evening, and the company will be spared the bore of a speech by me. I am

extremely sorry. I hate to take this Winter journey, but more than all am I disappointed because I shall lose the very great pleasure and satisfaction I had anticipated of making the acquaintance of the members of the society and enjoying the pleasure of the occasion. As a good New England born man, however, I must listen to the call of duty, postponing all other considerations, otherwise I should be unworthy of my lineage, my birthplace and the association with your society which promised me so much pleasure. Please present my regrets to Mr. Winslow, Mr. Silliman and their associates of the Committee of Invitation, and believe me to remain

Yours, very sincerely,

GEORGE HOADLEY.

The President.:—The next regular toast is

“THE PURITANS AND THE PILGRIMS AS
IDEALISTS.”

The gentleman who will respond is known to many of you as one of the most brilliant clergyman of the City of Brooklyn.

I have now the pleasure of introducing the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain.

ADDRESS OF REV. L. T. CHAMBERLAIN, D.D.,

Mr. President and Gentlemen :

As I rise, at your call and greeting, to respond to the sentiment assigned, there comes before me anew the vision of those in whose honor we are gathered,—the humble men and women of the Mayflower and those essentially their kindred, the settlers of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. I reverently rejoice that in the midst of our always rushing and sometimes riotous life, there comes, for the descendants of New England at least, this annual observance dedicated to the recalling of the beginnings, the principles, the causes, of our historical greatness; as when, in ancestral halls, children, and children's

children, convene to look with loving admiration on the pictured faces and forms of those from whose loins they have sprung.

Mr. President, I could well nigh forget the perfume, the poetry, the pride, of a scene like this, and living over again those sterner days, when to obey conscience was exile, and to obey God was death. Nor should I be without warrant in so doing. It is on record that the Periclean Greeks treasured the traditions of the earliest ages, and that even the Augustan Roman would sometimes turn, in thought from the triumphs and trophies of the Cæsars, to "the wicker hut of Romulus, and the thatched roof of the primitive Capitol." "Who would think," writes Ovid, recalling "the time when the low hills by the Tiber were the lair of wild beasts, "who would think that such a spot could hold so wide a place in the concerns of destiny?"

Therefore, casting a swift and exultant glance at the proportions of our modern Republic, leaping in eighty years from five millions to fifty millions, already surpassing the mother land in wealth and many another resource of power, I think of "a certain poor people" of Lincolnshire and vicinage, who almost three hundred years ago, humbly affirmed their right "to walk in all the ways which God had made known, or should make known to them."

Does some one say, An unimportant affirmation, embodying a truism rather than a discovery, and whose axiomatic force none could think to deny.

Come with me, then. We will sail to-night, eastward bound, until our feet press the soil of that ancient England from which issued Puritan and Pilgrim alike! Elizabeth, that queen of queens, sitting silently, at last, with her wasted finger on her wasted lips, but with imperious spirit unsubdued, has gone into the endless silence. But she has left behind her her Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity, the one putting all ecclesiastical as well as legislative power in the hands of the government, and the other decreeing a standard of religious doctrine and discipline from which none may vary save at peril. To Elizabeth has succeeded James, buffoon and pedant, but with a genius for tyranny in both Church and

State. It is he who, from his place on the throne, affirms the Divine Right of Kings, and the Divine Right of Bishops as well. And alas, he means it. It is his "slobbering tongue" which, in the Star-Chamber itself, declares that "As it is a theism and blasphemy for man to dispute what God can do, so it is presumption and high contempt for a subject to dispute what a king can do, or to say a king cannot do this or that." It is he who breaks up the conference of Puritan divines at Hampton Court, with the ominous threat "I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land." It is his malevolent hand which actually tears from the Journal of the House of Commons the immortal declaration that "The liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of Parliament, are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England; and that in the handling and proceeding of business, each member of the House hath and of right ought to have, freedom of speech to propound, treat, reason, and bring to conclusion the same." Ministers who decline to submit to the wearing of the surplice and to the making of the sign of the Cross, are dispossessed. Congregations worshiping in the ways which seem to them right, are dispersed. Their houses of worship are destroyed.

Is it, then, a thing either trite or trivial, when "a poor people" in Lincolnshire and vicinage, still dauntlessly affirm their right "to walk in all the ways which God makes known or shall make known to them?" I pray you, put yourselves in their humble place; throne and church, army and magistrate, against you; peace, possessions, life itself, in peril; the gloom darkening even the future like the baleful forecast of total eclipse. What, in such a crisis, child of this later civilization, and of these "piping times of peace," wilt thou do? To the summons "Under which King, Bezonian? speak, or die!"—what answer wilt thou make? For one, I lay my grateful tribute at the feet of those who in that dark hour made true answer for us all, and said, "Exile, or death, whenever it may be; but compromise or surrender, never!" Souls which felt the impress of a great conviction; minds which thrilled to the touch of a sublime idea; men and women in whom ideals found place and sway, and by whom those ideas

were produced in deeds that shall never be forgotten ! Idealists were they, not in the petty sense of denying the existence of matter, but in the grand sense of affirming the existence and supremacy of ideas.

I read the page which records their fealty to their best convictions ; their forsaking of home and native land ; their braving of a wild and stormy, and almost trackless, ocean ; their disembarking under wintry skies, on a wild and inhospitable shore ; their endurance of cold, and famine, and disease, and death ; six dying between that memorable 21st of December and New Year's day, eight in January, seventeen in February, and thirteen in March ; yet the *Mayflower*, on her return, April 5th, carrying with her not one of the Pilgrim band. I read that page, and the actors in the great drama seem, at first sight, not so much men and women by whom ideas and ideals have been cherished, as ideas, ideals absolute, taking possession of mortal beings and bearing them on the tide and crest of conviction, as the great Atlantic bore the *Mayflower* on the sweep and roll of its prodigious power. There is, indeed, the material setting, but the forces are evidently spiritual, even as the great Kaulbach once painted, above the scene of earthly battle, countless spirits from the skies, contending in the upper air concerning the world-wide triumph of justice and truth.

Yet, Mr. President, we miss both the tragedy and the pathos of the facts, if we suppose, for an instant, that those who idealized life and calmly faced death, were not of like passions with ourselves. Our Puritans and Pilgrims were no devotees of the Orient, whose bodies they tell us may unconsciously burn or starve, while the spirit keeps its trance. They had been reared in no Hindoo school of faith, whose wisdom consists in crushing out the desires and affections. No ! Men were they, with fondnesses and attachments like our own,—women, to whom the loves of earth were next to faith in God. As the companions of the pious Æneas once plucked up bushes whose roots dripped with blood, so our exiles, in their going forth, severed relationships at the sundering of which their hearts both wept and bled. Did John Winthrop, in prospect of being forced to leave his native

land, declare "I will call that my country where I can most glorify God, and enjoy the presence of my best friends?" Yet "Farewell, dear England!" was the cry which burst from the lips of the emigrants, as the familiar shores faded forever from their view; and Winthrop himself wrote back to those whom he left behind, "Our eyes will be fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare, when we are in our poor cottages in the wilderness."

Believe it, no morbid nor insensate thing was early English Puritanism! It stopped not even with a Cromwell, for whose portrait, as for Achilles', might have stood

"A spear
Grasped in an armed hand."

Rather did it find its true historical representative, as well as its "bright, consummate flower," in that Milton, who had fond appreciation of the scholar's reverie, the musician's enchantment, the artist's rapture, the poet's thrill, yet put the trumpet of freedom to his lips, and blew the blast which resounded from the shores of the Old World to the New.

In that great sense the Puritans and Pilgrims were the idealists of their age, and of the ages since. They looked beyond the person of the oppressor, to condemn and resist oppression itself. They looked beyond themselves, to advocate the rights of man as man. They looked beyond institutions and civilizations, to lay hold on those principles which are a sufficient basis. They looked beyond the seas, to find a home for civil and religious freedom. They looked beyond earth itself, to find in Heaven the city of their final rest;—"The city that lieth four-square, whose builder and maker is God."

Theirs, sir, was the spirit which has ever incarnated itself in the anointed and the elect. Abraham had that spirit, when he went up obediently from Ur of the Chaldees, "not knowing whither he went." Moses had it, "when he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, chosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God." David had it, when, in the hour of his anguish and shame, he prayed not so much for happiness as for restoration to righteousness and truth.

Peter and John had it, when to the Captain of the Temple and the Sadducees they replied, "Whether it be right to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye!" Tertulian had it, when he said, "It is ours to be called before the seats of judgment, there to contend for the truth at the hazard of our lives. Though we are slain, we are conquerors. The flames are our triumphal chariot. The fagots are our robe of state!" Ignatius had it, when he wrote to the Romans, "It is better for us to die for the truth than to reign over the ends of the earth." Helvidius Priscus had it, when to the Emperor who had threatend his life, he replied, "Do your part, and I will do mine. It is yours to kill me, mine to die untrembling; yours to banish me, mine to go into banishment without lament." Lame Epictetus had it, when he declared, "As there is nothing meaner than love of pleasure and insolence, so there is nothing nobler than high-mindedness, gentleness, philanthropy, and the doing of good." Marcus Aurelius had it, when he said, "Let them see, let them know a man who lives as he was meant to live. If they cannot endure him, let them kill him, for that is better than to live as many do." It was the spirit of Ambrose and Luther, of Hampden and Huss, of Lafayette and Lincoln.

Well, will it be for us, fellow-citizens, sons of New England sires, if we cherish the same spirit, and prove our right to stand, however humbly, in that same illustrious line.

I submit that the supreme need of these our times is the need of being brought back again to the fair, firm foundations of personal, social, national well-being; to be given our true poise again, in view of those ideas and ideals which, after all, are eternal and regnant. Men may dream that in the abundance of material possessions is peace and power. They may imagine that government is an art and an artifice. They may blindly think that the social bond is self-interest. They may proceed upon the supposal that in a soft and sensuous civilization is the height of human felicity. But so long as worthy representatives of Miltonian Puritanism remain, there will be those who will know and teach the needful truth! I repeat, our inclination now-a-days is toward the over-looking of moral forces. We somewhat shrink from the austere and rugged.

We are apt to care for the refinements, rather than equities ; for the Corinthian capital, rather than the Doric shaft ; for the *dulce decus*, rather than the *præsidium columenque rerum*. Yet in our present great emergencies nothing save the sterner virtues will suffice, even as in the coming hour of anguish, our one hope will be in that pure righteousness which wins the approval of Heaven. Be assured that if, by the wayside of our imperial progress, the wounded lie a-dying, and no good Samaritan stoops to bind up the wounds ; if, through our greed, the sweat of the laborer falls in unrequited toil ; if, from ground which we call ours, the blood of innocence cries ; inquisition will be made. It is a Persian saying, " Beware of wronging the weak, for when the orphan weeps, the throne of God rocks from side to side."

I am confident, however, that we shall not prove recreant to our trust. Set in the confluence and vortex of the world's forces, we shall be sobered by the weight of responsibilities, and inspired by the recalling of our providential beginnings. Ours is no puny, pigmy race ! I well remember that in the early days of that great crisis whose veterans, thank God, are still with us, the distrustful said, " An easy self-indulgence has sapped the vigor and broken the nerve of the nation's life. The time when men could say, 'It is sweet to die for one's country,' has forever gone by." But the answer came back from a hundred battle-fields, and the refutation is now complete in a rescued Union, to whose maintenance the former combatants on either side, are equally and irrevocably pledged.

" No more shall the war cry sever,
Nor the winding rivers be red.
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day ;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Grey."

Hail, then, to the idealists of our ancestral times ! Their sternness need not affright us. Out of self-denial comes finest joy. Out of strength comes sweetness. The pensive willow may lisp its soft response to the sighing breeze, yet it is the

Memnon's statue, carved in marble by a master's hand, which discourses matchless music at touch of the rising sun. As Themistocles confessed concerning the trophies of Miltiades, so we acknowledge concerning the courage and valor of Puritan and Pilgrim—"They will not let us sleep." Plymouth Rock shall still be for us a cherished shrine! As, said the Bishop of Orleans, speaking of the tomb of Lamoriciere's young soldiers who died in holy battles—"I will go there to cast a look to Heaven, and to ask for the triumph of justice and honor on the earth. I will go there to lift my spirit from its sadness, and to strengthen my soul amid its fatigues. I will go there to learn from them how to devote myself to the causes of justice and truth, to my last breath, and my last word."

Mr. President, it was a Puritan, John Eliot, who, in 1629, in the House of Commons, with the wrath of a tyrant king impending, declared that the truth of God and the rights of man were to be upheld by both word and deed. He continued: "In Eastern churches, at the repetition of the creed, to signify the purpose of maintaining it, there is a custom of standing not only with bodies erect, but also with swords drawn." He concluded, "Give me leave to call that a custom very commendable."—(*Long continued applause.*)

The President :—The next regular toast is

"THE CITY OF BROOKLYN."

A few days ago the people of Brooklyn were warmly engaged in settling the question of whom should be its next Mayor.

We have but one pleasure and one duty here to-night, and that is, irrespective of party, to greet the Mayor-Elect. We wish him well; we wish him the best success in doing good work for the City of Brooklyn.

I present the Mayor-Elect, Mr. Chapin.

ADDRESS OF HON. ALFRED C. CHAPIN.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society
in the City of Brooklyn :*

I thank you most heartily for your cordial reception of me ; I thank your President for the kind and sincere words he has spoken, and I thank you for the privilege of being your guest this evening.

I should not at any time feel over-confident in attempting to appear before your Society, but I confess that to-night I feel doubly diffident, after having listened to men whose names were the inspiration of my boyhood. It has come over me, as I have been sitting here, that eighteen years ago I traveled 300 miles to look at General Sherman. [*Applause.*] And a year later than that I seized an opportunity to go from Cambridge to Boston to attend a political meeting not of my own faith, that I might listen to the gentleman who sits upon my left. (General Hawley.) In these circumstances, and reflecting especially upon the thrilling eloquence of the gentleman who has just taken his seat, I feel that it would be a relief to me if I could follow a similar historical precedent, and could be excused by saying "ditto" to those who have gone before me. But, as I appear before your Society for the first time, perhaps I can begin in no better way than by telling you who I am and where I come from. Some six or seven years ago I had a slight curiosity myself upon these subjects, and, therefore, spent some time in digging up my ancestors—a task which I performed with a more than ghoulish glee. [*Laughter.*] It happens that in the paternal as well as in the maternal line, my first ancestor in this country was in New England more than 250 years ago, and that both of them were in the Connecticut Valley among the earliest, one of them going to Springfield, the other to Northampton, places which, as you know, lie hardly a dozen miles apart. From that day down to the time when my father and mother were married in South Hadley, just across the river from Northampton, none of those from whom I am descended left the valley of the brilliant winding river, and no collateral blood flowed in except such as

came from men and women who were also early settlers in the same locality. You are familiar with the interesting computation of our old friend Blackstone, in which he demonstrates that, as we have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on uninterruptedly for generations, we can trace our lineage to so immense a number of ancestors that the whole world could not contain them. Two conclusions seem to follow from this:

First—Everybody is descended from everybody, which is an unfortunate conclusion for persons of undemocratic leanings; and, *Second*—Everybody is the father of everybody, which is an unfortunate conclusion no matter what your social or political views may be. In the ancestral task which I set for myself, it was no part of my intention to embark upon such a trackless sea as that of the great commentator. I merely desired to make some acquaintance with the men and women of two centuries ago and more, to whom I was allied by blood; and by acquaintance with them to learn something of the life which characterized early New England. You who have studied the history of that period will readily believe that many of these ancestors proved to be men we would now call plain. Their annals, although they could not quite be designated in the language of the poet as short and simple, for the reason that our ancestors had a way of living to a good old age, were at least simple. At the same time I do not recall that there was any one among those with whom I made acquaintance who would need to make any elaborate apology for the manner in which he acquitted himself while living. Perhaps the statement that they were plain ought to be qualified. There seems to have been a sufficient fondness for titles prevailing among them; some were deacons and elders, some were lieutenants and ensigns, and some were adorned with both military and ecclesiastical honors, and were called deacon and lieutenant at one and the same time. The transformation or duplicity of character with which one of the personages in a recent popular musical drama is endowed, must have been anticipated in those early days. As the pious worshiper sat in his pew listening to the thirty-first head of a sermon, he was a deacon and nothing but a deacon; but when the valley rang with the

war-whoop, as it did more than once, he remembered that he was a lieutenant, grasped the musket, which providentially stood at the head of the pew, and went out for a practical discussion of the Indian question. What the noble red man's intentions were I cannot fathom, but at different times he slew so many of my ancestors, both male and female, that it is a wonder to me that I ever survived. [*Laughter.*] My own survival is not perhaps so wonderful as that of one among those relatives of mine—a woman who was scalped, and who lived for six months afterward. [*Laughter.*] But other hardships beset the men from whom I am descended. There is a publication of the Seventeenth Century which you, of course, often take up in your leisure moments. I allude to the “*Magnalia*” of Cotton Mather. It is a work dear to the modern scientists; there are few physicians who cannot find something novel in its pages. In this volume you will find a detailed and affecting narrative setting forth how one of my ancestors was “murdered with an hideous witchcraft.” It is a sad story for a relative to dwell upon. [*Laughter.*] He was, as the book describes him, “a son of eminently virtuous parents, a deacon of the church in Hadley, a member of the general court, a justice in the country court, a selectman for the affairs of the town, a lieutenant of the troop, and, which crowns all, a man for devotion, and sanctity, and gravity, and all that was honest, exceedingly exemplary.” I read this description to call attention to the family resemblance. “Such a man was in the winter of 1684 murdered with an hideous witchcraft that filled all those parts of New England with astonishment. * * * About the beginning of January he began to be very ‘valetudinarious,’ and labored under pains that seemed to be ischiatic. * * * They beheld fire sometimes on the bed, and when the beholders began to discourse of it, it vanished away. Divers people actually felt something stir in the bed at a considerable distance from the man. It seemed as big as a cat; but they could never grasp it. A very strong man could not lift the sick man to make him lie more easily, though he applied his utmost strength to it, and yet he could go presently and lift a bedstead and the bed and a man lying on it without any strain to himself at all.” Of course a

patient thus afflicted could not be expected to survive. It is cheering to know, however, that his disease does not seem to have been hereditary, and none of his descendants have ever suffered from being bewitched except in that familiar way which tends to perpetuate the race and not to destroy it. [*Laughter and applause.*] There are, indeed, skeptics who scoff at the narrative, and say that Cotton Mather had the wool pulled over his eyes. If you were not steady men, descended from a grave people, there might be present some flippant mind who would inquire what all this had to do with "The City of Brooklyn," the toast which is assigned to me. If such a question should be raised I might answer variously. I might say, somewhat technically, that I never agreed to respond to the toast of "The City of Brooklyn." Your President, it is true, wrote to me saying that the Mayor-elect usually responded to that toast. But it may be that I am a capricious person who does not wish to do that which is usually done; nevertheless, waiving that point, I will try to show that there is a connection between my remarks and my subject. It is the first duty of an orator to secure the confidence of his hearers, and in unfolding to you these proud secrets of my lineage I have acted upon the theory that if you could see that I, like yourselves, was a New Englander, with a title that could not be questioned, you would respect me as you did yourselves. This self respect should not be and is not disfigured by illiberality. As Americans, you insist on the general principle that it makes no difference where one is born; but that general principle is slightly qualified by the consideration that it is well for a man, if he can so arrange it, to be born in New England. [*Laughter.*] At the same time, we New Englanders draw no odious line about ourselves. When we run for office, we accept the votes of all kinds of men, without prejudice or partiality. [*Laughter.*] And sometimes when the vote is counted we find that it would have been highly inconvenient to have acted upon any other theory. [*Laughter.*] When a Yankee tries to make money he does not insist on making it all out of his brother Yankees; he likes to make a living more easily. [*Laughter.*] In short, we are much like the rest of mankind—not too good for earth;

and we have not found any part of the earth which, in our opinion, is too good for us. But among the spots which seem to be regarded as just about good enough, a specially bright place is accorded to this City of Brooklyn, which your President has given me as my theme. As a result, you find Brooklyn to be a community which exhibits certain characteristics for which it is largely indebted to New England. To begin with, Brooklyn, as a political constituency, is said to be possessed of rare capacity for fine discrimination. Perhaps the discussion of this quality ought to be left to others; but I think that I may properly call attention to the fact that in the recent election it exhibited a discrimination so fine, marked by so minute a regard for details, that a trivial miscalculation would have disturbed the result. [*Laughter and applause*]. Is there any other element in our city's population which could have adjusted the contending forces with such nicety and evenness of balance? Undoubtedly that credit belongs to New England. [*Laughter.*] Do you think that any one but a New England candidate would have been so wisely economical and have wasted so few votes? [*Laughter and applause*]. There is a strong New England flavor about the slender plurality of last November. When I first contemplated it I seemed to be in the presence of a familiar friend. I felt indeed sustained and cheered, but in a solemn manner; as one might feel after reading a sermon of Jonathan Edwards on the "Fewness of the Elect." [*Applause and laughter.*] But before we too eagerly praise the Brooklyn of to-day or the New England element in it, let us for a moment consider a feature of the political life of Brooklyn two centuries ago. Something has recently been heard of the doctrine that public office is a public trust; but the men who controlled our city's affairs when it was the village of Breuckelen understood that doctrine more broadly and wisely than we do. In 1650, the Director-General sent the following order to a citizen who had been elected Schepen of Breuckelen: "If you will not assent to act as Schepen for the welfare of the Village of Breuckelen with others, your fellow-residents, then you must prepare yourself and sail in the ship *King Solomon*, for Holland," and he prepared himself and sailed. [*Laughter.*] Now

there are men in Brooklyn, I will not say there are men here to-night, whose public spirit is of such a sort that they ought to prepare themselves and sail. They do not realize that the doctrine to which I have made reference has two sides. When stated in its fullness, it should read as the men of 1650 made it read ; public office is a public trust, which cannot be evaded or declined. Suppose the Mayor-elect should now say to some capable, prosperous citizen : "Since you will not accept service in the city which has given you a home ; since you madly persist in heaping up dollars, which may corrode the heart of your daughter, or enervate the limbs of your son ; since you make an end of the means, and work with demented energy for some son-in-law or nephew, who is not now known to you, then you are not worthy to live in Brooklyn, and you must prepare yourself and sail." You all know I am not dealing with any product of my imagination. Rich as we think we are, Brooklyn is poorer to-day than in 1650. She cannot command the capacity and force of many a man who might serve her ably and well. These very men may be first and loudest to complain that government is not kept up to its old standard. They will even tell you that government has gone down, while the citizen has risen. Such a statement is absurd. It is a New England poet who says :

"No age was e'er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate.
For in our likeness still we shape our fate."

Excellent as wealth is, excellent as material progress is, I am by no means sure that I admire or envy the State or city which encourages such a theory and scale of living that men think they cannot afford to serve the public upon a salary of \$5,000 a year. I am very sure that I neither admire nor envy the intelligence of that citizen who thinks it wise to neglect public duty to amass wealth which he cannot use. The men whom we celebrate this evening made no such mistake ; and the results are known. It is simply historical truth that town-government in New England from 1650 to 1800 was better conducted than it has been since. Public records were kept with more fullness and care. The essential elements of politi-

cal life were more thoroughly maintained. We do not come together as alarmists nor to renew the cry against extravagance, repeated from age to age. But for myself I would say with emphasis, that by many whose traditions should teach them far otherwise, the relative excellence of different modes of life has been profoundly misconceived, and as a consequence, true and valuable public spirit has in some ways sadly declined. It is strange that this should be so. When and where in all the world's history has honorable public spirit looked upon such a field as this great Republic whose manifest destiny is chief among our household words. When has legitimate ambition been so magnificently inspired as here. Not less manifest than the destiny of America is the destiny of Brooklyn. While the Union lives and grows, the surging currents of its energy and traffic will seek this port, upon whose borders lies the municipality which shelters us, and which we, in turn, should adorn and strengthen. If one of those stern men of the Bible and musket could stand among us to-day, he would doubtless rejoice at the comfort and affluence which enfold the life of his descendants. But most of all he would rejoice at, not at our possessions, but at the grandeur and opulence of our opportunity. Surveying these things, and weighing them at their true worth, he would turn from the luxurious and material allurements besetting them upon every hand, and would perhaps recall that appeal—which was not less a warning—addressed to the men of an elder race, men of iron like himself, a race which, like his own, poured its strenuous life current into the very heart of human progress, and which never faltered in its course, nor ceased to rule the world until self-indulgence dragged it down, civic virtue died, and the ideals of the Nation's youth were forgotten and dishonored.

“ Leave to the soft Campanian
 His baths and his perfumes ;
 Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
 Their dyeing vats and looms ;
 Leave to the sons of Carthage,
 The rudder and the oar ;
 Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs,
 And scrolls of wordy lore.

Thou wast not made for lucre,
 For pleasure nor for rest.
 From sunrise until sunset
 All earth shall hear thy fame
 A glorious city thou shalt build
 And name it by thy name ;
 And there, unquenched through ages,
 Like Vesta's sacred fire,
 Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
 The spirit of thy sire."

President Winslow:—The next regular toast is,

"OUR SISTER SOCIETIES."

As there is but one representative present, Hon. John W. Hunter, President of the St. Nicholas Society, and late Mayor of Brooklyn, while it is not for me to direct his speech, if I could I would suggest that he first refer to the New York Society, then to the St. Patrick Society, and then, "by way of improvement," as our friend would say, throw in a word about his own. I now have the honor to present Hon. John W. Hunter.

REMARKS OF HON. JOHN W. HUNTER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society:

It has been my duty at different times to impress upon the members of the St. Nicholas Society the great and paramount duties resting upon them as citizens. That the welfare of the city, of the State, of the country, and perhaps of the world, depended upon their integrity, etc. We are willing to ask help in this matter from sister societies like your own. And depend upon it, gentlemen, these duties will come upon us sooner or later ; for between that class whose desire and aim seem to be to kill and destroy, and that other class who aim to gather in their own hands all control of the business of others, in the shape of oil trusts, gas trusts, whiskey trusts, and by and by it will be bread and meat trusts, etc.; every want and business of life will be sought to be regulated and under control of trust

companies—whom nobody ought to trust. There must be a class of citizens who will contend that men shall be allowed to mind and control their own business affairs. Men who will trust the people, and in whom the people will have trust—and this class of men will most likely be found gathered into societies for the promotion of good fellowship; proud of their ancestry and of their country—will not be found among the disturbers of the public peace or of the even tenor of progress, but will be anxious to continue and promote the growth and prosperity of our country; and this class of citizens are much more important than they think.

President Winslow:—We will now sing the Doxology, and then be dismissed.

(The company then rose and in conclusion sang :)

“Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.”

at Bunker Hill." "Yes," said the lady, "but if my memory serves me correctly the Americans have the hill." And they have the hill because of the retreat made from it. But for that disaster to our fathers there might have been no final Yorktown for them. But for the stampede at Bull Run there might not have been any Appomattox for their descendants.

And Standish is memorable to-day because he met with a rout and stampede in a very badly managed campaign. He was defeated in an effort to obtain a wife, an unfortunate effort in which he violated his own rules and theories. According to the poet, Standish on one occasion looked up from his reading of the marvelous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar, saying to John Alden, the schoolmaster, who was his chosen friend and who lived with him :

"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar !

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after ;
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered ;
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded ;
Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus !
Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords ? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns ;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons ;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That 's what I always say ; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !"

It is a human tendency to sometimes use single and isolated texts of Scripture that were given, as a *whole*, to be a rule of faith and practice, and on these separate passages to form rules of right and plans of duty, concentrating the power of the entire Word on special texts. And Standish seems to be somewhat of a single text man.

A preacher debating upon the whereabouts of the "Lost Tribes," or the "Sleep of the dead," or something equally profitable or unprofitable, said, "In this matter, I stand right square upon the Bible." "Well," said his disputant, "You had better stand right square off of it a little while, and read

the Bible more, and you will know more about it." This is sound advice to all single text people.

Rose Standish lay dead on the hillside, and her survivor, the grim warrior, recalled the statement of Holy Writ, which says, "It is not good for man to be alone." He felt the call of duty to carry out this Bible injunction, and, looking over the colony, it seemed to him that the fair maiden Priscilla would exactly suit the situation. And so he said to the schoolmaster, John Alden, who also had great admiration for the same young lady :

" 'T is not good for man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it ;

Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary ;

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother

Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming,

Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,

Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,

Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose name is Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.

Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,

Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.

Go the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,

Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,

Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning ;

I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,

Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,

Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

Now, every word of this was a stab to the heart of John Alden, but, being loyal to his friend, he goes on the errand. The bravest men in the world have their weak moments.

As a rule Standish was fearless, but he could not face the music when it came to this affair of the heart. His blade of Damascus had flashed in the roar of war, he had stood undaunted at the cannon's mouth, but he was once a coward, and like a true soldier he owned it up, that he dare not face point blank that little word "No" from the mouth of a woman.

And oh, how many in this world since then have felt exactly what Standish feared.

If the roll should be called of all those since that day who at some moment of their lives have collapsed and wilted and gone out of sight at the pronouncing of that terrific word "No," from some imaginary angel, causing a void that the world could never fill, what a standing up and showing of hands there would be among us. It seems as though the hand of fate never falls with such crushing effect upon a human being as when enclosed in a mitten.

And Miles Standish was the first Yankee that ever felt that woolen death warrant to his hopes and peace of mind. But from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate his successors in this experience are now numbered by millions.

But Priscilla, the fair maiden, had also read the Scriptures and she interpreted that very passage, saying "it is not well for man to be alone," as referring particularly to John Alden, and so she said to the bearer of the message, "Why not speak for yourself?" When Alden bore back the result of that first American interview—well, there was a scene in our early history that would have done justice to any stage! It is said by scientific experts that every year there is an average of 100 perceptible earthquakes, and when John Alden brought that answer back from the maiden Priscilla, and delivered it to Standish there was in Plymouth a perceptible earthquake.

"Wildly he shouted, and loud : John Alden ! you have betrayed me !
 Me, Miles Standish, your friend ! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me !
 One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler ;
 Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor ?
 Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship !
 You, who have lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother ;
 You, who have fed at my board, and drank at my cup, to whose keeping
 I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,——
 You too, Brutus ! ah, woe to the name of friendship hereafter !
 Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
 Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred."

With an almost savage rancor stirring his passion, our fighting forefather, incensed with the bitterness of his failure, goes to the first Council of War, of which we have any record, to deal with the savage of the forest. God help the savage under such circumstances ! The Council is in session at Plymouth, and the poet says :

“ Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
 Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect ;
 While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
 Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
 And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
 Filled, like a quiver, with arrows ; a signal and challenge of warfare,
 Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.”

Upon that scene Standish enters, and stung by his own grief, he inaugurates an Indian policy of rage and revenge. The poet tells us :

“ Then from the rattlesnake’s skin, with sudden, contemptuous gesture,
 Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
 Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
 Saying, in thundering tones : ‘ Here, take it ! this is your answer ! ’ ”

He stands there, in all the fierceness of his wrath, on the far edge of our eventful history, to demonstrate the abiding truth that brute force really settles nothing for the world. It is history as well as poetry, that in 1623 an insolent chief with his savage associates defied and insulted Standish, sneering at the diminute stature of the Puritan captain, and boasting of his own superior size and strength. On the spot, instantly, the savage bravado and two of his companions were slain, and the first Indian hostility was for the moment crushed. It was, however, but that seed of blood, the harvest of which is not yet reaped. Every endeavor from that hour to this to tutor and discipline the Indian by ministration of powder and ball enforces the eternal verity that battle is never a finality. War at its utmost can only bring about the truce which enables peace to do its true work. The crime against the Indian which mars with inhumanity our national career, began when Miles Standish dealt with him on a military rather than a moral basis.

While admitting that the Pilgrim forefathers had many faults, those who come down from them claim this : that when the Mayflower anchored in Cape Cod Bay and sent out the shallop with Miles Standish in command to search for a place of settlement, and through him Plymouth was finally chosen, no better day’s work was ever done in this world than that, for civilization and progress and humanity.

A student was once asked to name the minor prophets, and his reply was that he didn’t wish to make any invidious comparisons. It may not be well to make any ancestral compari-

sons, but for a man to be depended upon for any emergency, Standish holds the first rank.

He was always in dead earnest, and his position was never equivocal nor in doubt. He stood up for his own side, believing it to be the right side. He was against the other side, believing it to be the wrong side, and he never tried to discipline his friends by helping his enemies. He did not seek to advance pilgrim interests by alliance with savages, and never dreamed of improving the condition of the New England Colony by promoting the Indian chiefs. By birth Standish is said to have been eminently respectable. He evidently thought well of his blue blood, and certainly he was among our very first and leading families. Indeed, we know of no *first* family than that of Standish in this country.

Not only was Miles Standish the first recognized soldier of New England—the first vindicator of law and order among us—the first prominent participator in that story of love never to be forgotten while Longfellow is read; but he was also the first instance of a true “new departure,” to borrow an expression occasionally heard in theological circles—a departure that marks in its change high and perfected character. Because the maiden Priscilla preferred the schoolmaster Alden to the soldier Standish, the latter left Plymouth and his friends at white heat of anger to “paint the Indian red,” as the reporter would be apt to express it. Rumor in those far days, like the newspaper of our own times, rarely told the truth about a public character. Rumor had Standish slain by a fatal Indian arrow, and so John Alden, at the supposed death, felt at liberty to wed Priscilla, and the happy day had arrived. To that nuptial festivity, all unbidden, and “like a ghost from the grave,” Standish came; “Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure.” He stood there, a changed man. The trusty sword of Damascus rested harmless in its scabbard. With gentle tones, unlike the harsh voice of command, to John Alden Standish said, “Forgive me.” Stretching out his open hand, Standish added:

“I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.”

It was the first example on these shores of that ideal departure from partial good to better which exhibits growth; a departure from discord to harmony—from alienation back to friendship—from hatred to love.

The poet tells that after that reunion of souls in the bonds of friendship, when the wedded ones went forth to the doorway and looked out, they saw

“The familiar fields, the groves of pines and the meadows ;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.”

Materialistic tendencies seek to shatter our faith and destroy our traditions. The apple of Newton that led to the knowledge of gravitation, the arrow of Tell that has endeared all haters of tyranny to the legends of the Alps, and the hatchet of Washington hardly less revered than his sword, have fallen before the brutal onslaught of facts. But nothing can rob our early idyl of that atmosphere of purity and joy of reconciliation, and tender trust in the Common Father of us all which is inseparable from that primitive New England wedding scene as described by Longfellow :

“Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o’er the depth of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming through purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grow in the valley of Eschol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.”

The Pilgrim may be but a grim, gaunt figure in our misty and murky past, his descendants may be outnumbered in the land his father planted. The sternness of the Puritan creed, like the severity of the Puritan countenance, may have vanished from the sound and sight of men, but his principles and example are our noblest inspiration. To-day, as in the glamor and delight of that remote scene of love and peace over which we never tire to linger, we are still loyal in admiration of brave men and pure women.

The first soldier that trod our land, like the great general we laid away in his grave, with Sherman and Sheridan, generals with whom he fought, and Johnston and Buckner, generals against

whom he fought, walking beside his hearse. Standish and Grant by their lives tell us that the clasped hand of love is grander than the clenched hand of hate. To get hate out of the human heart by getting the warmth of love into it, so that at last the world may be swayed by the celestial impulse! Ah! for that the sun shines—for that the planets whirl around their centres—for that the universe was created—for that man was made in the divine image.

Standish landed at Plymouth in 1620. He was buried at Duxbury in 1656, being 72 years of age. He held his military title and civil office during life, but with his capture of Thomas Matox and the extinction of his liquor pestilence at Mount Wollerton, he seems to have closed his active career. He sheathed his sword which had been so servicable to the Colony in 1630 and became thereafter a man of peace. Upon Captain's Hill, overlooking the heights of Manomah, the woods of Plymouth and the waters of the bay, he passed the remainder of his days, lifting his hand against no man. To his hospitable fireside John Alden often came. His children played with the children of John and Priscilla. On his farm Standish toiled and amassed a fortune of \$1,500, a sum less than the cost of any annual feast made now in Pilgrim memory. Invited to head military expeditions on two occasions, one near the end of his life, he declined. His fighting days were over. His artillery practice by Bariffe lay unopened on the shelves. His three muskets hung unused upon the walls. His three Bibles, however, one for each musket, were well worn with constant use. Though Priscilla would not share with him the toils and duties of life, there came from over the sea, one Barbara, to be his mate and companion. Though Miles Standish may never have entered into his Castles in Spain, nor have won the proud title and huge estates of which he held himself the true heir, his name for two hundred and sixty-six years has been connected with Carner and Bradford and Brewster and Winslow as founders of a nation. He has been revered by successive generations of Americans as a hero and soldier. He is remembered with tender interest as an actor in our earliest romance, and for all time he will be regarded by a grateful posterity as the strong "right arm" of the Pilgrims in their direst needs and stormiest trials.

The following address was delivered before the Society, at its annual reception, held in the Art room, February 9, 1888, by Hon. JOHN L. SWIFT, of Boston.

The address was received with much favor by the large audience.

“ MILES STANDISH ”

BY

HON. JOHN L. SWIFT.

Ladies and Gentlemen—If the proper study of mankind be man, then whatever tends to add an iota of information with regard to the fundamental tests and traits by which cities are built up and civilization preserved must be regarded in the highest sense as scientific.

We are to talk this evening for forty minutes upon incidents in the life of a resolute and heroic man of the past not with any object of historical accuracy, but simply as a study of character ; and therefore this talk may be regarded at least as semi-scientific, though candor compels me to admit there is rather more semi than science in it.

In his work on logic Professor Jevons says that science is the result of that observation of facts which, by constancy of repetition, justifies an announcement of a general law.

James Russell Lowell asserts that “ Faith in God, faith in man and faith in work,” is the short formula in which can be expressed the teachings of the New England founders.

Results of observation of this formula give ground for the statement with the accuracy of law that as we have followed out this formula we have, as a people, succeeded, and as we have abandoned it we have decreased and degenerated in tone and in power.

And it is far more valuable than any study of how distant the stars are or what occurred in the last transit of Venus, to ascertain the principle of conduct that will teach the descendants of a people that which, by living up to it, is the true way to prosperity and happiness.

And therefore it is well that respect and regard for the memory of the forefathers has not yet quite gone out of fashion in this nation. Indeed to keep forefathers' day in the night seems to be one of the most fashionable things of late that can be done.

The New England annual dinner celebrated in the principal cities in this country to commemorate the disembarkation of the Mayflower, has become an American institution. It makes a sort of competitive examination of the ability and talents of the coming orator who delivers magnificent extemporaneous speeches that have been six weeks in preparation. Indeed, months are often employed in cramming for these dinners to cause the tables to roar with applause and laughter. And one of the orators not long since said that they were of such importance that they suspended the very operations of government and commanded the attention of the universe.

On the last forefathers' day you listened, in Brooklyn, to Choate, to Gen. Sherman and Pierce of Massachusetts. In Philadelphia they listened to Wayland, to Depew and to Curtis. In New York they listened to Talmage and to Grady, who in his high praise of the Puritan character and in his elegant tribute to Abraham Lincoln, gave testimony that the new South over which he was so enthusiastic was a reality.

Boston had the privilege of listening, amid the wildest enthusiasm, to the Honorable James G. Blaine, of Maine, who not only gave us his idea of the merits of the forefathers, but of the demerits of using manuscript as a dependence for either the preacher or the orator.

This signal ability called out all over the land to commemorate an event that never lessens in importance means something. It is the testimony of sixty millions of people of their regard for the high purposes and the noble ideas of the founders of New England. And selections from one of the most picturesque poems ever written is proof that earnest and decided men that know just where they are and just what they want are the men always for an emergency. To such a man we are to be now introduced as presented to us in the verse of Longfellow.

As history Longfellow's Standish will not stand the test of criticism, but as an insight of character it is both correct and admirable.

"In Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain."

Miles Standish was a hero of no common order. His was the first name written on our martial roll of honor. He was the first among us to become conspicuously identified with incidents of love and war. He was the first defender, the first stalwart defender, of the New England Colony. He was a sad mourner at the burial of the first victim to the biting blasts of a New England winter.

He was the first to suffer from misplaced affection and baffled devotion, making our first story of disappointment and chagrin. He was also the first leader in that standing army of twelve men "well-equipped," which finally became two million under Grant, fighting from the ridges of the Potomac to the banks of the Rio Grande, until the flag of the nation unsoiled and unopposed floated over every foot of American soil.

"Is the is isable," was one of the profound questions debated not long ago by the transcendental philosophers at Concord.

If it means to crowd into forty minutes the merits of such a man as Miles Standish, then the is before us "is not isable."

Standish is memorable because he had the courage to back his opinions by all that a man could do. He had both pluck and idea. He had the quality of striking his enemy where it would do the most harm, of hitting hard and hitting often. There was not one particle of sentimentality or mushiness in Miles Standish.

A young lady very much enamored of a young man said to him "I dote on you so that I could live all my life in a cottage with you on bread and water."

"Well," said the noble young man, "you just hurry round and get the bread and I will do something once in a while in the water line and we will make a match and you can dote all you want to." There are a great many such people in the world and a great many churches and parties are carried on under such an arrangement, but Standish belonged to the bread party, or the working force.

Those who have traveled westward, after a day or two from the Atlantic coast, if it is in the season of autumn, looking out of the car window, their eyes will rest upon immense fields of corn, and for a day and a night and a day and a night again for a thousand miles with all the rapidity of steam they will whirl through these vast distances where the ripened grain that has taken in all through the season the golden rays of summer, gives it back in golden grain. Two thousand million bushels every year is garnered and the trade from it loads down your trains as they come to the coast, and mighty ships transport it across the ocean to feed the world.

Now, Miles Standish was the pioneer in the corn trade. The first transaction in corn was accomplished by him in 1623. The Colony was in a state of peril from starvation and in the month of December he started out and landing near Yarmouth, although frozen up for a day or two, he returned with his load of corn, having bought and paid for it, and completing the first corn bargain, thus kept the Pilgrims alive.

And not only was corn the staff of life but it was the currency of the Colonies. Edward Winslow was the first cattle king we ever had in this country. He imported the first stock, and the first transaction in beef of which I have any knowledge was a sale to Miles Standish, to be "*paid in corne*," of six shares of the red cow that was owned there in common.

So we are indebted to Gov. Winslow for the introduction of milk into this country. And who invented the theory or business of selling water under the title of milk we have not yet heard. But we do know who were the pioneers in the beef and corn industry, Standish and Winslow.

The bread winners in the world are those generally that have the laboring oar upon them. Those that have the bread and corn provided for them, if they are ever called upon to lend a hand at hard work usually begin to read up some magazine article to find out whether life is worth living. But Standish belonged to the working force, and hard as it may seem, strange as the fact may be, it is the story of human life that the best qualities of men are called out only under sternest discipline.

An American lady was in one of the English arsenals, and was shown a piece of ordnance. An officer who was in attendance said, "Madam, that cannon was taken from the Americans

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
NINTH ANNUAL MEETING
AND
NINTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL
OF
THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN,

INCLUDING AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY MARCH 21, 1888,
BY HON. ROBERT D. BENEDICT, ENTITLED, "TWO HUNDRED
AND FIFTY YEARS AGO."

OFFICERS, DIRECTORS, COUNCIL, MEMBERS,
STANDING COMMITTEE,
AND
BY-LAW OF THE SOCIETY.

BROOKLYN.

1889.

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OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn is incorporated and organized to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers ; to encourage the study of New England History ; to establish a library, and to promote charity, good fellowship and social intercourse among its members:

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

ADMISSION FEE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$10.00
ANNUAL DUES,	-	-	-	-	-	-	5.00
LIFE MEMBERSHIP, <i>besides Admission Fee,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	50.00

Payable at election, except Annual Dues, which are payable in January of each year.

Any member of the Society in good standing may become a Life Member on paying to the Treasurer at one time the sum of fifty dollars ; and thereafter such member shall be exempt from further payment of dues.

Any male person of good moral character, who is a native or descendant of a native of any of the New England States, and who is eighteen years old or more, is eligible.

If in the judgment of the Board of Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society, a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society.

The friends of a deceased member are requested to give the Historiographer early information of the time and place of his birth and death, with brief incidents of his life, for publication in our annual report. Members who change their address should give the Secretary early notice.

✎ It is desirable to have all worthy gentlemen of New England decent residing in Brooklyn, become members of the Society. Members are requested to send application of their friends for membership to the Secretary.

Address,

THOMAS S. MOORE, *Recording Secretary.*

102 Broadway, New York.

OFFICERS.

1889.

President :

JOHN WINSLOW.

First Vice-President:

CALVIN E. PRATT.

Second Vice-President:

BENJ. F. TRACY.

Treasurer :

CHARLES N. MANCHESTER.

Recording Secretary:

THOMAS S. MOORE.

Corresponding Secretary:

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

Historiographer :

PAUL L. FORD.

Librarian :

CHARLES E. WEST, LL.D.

DIRECTORS.

For One Year.

CALVIN E. PRATT.
JOHN WINSLOW.

JOSEPH F. KNAPP

RANSOM H. THOMAS.
CHAS. N. MANCHESTER.

For Two Years.

BENJAMIN F. TRACY.
HENRY W. SLOCUM.

NELSON G. CARMAN, JR.

A. C. BARNES.
FREDERIC A. WARD.

For Three Years.

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN.
GEORGE H. FISHER.

ETHAN ALLEN DOTY.

HIRAM W. HUNT.
WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

For Four Years.

WILLIAM H. LYON.
WILLIAM B. KENDALL.

J. S. CASE.

ALBERT E. LAMB.
STEWART L. WOODFORD.

COUNCIL.

A. A. LOW.
A. M. WHITE.
S. B. CHITTENDEN.
A. F. CROSS.
ROBERT D. BENEDICT.
HENRY COFFIN.
CHARLES PRATT.
THOMAS H. RODMAN.
AUGUSTUS STORRS.

ARTHUR MATHEWSON.
W. H. NICHOLS.
FRANCIS L. HINE.
H. W. MAXWELL.
SETH LOW.
ISAAC H. CARY.
H. H. WHEELER.
W. A. WHITE.
DARWIN R. JAMES.

J. R. COWING.
JOHN CLAFLIN.
M. W. ROBINSON.
J. S. T. STRANAHAN.
WILLARD BARTLETT.
L. S. BURNHAM.
HENRY EARL.
JASPER W. GILBERT.
M. N. PACKARD.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Finance :

WILLIAM H. LYON,

ALBERT E. LAMB.

GEO. H. FISHER,

Charity :

BENJAMIN F. TRACY,

J. F. KNAPP.

HENRY W. SLOCUM,

Invitations :

BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN,

STEWART L. WOODFORD.

JOHN WINSLOW,

Annual Dinner :

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS,

ETHAN ALLEN DOTY.

JAMES S. CASE,

Publications :

NELSON G. CARMAN, JR.

J. S. CASE.

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

Annual Reception :

PRESIDENT and VICE-PRESIDENTS.

THE NINTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the New England Society, in the City of Brooklyn was held in the Directors' Room of the Academy of Music, on Wednesday Evening, December 5, 1888.

MR. JOHN WINSLOW, the President of the Society, called the meeting to order, and acted as Chairman.

The minutes of the Eighth Annual Meeting, held December 7, 1887, were read and approved.

On motion, the following gentlemen, proposed by Mr. Winslow, were elected members of the Society: John R. Wilmarth, W. S. Logan, Rodney C. Ward, George M. Olcott, J. Spencer Turner.

MR. CHARLES N. MANCHESTER, Treasurer of the Society, presented his Annual Report, showing a balance on hand of \$15,645.75, deposited in the following institutions:

South Brooklyn Savings Institution.....	\$3,000.50
Dime Savings Bank.	3,000.60
Brooklyn Savings Bank.....	3,000.45
Williamsburgh Savings Bank.....	3,000.60
City Savings Bank.....	2,542.47
Brooklyn Trust Co.....	888.28

\$15,645.75

which was on motion approved, and ordered to be placed on file. There was appended to the Treasurer's Report, a certificate signed by Wm. H. Lyon, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, that the same had been examined and found to be correct.

The PRESIDENT read his Annual Report, which was as follows:

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT.

As provided by the By-Laws the President submits his Annual Report.

The Society has kept in view its declared purposes, which are to encourage the study of New England history, to establish a library, to promote charity, good fellowship, and social intercourse among its members, and to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The last Annual Dinner was, as usual, a success, both as to the quality of the dinner, and the brilliancy and high character of the speakers. That this was appreciated was obvious to all in attendance. The numerous applications for tickets to the next dinner give assurance of a large attendance.

The Society has made this Annual Festival a notable event in Brooklyn.

It is provided by Article 24 of the By-Laws, that if in the judgment of the Directors, they are in need of it, the widow or children of any deceased member shall receive from the funds of the Society a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society.

There have been several occasions when help in this manner has been given, under the direction of the Committee on Charities.

The report of the Secretary shows the total membership to be four hundred. It is desirable to have the membership increased. Let every member do what he can in this respect.

The report of the Treasurer shows that there is in the Treasury at this date the sum of \$15,645.75. Most of this sum is deposited in the five leading savings banks in the City of Brooklyn. This shows an increase of \$1,139.54 for the year ending December 1, 1888.

The Historiographer reports the death of six members of the Society. They are as follows:

JAMES HOW, son of James How and Elizabeth Ball Willis, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, June 30th, 1818. When five years of age he removed with his parents to Boston, and in 1832 came to Brooklyn to attend the school of Messrs. Putnam & Ames, but returned to Haverhill, and attended school there, on the breaking out of the cholera in this city. His education was completed at the famous Phillips' Academy, in Andover, Mass.

He then returned to Brooklyn and entered the employment of his uncles, Calvin and Fisher How, with whom he remained for two years, and then became connected with the Brooklyn White Lead Company. At the end of a

year or two, with a number of others, he organized the Union White Lead Company, of which he afterwards became President, and remained so till his death. He was a director in many Brooklyn corporations and institutions, and was one of the organizers and first trustees of the Collegiate Polytechnic Institute.

Mr. How married Celestine Wells, daughter of Richard Wells, July 31st, 1839, by whom he had eight children.

He died Tuesday, February 28th, 1888, in the seventieth year of his age.

HENRY EVELYN PIERREPONT, son of Heseekiah Beers and Anna Maria Constable) Pierrepoint, was born in Brooklyn, August 8th, 1808. He first attended the boarding-school of Mrs. Melmoth, of this city, and later that of H. Louis Mencil, of New York.

After finishing his education Mr. Pierrepoint assisted his father in the management of his business affairs, and traveled in Europe, where he made a careful study of the municipal system of the cities. On his return he was appointed one of the Committee which first planned the laying out of Brooklyn, and from that time his interest and exertions have been largely devoted to the public, corporate and charitable affairs of our city. He was one of the original organizers of Greenwood Cemetery, of which he was several years and to the time of his death president. He was largely interested in the obtaining and managing of our present ferry facilities, of which he wrote and printed a valuable history, and was the President of the Union Ferry Company. He planned the embankment of what is now known as Columbia Heights.

On December 1st, 1841, he married Anna Maria Jay, daughter of Peter Augustus Jay, and a grand-daughter of John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States. He had six children, five of whom survive him.

He died Wednesday, March 28th, 1888, in the eightieth year of his age.

He was a leading member of the Episcopal Church, trustee of its funds, a delegate to its Conventions, and prominent and influential on its important committees. He was the trustee of many large funds, and was efficient, wise and faithful in their management. He held a high place in the respect and regard of the community.

ALFRED SMITH BARNES, son of Eli and Susan (Morris) Barnes, of Southington, Conn., was born in New Haven, Connecticut, January 28th, 1817. In 1827, on the death of his father, he went to Hartford, where he lived with his uncle, on whose farm he worked for some years, attending school at the same time. When sixteen years of age he obtained a position in the publishing firm of D. F. Robinson & Co. of that city, his remuneration being \$30 per annum and his board. In 1835 the firm removed to New York, Mr. Barnes coming with them, and continuing in their employ for three years, at the end of which time he returned to Hartford, and founded the publishing firm of A. S. Barnes & Co. Beginning with the school-books of Prof. Davies and Mrs. Willard, the firm soon became the great school-book publishers of the country. The establishment, as it enlarged, was first moved to Philadelphia, and eventually, in 1845 was removed to New York, where it has since remained, though the man-

ufacturing part of the business has been done in this city for the last few years.

Mr. Barnes came to this city in 1846, residing first in Garden street, and later on Clinton avenue. He was one of the founders of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, and was connected with or interested in many of our charitable, educational and financial institutions.

In 1841 he married Harriet E. Burr, daughter of General Timothy Burr, of Rochester, by whom he had ten children, all of whom survived him.

In 1883 he married Mrs. Mary M. Smith.

He died February 17th, 1888, in the seventy-second year of his age. By his many charitable acts and upright business life he bears a good memory.

JOHN TASKER HOWARD, son of Joseph Howard, was born in Salem, Mass., December 28th, 1808. In 1828 he came with his father to this city, and soon entered with him into the firm of J. Howard & Son, which in time became one of the largest shipping firms in New York, chiefly engaged in the Russian and South American trade, and founding the Empire Line to New Orleans. The firm was among the first to send vessels to California, on the discovery of gold in that region, and also sent the first steamer that ever sailed from this country to Australia.

Mr. Howard was till his death a prominent member of Plymouth Church, being one of the signers of the call to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to that church, and was interested in many other local institutions. He was an intimate friend of Gen. Fremont, and took a great interest in his canvas for the Presidency, as also in his command of the Division of the West, on the breaking out of the Revolution, in which Mr. Howard rendered assistance in the arming of the troops.

In 1831 he married Miss Susan T. Raymond, daughter of Eliakim Raymond, of this city, who, with his five children, survive him.

He died Thursday, March 22d, 1888, in the eightieth year of his age.

AMOS ROBBINS, son of Nathan Robbins, was born in West Cambridge (now Arlington), Massachusetts, December 28th, 1817. Receiving the common school education of that time, he, at fourteen years of age, entered his brother Nathan's employment in the poultry trade, in the Fanueil Hall Market, in Boston, with whom he remained for five years. In 1836, he left that city, and came to New York, where he established himself in the same business in Fulton Market, and soon built it into the chief house in the trade. Three years later he brought his younger brother from Boston, and in 1841 the firm became A. & E. Robbins, which it so continued for more than forty years. He was very successful, and amassed a large fortune in this business. It was the only firm in the city who could fill the order for the Sanitary Commission for poultry for our troops during the Rebellion.

In 1837 Mr. Robbins married Adelia Martling, of Tarrytown, New York, by whom he had four children, two sons and two daughters, the former of whom alone survive him.

He died October 12th, 1888, in the seventy-first year of his age, universally respected and esteemed.

HON. JOHN GREENWOOD, died on the 11th day of December, 1887, in the ninetieth year of his age.

Judge Greenwood was born in Providence, R. I., in 1798. Few men have been so long well known, respected and honored in our city and State. He was a diligent classical scholar, of good attainments, proficient in the best English literature, and in good measure familiar with the French and German languages, and was fond of Natural Science. But his love of his profession was paramount to all else, and he made all other knowledge subserve that ; thus he became a profoundly versed lawyer and jurist. Sagacious, logical, earnest, he was always effective as an advocate before a jury, or in argument and appeal to the Bench. On the Bench, as the first Judge of the City Court of Brooklyn, he was dignified, courteous, patient, upright and learned, showing fine analytical power and firmness in his decisions. Before a popular assembly, though never speaking for the mere sake of applause, he held the gratified attention of his audience by the unaffected elegance and purity of his style, and the aroused and admiring interest he was sure to attract to his subject. We are, in a large measure, indebted to him for the charter, originally drafted by his own hand, which made Brooklyn a City.

At a period earlier than this, he had been appointed, by Governor Bouck, Judge of our County Court of Common Pleas ; and, under the charter, he was elected in 1843, Corporation Counsel ; and in 1849, the first City Judge. In all these offices he made and maintained a good legal and judicial reputation. In later years, his known qualifications made him often Referee in very important cases. His career to the end was accompanied by a general appreciation of his influence and character ; and of his readiness to serve what might promote the growth of true refinement, and pure and cultured taste, the love of literature, a good education and philanthropy in our growing city. Hence we find him one of the founders, and long the President, of the Hamilton Literary Association, the First Vice-President of the Philharmonic Society, a Director from the beginning, and one of the Executive Committee of the Academy of Music, and of the Historical Society.

He was also for several years a very useful member of the Board of Education, and an active Trustee of the City Hospital.

Judge Greenwood was a warm and constant friend. Through his intercourse with men—many of them men of mark,—his studious habits, his stores of anecdotes, his observation of current events, and his conversational gifts,—he was an instructive and interesting companion. In his domestic relations, he was faithful and affectionate.

To his close friends he would sometimes refer with pride and pleasure to the career of his father, who was an officer in the war of the Revolution. He felt a warm interest in our New England Society, and became a member the first year of its organization.

A MONUMENT TO PLYMOUTH PILGRIMS.

*A Solid Granite Pedestal surmounted by the Figure of Faith.
Other Emblematic Statues.*

The lofty monument which crowns one of the highest hills in the historic town of Plymouth, erected to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims, has been completed. It does not mark any particular spot sacred to the memory of the Pilgrims, but is intended in a general way to signalize a great event in the Nation's history. It was begun in 1859, when the corner-stone was laid on the 2d of August, with impressive ceremonies, including addresses by Richard Warren, Esq., of New York, President of the Pilgrim Society; Ex-Governor N. P. Banks, and Colonel John T. Heard, Grand Master of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. A box containing interesting records was placed beneath the stone by the late Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, of Boston.

The monument as it now stands complete has not cost far from \$200,000, and, with the exception of one tablet, has been the work of the Hallowell Granite Company. It is solid granite throughout, and consists of an octagonal pedestal forty-five feet high, upon which stands the figure of "Faith," thirty-six feet high, resting one foot on Plymouth Rock, and holding in her left hand the open Bible, while the right hand, uplifted, points heavenward to emphasize the meaning. The pedestal has four large and four small faces. Upon the former are tablets bearing the names of the founders of the Colony and historic facts in connection therewith, while from the smaller faces project four buttresses, or wing pedestals. Upon each of these is seated a figure in heroic size, representing with the figure of "Faith," the principles of the founders. These figures are "Morality," "Education," "Freedom" and "Law," and on the faces of the pedestal at their feet are alto-relief tablets, representing "The Embarkation at Delft Haven," "The Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower," "The Landing at Plymouth," and "The First Treaty with the Indians." The sides of the wing pedestals have figured tablets, carrying out the idea of the figures above them.

The pedestal and its tablets are the result of contributions from all over the country. The figure of "Faith" was the gift of Governor Oliver Ames, and its cost about \$32,300. Toward the figure of "Morality" the State of Massachusetts appropriated the sum of \$10,000, and for the accompanying

alto-relief the State of Connecticut \$3,000. The figure "Education," with its tablet, was the gift of Robert Mather, Esq., of Hartford, Conn., while for that of "Freedom," with its tablet, an appropriation was secured from the United States Government, mainly through the efforts of the Hon. John D. Long. "Law" and its tablet were paid for by contributions from leading members of the legal profession throughout the country. The pedestal was completed and the figure "Faith" placed in position in 1877, and in 1878 "Morality" was added. "Education" followed not long after, but it was not until the time previously named that the figures of "Law" and "Freedom" completed the monument. Of the grandest of these memorials—the "Statue of Faith"—Governor Long eloquently said in a recent oration: "Her eyes look toward the sea. Forever 'she holds upon its waves the incoming 'Mayflower'; she sees 'the Pilgrims land. They vanish, but *she*, the monument of 'their faith, remains, and tells their story to the world. This 'our generation too shall pass away, and its successors for 'centuries to come; but *she* will stand, and, overlooking our 'forgotten memory, will still speak of them and of their 'foundation of the Republic on the Plymouth Rocks of Liberty, Law, Morality and Education."

The dedication of the finished memorial is expected to take place in August, 1889, and the Society intends to make the ceremonies of a character long to be remembered.

This Society has contributed to the cost of the monument and should be represented on the notable occasion. I have received intimations that a delegation sent by our Society would be received with suitable hospitality by the Committee in charge. I therefore recommend that the Society appoint a suitable number of its members to attend the celebration.

(Signed)

JOHN WINSLOW,

President.

Dated December 5th, 1888.

On motion of Mr. Silliman, the President was authorized to appoint a delegation of ten members to attend the meeting of the Pilgrim Society, at Plymouth, in August next.

On motion the Chairman was authorized to appoint a committee of three to nominate five candidates for Directors of the Society for four years.

The Chair appointed Messrs. Hunt, Silliman and Barnes.

Such Committee reported the following candidates : Wm. H. Lyon, Wm. B. Kendall, Albert E. Lamb, Stewart L. Woodford, J. S. Case.

On motion the President was authorized to cast a ballot in favor of Wm. H. Lyon, Wm. B. Kendall, Albert E. Lamb, Stewart L. Woodford, and J. S. Case, to hold office as Directors for four years.

The ballot was so cast, and the above-named gentlemen were declared duly elected.

On motion of Judge Pratt, it was resolved that the President be added to the Committee to attend the meeting of the Pilgrim Society.

The Committee on Invitations made a verbal report.

The Dinner Committee made a verbal report.

On motion adjourned.

THOMAS S. MOORE,

Recording Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES
AT THE
NINTH ANNUAL DINNER.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1888.

*In commemoration of the Two Hundred and Sixty-eighth
Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims.*

The Ninth Annual Dinner of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, was held in the Assembly Rooms of the Academy of Music, and in the Art Room adjoining, on Friday evening, December 21, 1888.

The reception was held in the Art Room, and at six o'clock the dinner was served.

Two hundred and seventy-three gentlemen were seated at the tables.

The Presiden, HON. JOHN WINSLOW, presided.

Upon his right sat HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE, HON. STEWART L. WOODFORD, REV. T. DE WITT TALMADGE, D. D., HON. THEO. ROOSEVELT AND HON. WM. H. MURTHA,

On the left of the President sat HON. JOHN R. BRADY, HON. BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN, HON. GEO. HOADLEX, REV. R. R. MEREDITH, D. D., REV. H. PRICE COLLIER AND HON. JOHN W. HUNTER.

The members of the Society were seated as follows :

TABLE A.—William C. Wallace, James E. Dean, Benj. C. Dean, Arthur H. Lowe, Thomas E. Pearsall, Richard S. Barnes, Chas. A. Richardson, Dr. J. E. Richardson, A. J. Nutting, Edwin Sherman, J. N. Kalley, N. F. Bon, George A. Boynton, John E. Jacobs, Henry Elliott, H. H. Beadle, James H. Thorp, S. S. Beard, Thomas S. Thorp, Geo. A. Evans, Geo. S. Small, Wm. J. Coombs, W. H. Nichols, Sanford H. Steele, D. H. Cornell, W. S. Sillcocks, John Y. Culyer, W. W. Goodrich, Geo. F. Gregory, David Barnett, Wm. C. Pate, W. H. H. Childs, N. Townsend Thayer, Quincy A. Atwood.

TABLE B.—Charles N. Manchester, H. B. Moore, Spencer Swain, A. de Riesthal, Edward F. Gaylor, Arthur R. Jarrett, William C. Bowers, Franklin Allen, Thomas S. Moore, Robert Foster, Isaac H. Carey, W. L. Vandervoort, Walter S. Badger, Edward K. Sombom, Edwin H. Corey, John A. Tweedy, Chas. H. Wheeler, Nelson G. Carman, Jr., H. D. Polhemus, William Hester, Alden S. Swan, Wm. M. Van Anden, William Merrill, John L. How, Andrew Jacobs, Henry Pratt, C. B. Davenport, F. E. Taylor, Wm. T. Lawrence, John P. Adams, George C. Bradley, Clarence Vose, Thomas H. Unckles, Joel W. Hyde.

TABLE C.—H. W. Slocum, Edgar M. Cullen, Wm. B. Kendall, Williard Bartlett, N. H. Clement, Jesse Johnson, T. L. Woodruff, Wm. M. Dykman, Edward F. Knowlton, Thomas A. Buffum, Geo. W. Mead, Edward Fackner, Leonard Moody, John N. Partridge, William J. Behan, Chauncey Marshall, George P. Merrill, A. E. Lamb, Charles S. Higgins, William B. Davenport, James C. Bergen, Josiah T. Mareau, Charles J. Patterson, Samuel O. Blood, Charles F. Lawrence, J. H. Noyes, Henry F. Noyes, H. W. Slocum, Jr., John G. Jenkins, Elihu Spicer, Augustus Van Wyck, Samuel McLean, Samuel W. Boocock, William C. DeWitt.

TABLE D.—James S. Case, Charles A. Moore, Rueben Leland, Frank Squier, Henry R. Heath, John R. Wilmarth, Joseph B. Elliott, J. H. Farrington, C. B. Lawrenre, F. B. Bassett, R. H. Thomas, J. B. Hamilton, H. A. Tucker, Jr., F. De Witt Talmage, Chas. H. Requa, Charles B. Tucker, H. A. Tucker, Charles M. Stafford, L. S. Tucker, I. L. Bragdon, W. B. Boorum, J. A. Kimball, J. S. James, A. S. Higgins, Wm. H. Hill, R. Proddow, Eugene F. O'Connor, A. B. Atkins, E. L. Maxwell.

TABLE E.—John B. Woodward, R. D. Benedict, Geo. H. Prentiss, Wm. G. Creamer, Wm. Coit, Louis Saulnier, Wm. D. Wade, E. H. Kellogg, G. S. Hutchinson, Dr. J. S. Johnson, Eugene Blackford, J. P. Wallace, S. E. Howard, C. E. Staples, Wm. H. Taylor, S. V. Lowell, Henry Coffin, James S. Bailey, Charles S. Parsons, H. S. Stewart, Wm. Sullivan, Wm. Adams, E. F. Beadle, Nelson J. Gates, Wm. T. Cross, A. F. Cross, William Zeigler, C. M. Pratt, F. B. Pratt, F. L. Babbott, W. O. Pratt, W. S. Perry, Charles Pratt.

TABLE F.—Ethan Allen Doty, J. S. T. Stranahan, John A. Taylor, C. D. Wood, Howard O. Wood, C. S. Brainerd, Jr., C. N. Hoagland, A. W. Follett, George Follett, James H. Pratt, Wilber R. Maben, Henry S. Deshon, Edwin Packard, C. H. Southard, F. H. Lovell, George M. Nichols, Rufus L. Scott, James H. Pittenger, Henry L. Coe, Daniel P. Morse, W. W. Buttle, Chas. W. House, John T. Randall, J. W. Brunn, George W. Almy, Charles S. Wilbur, Edward H. Hobbs, William H. Waring, William Berri.

TABLE G.—William H. Williams, A. D. Baird, Frank Sperry, William J. Taylor, M. C. Ogden, C. S. Van Wagoner, Geo. J. Loughton, M. W. Robinson, Isaac N. Ford, E. M. Alden, William Cromwell, John Holmes, J. Adams, D. Webster, William Winslow, George F. Dobson, Darwin R. James, Benj. F. Tracy, John F. Henry, E. Spicer, Henry Emerson, James B. Dewson, Benj. Estes, A. J. Perry.

TABLE H.—Joseph F. Knapp, Silas B. Dutcher, J. E. Searles, Jr., Lowell M. Palmer, Anthony H. Creagh, Fred. W. Wurster, Warren E. Smith, Alfred Hodges, Daniel T. Wilson, R. Morrison Gray, Richard Major, Daniel L. Northup, George L. Pease, Marvin T. Lyon, A. Melvine Snedeker, William H. Lyon, Jr., Valentine Snedeker, William H. Lyon, Albon Man, Samuel S. Utter, Rev. N. Maynard, E. C. Wadsworth, A. C. Hallam, C. Mortimer Wiske, Joseph Applegate, Frank W. Young, F. S. Driscoll, J. B. Clement, Butler Griffiths, Joseph P. Knapp, B. R. Corwin, A. L. Bassett, John M. Crane, Alonzo Slote.

BILL OF FARE.

 Oysters.

Soups.

Broth Imperial.

Clear Green Turtle.

Side Dish.

Timbales diplomate.

Fish.

Salmon mariniere.

Fried Smelts.

Potatoes, English style.

Joint.

Filet of Beef, Piedmond fashion.

Spinach.

Entrees.

Young Turkey with truffles, Chèvreuse style.

French Peas.

Sweetbread, Grammont fashion.

Kidney-beans.

Terrapin, Maryland style.

 PUNCH DALMATIE.

Game.

Canvas-back Duck.

Quails.

Cold.

Goose Liver pate with Jelly.

Lettuce Salad.

Sweets.

Plum Pudding with Rum.

Macedoine of Fruit.

Wafers Chantilly.

Pyramids.

Fancy Ice Cream.

Mixed Cakes.

Cheese Fruits.

Coffee.

DECEMBER 21st, 1888.

DELMONICO'S

When the company had assembled at the tables, REV. H. PRICE COLLIER, pronounced the following grace :

Almighty God, who, in the holy days of peril and persecution, kept our fathers true, we ask Thee to keep their Christian children in these softer days. In days of peace to keep us calm ; in days of prosperity, to keep us true ; in days of power, to keep us magnanimous, kindly, charitable, but firm.

We thank Thee for all Thou hast done to us in the days past, and in these present days. We ask Thy blessing on account of Him, for Christ, His sake. Amen.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN WINSLOW, THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

*Gentlemen of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn,
Guests and Friends :*

On this, the ninth anniversary of our Society, and the 268th of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, we are assembled to honor ourselves by honoring them.

Our Society is prosperous, and has in its treasury \$15,645.75, and no debts. This shows an increase of \$1,139 54 over last year. Our By-laws promise, in case of need to pay the widow or children of any deceased member "a sum equal to five times the amount such deceased member has paid to the Society." Our ability to keep this promise is assured by the good condition of our treasury. Ours is a case where a surplus is not an affliction, but rather a comfort to the widow and the orphan. (*Laughter*). As descendants of New England stock, while we make no narrow comparisons with men of other descent, we rest quite content with the place assigned us in history by a kind Providence. (*Applause*). Just here it is proper to say that there is one with us here to-night of whom we are justly proud, and whom we cordially greet as a New Englander, and as a loyal, earnest member of our Society ; of high character and intelligence, the Hon. Benjamin D. Silliman, our President *emeritus*, who, though a little past middle life, is nimble of step and young in heart. Long may he be spared to cheer us by his presence. (*Loud applause*).

The day we celebrate is of deep significance. Many orators and eminent writers have set forth the shining virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers. Overlooking none of these, they had one notable trait—clear grit—that served them well in every trial and hardship that beset them. It required grit to stand for the faith God had given them, amid bitter persecutions in their native land, and again to leave their native shores for Holland, a strange country. It required clear grit to stay in Holland twelve years amid Dutch environments, and again to leave Holland to establish a home amid the dangers of American forests, upon the shores of Plymouth; and again, when at sea, to put back twice because of the alleged unseaworthiness of the *Speedwell*, and then to abandon that ship and accept closer and more uncomfortable quarters on the crowded *Mayflower*; and again, before landing, to make a compact of self government and home rule; and again, to meet and contend with the jealous savages, who were not inclined to look with favor upon Christian civilization; and again, to face disease in the first winter of their stay in Plymouth, that cut off in death one-half of their slender number; and again, when the *Mayflower* left Plymouth for England in April, 1621, we find not one of their reduced number returning with her; and again, to meet the machinations of enemies in England and of others who came among them, compassing their destruction. These and other trials and dangers developed in the Pilgrim character qualities of a high order, not the least of which was clear grit. These praises must include also the Pilgrim Mothers, who faced equal danger and showed equal fortitude. It must have been a representative Pilgrim woman who is referred to in an incident of the period when there could be seen an inscription on a Woolwich tombstone, that served in an amusing way, to illustrate the clear grit of a widow, who had her own ideas, separate and apart from her late husband. The departed husband left orders that she must have lettered on his headstone some lines which should include the words, "Prepare to follow me." The recalcitrant widow, remembering well his lordship's frailties, obeyed the order, but added this postscript:

" To follow you I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went."

(*Merriment*). It is said that in later days her pastor persuaded her to let him remove the gritty lines. It seems to be the lot of important public movements, and of those engaged in them, to be largely misunderstood. The Pilgrims have not escaped this law. But researches are bringing into clearer light obscure points. In this year two ably edited books have appeared, both useful in the respect referred to. One is the "History of the Pilgrim Republic," by Goodwin; the other, "The Puritan Age," by Rev. George E. Ellis; both published in Boston. A suggestive example of how public men, even in our time, may be misapprehended, has lately appeared; it refers to the late Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, a well known very able Unitarian minister, radical in all things, and never suspected of Trinitarian leadings. Mr. Higginson, in a recent address, referring to Mr. Parker, stated, that on looking at the last edition of the one great dictionary of biography of the world, the French "Biographie Generale," you will find that Theodore Parker was an eminent Boston clergyman, who devoted his life to vindicating the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the Deity of our Lord Jesus. Quite in line with this sort of accuracy was a statement in a foreign newspaper that life is made miserable in the city of New York because several tribes of Indians live there, whose chiefs stay in a place called Tammany Hall, that their stoutest opponents are the Irish, who manage to hold their own pretty well, and something more; that these parties are apt to have a scrimmage at the coming of every new moon. (*Laughter*).

If the Pilgrim Fathers secured reward for heroic action, it was not in exemption from harsh criticism and unjust statement. It may be as Cicero intimates in "De Senectute," that one of the chief rewards of a useful life is the felicity one enjoys in the life beyond, that comes from the knowledge that his good works and high achievements here are remembered and appreciated by those he leaves behind. If this be so, then the Pilgrims in their celestial life have the sweet satisfaction of seeing the great results secured by their labors gratefully appreciated, and which are emphasized to-day by a republic protecting 70,000,000 of people. The compact on the Mayflower rested upon principles broad enough to include home rule and

constitutional liberty, and also strong and sound enough to exclude, on the other hand, the plottings of anarchy against law and order. Of this compact John Quincy Adams remarked, in 1802: "This is, perhaps, the only instance in human history of that positive, original, social compact which speculative philosophers have imagined as the only legitimate source of government. Here was a unanimous and personal assent by all individuals of the community to the association by which they became a nation. The settlers of all the former European colonies had contented themselves with the powers conferred upon them by their respective charters, without looking beyond the seal of the royal parchment for the measure of their rights and the rule of their duties. The founders of Plymouth had been impelled by the peculiarities of their situation to examine the subject with deeper and more comprehensive research."

In maintaining these principles, let us recognize every valuable help and contribution from every man of whatever race, who is a good citizen. It is cause for congratulation that the strength of our constitutional system has again just been demonstrated by another National election, which, though warmly contested, is followed by peace and acquiescence throughout the land. [*Applause.*]

We are favored by distinguished guests, who will address us from the North and the South, the East and the West. Such a presence is a reminder that the people of this country have irrevocably determined to accept the advice of Daniel Webster on a certain memorable occasion—to maintain "Liberty and union now and forever, one and inseparable. (*General applause.*)"

You will now please rise in your places and drink to the following toast:

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

(This toast was drunk standing.)

(*The President then resumed.*)—The next regular toast is :

“THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.”

It is with much pleasure that I introduce the distinguished gentleman who will respond to this toast. He is now in public life, a representative in Congress from the State of Massachusetts. I need not add that he is an author of high repute, of several works of a biographical, historical and literary character. Let me present the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts. (*Cheers*).

ADDRESS OF THE HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society :

There is one toast to which no son of New England can ever refuse to respond ; one sentiment to which he must always answer. When the President of a New England Society looks toward any one of us, and says, “I give you Forefather’s Day,” even the most modest—and all true sons of New England suffer from excess of that desirable quality—even the most modest among us must rise and speak. Those two simple words have a world of meaning to the children of the Pilgrim and the Puritan. Mathematics symbolizes the unknown by a single letter, and expresses infinity by another. So when we meet upon this Anniversary, our imagination gathers into those two words all that we mean by New England. For us they stop the hurrying tide of daily life and open the leaves of memory’s book. In them we hear again the solemn music of the wind among New England’s pines. When those magic words are uttered, the murmur of the river sand, the roar of the mountain torrents, the crash of the surf upon the ledges, and the gentle lapping of the summer shower upon the shingle, sound once more in our ears. Again we see the meadows green and shining with the touch of Spring, and the rocky hillsides brilliant with the golden rod, or glowing in the purple flush of Autumn. All the scenes that we knew in childhood, and that in manhood we do

not forget, rise up before us. It is but a little corner of the great land which we call our own, and yet we love it. We repeat the words and turn again the pages of memory; the landscape fades, and the figures of the past are before us. We pass out of the eager, bustling present, and are once more in touch with the strong race which clung to the rocky coast until they made it their own, and whose children, and whose children's children have forced their way across the continent carrying with them the principles and beliefs of the forefathers. The Pilgrim and the Puritan whom we honor to-night were men who did a great work in the world. They had their faults and shortcomings, but they were not slothful in business, and they were most fervent in spirit. They founded prosperous commonwealths, and built up governments of laws, and not of men. They carried the torch of learning undimmed through the early years of settlement. They planted a school-house in every village, and fought always a good fight for ordered liberty, and for human rights. Their memories shall not perish, for

"The actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

I have read, sir, that the Puritans and the Pilgrims, among their other virtues, did not number that of tolerance. Hostile critics have indeed insinuated that there was something not unlike persecution for opinion's sake in early New England. But however it may have been at that time, in these latter days, it has been the characteristic of New England to cherish freedom of speech, and nowhere is a greater latitude found than at these very New England dinners. No one, so far as my observation goes, ever seems to feel restricted by the sentiment to which he is asked to answer, even when it is as novel as the one you have kindly assigned to me. There is a wide field open here before each one of us, among subjects of present interest. We might try to discover what was the matter with the Democratic majority in Brooklyn. [*Laughter.*] We might direct our inquiries to the authorship of the Murchison letter, and extend our researches by endeavoring to determine why Lord Sackville answered it. Or we might

construct a Cabinet for General Harrison. [*Laughter.*] Here we have untrodden ground, for no one has hitherto offered any suggestions on this subject, and the little that has been said is monotonous from its entire sameness. Best of all, however, would be a discourse on the tariff. (“*No! no!*”) I see your eagerness; I see how anxious you all are to hear it. As Shakspeare say :

“I see you stand
Like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.”

[*Laughter.*] But unfortunately for me, I have thrown away the forty or more able speeches I have recently made on that topic, because I felt like the Western man who, on being asked why he had killed his mother, replied that he did not think it would pay to winter her. [*Laughter.*] Speaking of the tariff, however, reminds me that there has been an election. I should like, of course, to point out its lessons. Pointing out the lessons of an election is always pleasant, but it is one-sided, for I have noticed that it is an exercise in which the winners are prone to indulge without much aid from the vanquished. I should like to preach to you on this text, for we New Englanders all have too much of the old Puritan blood not to like to preach, especially to somebody else. But there is one phase of the election which I think reaches far beyond party, if we take the trouble to go a little beneath the surface. Do not be alarmed; I am not going to deliver a discourse; I am merely going to offer a few definitions. The phase of the election to which I refer is the strong American feeling that was developed during the canvass; not in noise and shouts, but in regard to many vital issues. It is a feeling which, in my opinion, is going, moreover, to last. The war for the Union, and the issues springing from it, have been settled. While they lasted they overshadowed everything else. But all the time other questions have been growing up with the growth of the Nation, and are now coming to the front for decision. It is our duty to settle them not only in the right way, but in a thoroughly American fashion. By Americanism I do not mean that which had a brief political existence more than thirty years ago. That movement was based on race and

sect, and was thoroughly un-American, and failed, as all un-American movements have failed in this country. True Americanism is opposed utterly to any political divisions resting on race and religion. To the race or to the sect which as such attempts to take possession of the politics or the public education of the country, true Americanism says, "Hands off!" The American idea is a free church in a free State, and a free, unsectarian public school in every ward and in every village, with its doors wide open to the children of all races and of every creed. It goes still further, and frowns upon the constant attempt to divide our people according to origin or extraction. Let every man honor and love the land of his birth, and the race from which he springs and keep their memory green. It is a pious and honorable duty. But let us have done with British-Americans, and Irish-Americans, and German-Americans, and so on, and be all Americans; nothing more, and nothing less. If a man is going to be an American at all, let him be so without any qualifying adjectives; and if he is going to be something else, let him drop the word "American" from his personal description. [*Great applause.*] As there are sentiments and beliefs like these to be cherished, so there are policies which must be purely and wholly American, and to "the manner born" if we would have them right and successful. True Americanism recognizes the enormous gravity of the social and labor problems which confront us. It believes that the safety of the Republic depends upon well-paid labor, and the highest possible average of individual well-being. It believes that the right solution of this problem should be sought without rest and without stay, and that no device, public or private, of legislation, or of individual effort, which can tend to benefit and elevate the great wage-earning masses of this country should be left untried. It sets its face rigidly against the doctrine of the Anarchist and the Communist, who seek to solve the social problems not by patient endeavor, but by brutal destruction. "That way madness lies," and such attempts and such teachings, barbarous and un-American as they are, must and will be put down with a strong and unflinching hand, in the name of the home and the church and the school, and of all that makes up civilization

and the possibility of human progress. [*Great applause.*] In the great public lands of the West, an American policy sees one of the safeguards of the Republic. It opposes the further use of these lands to invite immigration, or to attract speculation. They should be the heritage of the American people, and not a bait to draw a surplus population that we do not want. [*Applause.*] The true American policy goes further, and believes that immigration should not only not be stimulated, but that it should be restricted. The pauper and the criminal, the diseased and the vicious, the Anarchist, the Communist and the Mormon should be absolutely shut out, while the general flow of immigration should be wisely and judiciously checked. It is the American policy to admit to the Union the great Territories of the West as fast as they can fulfil the conditions of Statehood ; but it is not the American policy to admit an un-American Territory with a population of Mexicans who speak Spanish, or Utah with a people who defy our laws and maintain a barbarous and corrupting system of marriage. When these two Territories are thoroughly Americanized, they can come in with the rest, and take part in our government, but not before! [*Applause.*] It is the American policy never to meddle in the affairs of other nations, but to see to it that our attitude toward the rest of the world is dignified, and that our flag is respected in every corner of the earth, and backed by a navy which shall be an honor to the American name. [*Applause.*] Last, and greatest of all, true Americanism demands that the ballot-box everywhere shall be kept pure and inviolate, even if it takes the whole force of the United States to make it so. The people's confidence in the decision of the ballot is the only guarantee we have of the safety of our institutions, and we do not now guard it as we ought. It is to these things that the American people are looking, and while they have no ignorant contempt for the experience of other nations, they are firm in the faith that they must settle their own problems in their own way, in accordance with their own conditions, and the light of their own ideas and beliefs. In that faith they will move on to do battle with the problems and the difficulties which they in common with all mankind must face. They

will move on with a high and confident spirit; they will extinguish the last traces of sectional differences, and if they are true to themselves, they will do the best work that it has ever been given to any people on earth to do. [*Tremendous applause.*]

President Winslow :—The next regular toast is :

“THE DESCENDANTS OF THE PILGRIMS—THEY ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED FOR PRESERVING AND CHERISHING THE GOOD QUALITIES OF THEIR ANCESTORS.”

It is difficult for me to say whether the distinguished gentleman who will respond to this toast is better known in Brooklyn than outside of it, for it seems to be the fact that the products of no man in our modern pulpit are so generally read as his. It gives me great pleasure to present the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

ADDRESS OF REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

What an honored month is December! the month of the two greatest landings the world ever saw or ever will see—the landing of the Christ of the old world, and the landing of political redemption in the new world! Down to the cradle of straw the Christmas star pointed. Down to the cradle of rock all the stars of this December night are pointing. Until time shall be no more, let the two landings be celebrated by banquet and in song. What a transformation of scene it would be if by a rap or two on these tables, all of these beaming guests of to-night vanished, and the mighty New Englanders of the past took their places. I risk it, and give two raps, and these doors open, and no sooner have we vanished than the departed mighty ones of New England come in and take their places at this New England dinner. The first who enter are Miles Standish, and the Robinsons, and the Bradfords, and the Brewsters, and their fellow passengers, a

little decrepit from hardship and exposure, leaning on staffs made out of pieces of the *Mayflower* that brought them across the sea, and they take their places around these tables. And following them come in James Otis, with his almost supernatural charm of speech, and John Adams, whose words were the ringing of the Independence bell; and Increase Mather, the giant of New England pulpits, and the men of Faneuil Hall who startled echoes that will reverberate till the last chain is snapped, and the last tyranny fallen. And they take their places at these tables. Following them come in Horace Mann, the angel of the common schools, and Daniel Webster, of "Liberty and Union, now and forever," and William Lloyd Garrison, whom all earth and Hell could not intimidate, and Rufus Choate, the thunderer of the American court-room, and Edward Everett, the Nineteenth Century Demosthenes, and Henry Wilson, fighting his way on up to the Senate Chamber and the Vice-Presidency, no other weapon to start with than a shoe-last; and Wendell Phillips, of the golden lips; and Charles Sumner, the inspired emancipator. And they take their places at these tables, and after Increase Mather has offered prayer, one of them rises and proposes the toast of the evening, viz.: "Our Descendants: may they prove true to the principles for which we sailed the stormy waters of the Atlantic, or the rougher seas of political agitation. Our blessing upon their cradles and their graves; upon their school-houses and their churches; upon their agriculture and their literature; upon their politics and their religion, for this century, and for all the centuries." And at these sentiments the old New Englanders rise and click the glasses with a huzza that shall ring round the world a thousand years.

But lest the scene be too prolongedly grave, I again rap the table twice, and they are gone and we are back again in time to answer the lips of those old wrinkled faces, pledging ourselves anew to our country and our God.

Men of New England, I am not surprised at what you are and at what you have achieved, descended from such an ancestry. It is a great thing to be born right. Of course every one comes to be judged by what he himself is worth. I always feel sorry for a man who has so little character him-

self that he has to go back and marshal a lot of ancestral ghosts to make up the deficiency. It is no great credit to a fool that he had a wise grandfather. But it is nevertheless true that the way the cradle rocks your destiny rocks. Scotch blood means persistence. English blood means reverence for the ancient. Welsh blood means religiosity. Irish blood means fervidity. Indian blood means roaming disposition. Roman blood means conquest; and so all the nations have their characteristics. But the Pilgrim Fathers were a chosen people, to do a particular work, and by no one word can I characterize them. Pilgrim Father blood, as I analyse it, is a mixture of courage, old-fashioned honesty, ardent domesticity, respect for the holy Sabbath, freedom of religious thought, and faith in the eternal God. These are the characteristics of the New Englanders whom I have happened to meet, and if any body has had a different experience with them he has happened to fall among an exceptionally bad lot.

What warm and genial places are the New England homes; no such scenes at their tables as in a house where at the tea-table the husband and wife got into a bitter controversy, and the wife picked up a tea-cup and hurled it at her husband's head, and it glanced past, and broke all to pieces a beautiful motto on the wall, entitled "God bless our Happy Home."

Notwithstanding their severe winters they lived long, and in a New England lecturing hall you see more grey hairs than in any other assemblage on earth. And walk through their cemeteries and see how many died septuagenarians, and octogenarians, and nonagenarians, so that the inscription the Irishman saw would not be inappropriate. Passing up the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad the Irishman saw a milestone with the inscription "108 miles to Baltimore," and he said to his comrade: "Pat, tread easy around this place, for it is a very old man buried here, he was 108 years old; his name Miles, and he was from Baltimore." New Englanders, I know, have been charged with close-fistedness with their money, but I don't think it is any more true of them than of people all over the world. Plenty of mean people everywhere. That was up here in New York State, where a man asked his neighbor if he would not take a drink; the neighbor replied: "No,

I never drink, but I will take a cigar and three cents." That was over here in Pennsylvania, where a stingy man, to economize in his meat bill cut off his dog's tail and roasted it, and after having gnawed the meat off, gave the bone to the dog. That was over yonder in Tennessee, where a child had such wrong notions of money, that when, on Sunday-school anniversary day, each boy was to present his contribution and quote a passage of Scripture, a boy handed in his contribution and quoted: "A fool and his money are soon parted." The most of the stories of New England close-fistedness are told by those who tried a sharp game on a Yankee, and were worsted, and the retort was natural; as in the case of a man on shipboard, coming from California in gold times, when there was not half room enough for the passengers, and after they had been out four or five days, a man who had not been seen before on deck appeared, and his friend said: "Why, I did not know you were on board! How did you get a state-room?" "Oh," he says, "I have none, and I will have to sit up all night the rest of the voyage. So far I have been sleeping on top of a sick man, but he has got well and wont stand it any longer." I think in most cases where men have been flung by Yankees, it has been where the Yankee would not be imposed on any longer. Economy, of course; prudence and forecast, of course; but no close-fistedness. When I have been raising money for some charitable object, and the critic of the New Englander has given five dollars, the New Englander has given five hundred.

Freedom of religious thought I rightly announced as among the characteristics of the Pilgrim Fathers. Flying hither for the privilege of worshipping God in their own way they opened the door for such liberty in this respect as is enjoyed in no other country. All denominations of religionists have equal rights; and if the smallest denomination should be trodden upon, all the other denominations would rise up for its defence, and arms would be strong and hearts would be stout and blood would be free, and the right of people to worship God in their own way would be vindicated, though at the point of the bayonet, and with the carnage flowing up to the bits of the horses' bridles. You cannot get the whole human race into Heaven

through one augur hole. Upon all attempts to put Protestants and Catholics into contest I look with wonder and amazement. Keep religion out of politics, They who are trying in this country to set Protestants and Catholics into collision have no idea how long and sharp and terrific a sword they are unsheathing. May God confound the diabolism. Plenty of room in this land for Unitarian and Trinitarian ; for Baptist and Pedo-Baptist ; for Calvinist and Armenian ; for Jew and Gentile ; for the present 8,000,000 Catholics and 52,000,000 Protestants. Bigotry is an owl of the night, that roosts in the belfry of useless churches. I will tell you which denomination is the best. In summer time I find two beehives in quarrel as to which is the best beehive ; one preferring this field of clover, and the other that field of clover. I come in and say, " Stop this quarrel ! That is the best beehive that gets the best honey." And I say that that denomination is the best which gets the most honey of Christian grace for the heart, and the most honey of Christian grace for the life. Gentlemen, as descendants of the men who embarked off Delft Haven for this promised land of America, and stepped on shore in the face of a December hurricane, all of these men foreigners from a foreign land, I ask you to set yourselves against the stupid and asinine cry of " America for Americans." Of course we want none of the thieves and scoundrels and Anarchists of other lands, for we have enough of our own. But I say America for all men who will come and be genuine Americans, swearing loyalty to our government, and working for the public good. The only Americans in this country who are not descendants of foreigners are the Indians. And what an interesting spectacle it would have been if, on the morning of December 20th, 1620, on the shores of Cape Cod had assembled the Modocs, and the Cherokees, and the Mohicans, and the Chippewas, and the Ottawas, and the Tuscaroras crying, " Go back with that ship ; keep off our soil ; home with you to England and the Netherlands ; America for Americans." Drive out from our American merchandise and American law and American theology and American art the foreigners, and you would set this country back half a century. And among the children of those Englishmen coming to America we will have the William E.

Gladstones, and among these Scotchmen there will be John Knoxes; and among those Irishmen, Daniel O'Connells; and among those Italians, Garibaldis. But I would, at the gate of Castle Garden, meet all those who come, and present them with copies of the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of American Independence, the Ten Commandments, and the Sermon on the Mount, and then tell them to go whither they will, and do the best they can for themselves and their families. I do not blame them for wanting to come here for this is the best country in all the world in which to live. How do I know it? I have 850,000 new reasons for saying so. 850,000 people came from the other side of the Atlantic in one year to live in America. If this had not been the best country to live in there would have been 850,000 going to the other side, and you and I would have been among them. This country, attractive now, will become more attractive. All this continent will yet be under one government. As the governments at the south are gradually melting into our own, soon on the north all the trouble between Canada and the United States will be amicably settled, and the United States Government shall offer hand and heart in marriage to Canada. Canada will blush and look down, and thinking of her allegiance across the sea, will say, "Ask Mother!"

All climates and all products have we. Michigan wheat for the bread, South Carolina rice for the queen of puddings, Pennsylvania coal to fill the furnaces, Louisiana sugar to sweeten our beverages, poets and philosophers from Boston to explain all we ought to know, oats for the horses, carrots for the cattle, and oleomargarine butter for the hogs.

And now, men of Brooklyn, whether descendants of the Puritans, or the Hollanders, or the Huguenots, we are assembled at this annual table for commemoration and jubilee, and surely gastronomics were never put to grander use. When a backwoodsman entered a fashionable restaurant of one of our cities, and the bill of fare was handed to him in a beautiful gilded book, he said, "Oh, come now, I don't want any of your literature; what I want is vittels, and I want 'em mighty quick." But at this table we have had both the literature and the victuals, and we shall go away from this table thinking better

of our ancestors, and better of each other, and with firmer resolve to do our very best for our beloved country. To most of us it has been a cradle, and to most of us it will be the grave. The same glorious privileges which we have enjoyed, we want to be enjoyed by our children. We will not sleep well the last sleep, and our heads will not rest easy on the pillow of dust until we are assured that the God of American institutions in the past will be the God of American institutions in days to come. Oh, when all the rivers which empty into the Atlantic and Pacific oceans shall be harnessed with factory bands, and all the mines of gold and silver and iron and coal shall be laid bare to the Nation, and the last swamp is drained, and the last jungle cleared, and the last American desert Edenized, and from sea to sea this continent shall be occupied by more than twelve hundred million souls, may it be found that healthful and moral influences have multiplied in more rapid ratio than the population. Then shall there be four doxologies, coming from the North, and the South, and the East, and the West—doxologies rolling toward each other, and meeting mid-continent with such dash of holy joy that they shall mount to the Throne,

“And Heaven’s high arch resound again
With ‘ Peace on earth, good will to men ! ’”

The Chairman :—The company will now rise and sing two verses of the hymn “ America,” led by the cornet.

“ My country, ’tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims’ pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

“ Our fathers’ God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom’s holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.”

The Chairman :—The next regular toast is :

“NEW ENGLAND IN THE WEST.”

I need not say to you that the gentleman who will respond to this has personal knowledge of the West, for he has held the high office of Governor of the State of Ohio.

Let me present the Hon. George Hoadley.

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE HOADLEY.

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the New England Society in Brooklyn :

When the annual round-up of the spell binders of the New England Society in Brooklyn took place last year, the cowboys who managed the function missed a yearling, and looked for him anxiously, and finally finding him in the “bad lands” across the river, they gathered him into the corral on the promise that he should be allowed to bray this year to a tune of his own selection ; and, oddly enough, he missed it, by selecting “New England *in the West*.” Mr. Chairman, when I chose that text, I thought I knew something of the West. I had been taken from my Connecticut home, when an infant, to the now great and beautiful city of Cleveland, before a thousand people lived there. I had resided in what was then the great West, before Michigan or Wisconsin or any of the great States west of the Mississippi or north of Missouri were even territories. I had known Cincinnati before 75,000 people lived there, and yet, to my surprise and astonishment, a little while after selecting this toast I found that I knew nothing of the West. This I learned in this way : A friend was travelling in California last spring, and riding on the stage coach beside the driver, exchanging facts, as people do under those circumstances. The driver said : “Stranger, where be you from ?” My friend replied, “I’m from New York.” “Ah, stranger, you’re from the east ; so be I ; I’m from Kansas.” And then when I looked at the map, and saw that the Aleutian Promontory and the islands of the Aleutian Archipelego extend 800 miles further to the west than East-

port and Passamaquoddy Bay lie east from San Francisco, I discovered the astonishing fact that the city of San Francisco is 400 miles east of the geographical center of the United States, measured eastward and westward, and of the West, I thus learned that I knew nothing. I knew, it is true that before Cincinnati lard oil and Pennsylvania petroleum oil had driven the whalers from the sea, that there were Yankee seafaring men in the far, in the extreme west; but of this extreme west I knew nothing. Going to Alaska, two years ago, with my lamented friend, the late Chief Justice Waite, I found, to my astonishment, what perhaps you all know, that long before the German savant had invented a world-language and named it Volapük, the Indians of North America under the name of the Chinook language had established their world language, enabling communication to be carried on from Behring's Strait, to the Gulf of California by every Indian tribe occupying the Territory, however diverse their dialects. And I bought and read with avidity the vocabulary. I found that the word in Chinook which names a white man is "Boston-man." The untutored Indian had learned that Boston man represents civilization the world over. But alas! alas! How my good will to the Chinook disappeared when I found that the word in Chinook which expresses all that is mean, all that is base, all that is despicable, all things which we western people call "ornery"—that sacred word encrowned in the very center of light and knowledge and sweetness, the crown of New England—is the good old Latin word "cultus"—that the Indian culture was base and mean; and the cultured man was "Boston-man." And with this lesson, which is all I know of New England in the West. I turn to my text, which should have been written "New England in Ohio." I know something of this, if more than half a century's residence qualifies one to speak. The Yankee in Ohio. It can all be summed up in one word; he is a "success," This is the whole of it. Why is he a success? Not because of climate, nor of soil. The first Yankee that went from Connecticut settled on the Muskingum, in Marietta, on the most fertile soil of the State. But he was not followed by the "sacred tribes." They resorted to the sterile clay lands, that twelve counties of the Western Reserve appropriately

called "Cheesedom." It was not climate, or soil, it was the innate energy and "grit," as our Chairman says, of the Yankee, which has made him a success in Ohio. A lisping friend once said to me, "Gold is valuable; gold is the thtandard metal, but brath is the next beth metal to gold." And there is a story told of a distinguished railroad man, who went from a little town in the sterile soil of Maine, to the West, many years ago; and after a long period of prosperity, thrift, energy, public spirit, development and enterprise, which swept all before it, and made him a noted and marked man, so that his fame reached even to his native village. He returned. He found it the same Yankee village; the same loafers around the stove in the country store, whittling, as when he left. One of them said to him, "Malachi, they say that out West you have got to be a rich man." "Well," said my friend, "I don't know about that. If I lived here I might be called rich, but out where I live they don't allow that I am rich." "Malachi, they say that you have got to be president of a railroad company." "That is true! I am the president of a little railroad company." "Well, Malachi, they say you draw a salary of \$10,000 a year as president of that railroad company?" "Yes." "Well; ain't it wonderful what cheek and circumstances will do for some men!" The Yankee in Ohio has not had the circumstances, but he has had what his enemies might call cheek, but which a fair-minded person will bet-better name energy. He rises early, and goes to bed late, and manages during the interim to introduce as much valuable application of thought and knowledge into his particular department of labor as any other man of any other race under the shining sun. And this labor, wisely directed, makes the Yankee of Ohio a success; and this is the whole of it. He took with him, it is true, all that my distinguished friends have spoken of; the school, and the altar, and the sanctity of domestic life, and all the other sacred relations of which we talk so much; but he took something else, not so good, perhaps, as the church, and the altar, but far better than the school, in the educational process, for the Yankee took with him and kept with him the principle of the minority. Don't misunderstand me. There were times when in New England the minority

were said to be oppressed and driven from the State. But, inspection of the minority in New England would reveal no less names than those of Roger Williams and Sir Henry Vane, and Mistress Ann Hutchinson, God bless her memory; there is nothing in her history to be ashamed of "turbulent companion," though it is said the lady was. The minority continued in New England until a few old ladies who deserved a better fate were hung as witches, and our Tory ancestors had been driven into Canada; and at last the principles of toleration and equal rights permeated the New England mind, and there came to be a sense of the rights of the minority, with which now no New England man would be willing to part, but would rather die. We are not proud of those New England ancestors who were Tories in the Revolution. Arnold, the meanest of them all, betrayed his country, not in cleaving to the minority, but in seeking for the majority, which he thought he had found among the British. But in the land that lies to the north, which Senator Sherman and Representative Butterworth are seeking to annex—cross the line and you will find that the heritage of which the many Canadians of New England descent are most proud, is their descent from ancestors who were faithful to the crown. If we are to annex Canada, as I hope, we must be a little more courteous in our descriptions of the Tories of the Revolution, for their Canadian descendants are Tories too, and they will have votes. A gentleman in Canada once said to me, "You are proud of your New England ancestry?" "Yes." "So am I; more proud, and I have a better reason than you. Your ancestors left England, by way of Holland, more than 200 years ago; mine did the same; but because we were faithful to the crown, my forefathers were driven from New England, and I am most proud that I am a descendant of the U. E. L." I replied to this outburst, "Pray tell me what a U. E. L. is; what is it? I never heard the word before." He said: "Don't you know? When my father's father was in Massachusetts, he was no rebel, no traitor, he was a 'United Empire Loyalist,' and I am prouder that he was, than of anything else in the world." Well, now, the time may come when we shall absorb these people, and with the Queen dropped, the House of Lords

dropped, and the Canadian provinces become American states, we then, too, shall be ourselves "United Empire Loyalists" in a far higher and broader sense than my friend from Ottawa boasted himself to be.

But I must go back to New England in Ohio, and the minority. I know the minority there; I have been part and parcel of the minority. A nobler people never lived; equal to their fellow-citizens of that State during 364 days of the year, and on the other day their superiors in all but numbers. When defeated they feel badly, but they surrender as men who know they are fairly conquered. I go further; in the spirit of one who, according to the old adage,

"Greets not the rising sun,
But bows to him whose race is run."

I say that the minority with whom I have been so long and so happily associated, are still not unmindful that Ohio has furnished, in the person of the successful candidate for the Presidency at the recent election, a gentleman, who, however misled—not by hereditary instruction, for his father was my Democratic representative in Congress, but misled by his own erring and wayward will, let us say, into opinions that we did not and do not share, yet whom we know as a gentleman, a patriot, a stainless and upright man; for whom we wish four years—we know it will be of honest, we hope it will be of successful administration of the affairs of the whole country, which chose the President; our country as well as yours, gentlement of the majority, for whom we wish no greater glory, no better fate than to be described in future American history as a worthy successor of his most worthy predecessor. [*Applause.*]

The President :—The next regular toast is,

"THE JUDICIARY."

JUDGE BRADY of our New York Supreme Court will respond. He will be considered in order even if he does not refer to the toast at all.

Judge Brady arose and was received with much applause. His speech was unpremeditated, and a report of it has not been received. It was replete with anecdote, wit and humor, and heard with much interest and applause. The Judge closed with a recital of an alleged political stump speech in German, which excited much merriment. Both the speech and the recital were a welcome contribution to the entertainment of the evening.

The Chairman :—The next regular toast is :

“CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS,
WHICH ARE DESIRABLE IN THE PILGRIM
SONS.”

This toast will be responded to by the Rev. R. R. Meredith, of this city.

ADDRESS OF REV. R. R. MEREDITH, D.D.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen :—I am sure of the sympathy of every generous mind in this company, as I rise to respond to this toast under these circumstances. The lateness of the hour and the kind of speaking to which you have been listening combine together to make the task that devolves upon me exceedingly difficult. When I received the invitation of the Committee to attend this dinner I was surprised, for I am not a son of the Pilgrim Fathers, and have been but a very short time a resident of this city, and I was at a loss to account for the ground upon which this high honor had been conferred upon me. But I was as pleased as I was surprised, and hastily and gladly accepted the invitation. As the days rolled by and the time drew near for this dinner I began to regret my temerity and to doubt my wisdom in accepting the invitation to stand in such a presence as this. To put it in plain English, I began to be frightened, I was not afraid of you ; because I am somewhat acquainted with the Pilgrims.

I lived for a considerable number of years in Boston, right among people that came over in the *Mayflower*, and I know them; and, barring a tendency to come over you on the ground that they did come over in the *Mayflower*; barring a tendency among them to patronize you because you happen to be of the distinguished class of people whom even the grand Mayor could not reduce to slavery in Flanders; barring that I found those Boston people and these Pilgrims to be very generous, and capable of very warm friendships, and so, with this knowledge of the stuff you are made of, I expected a kindly greeting from you; and it was not that I was to see this pleasant thing that stirred my fear in the least. Nor was I afraid of the dinner; the more I thought about it, the more I felt sure of myself, that I could do justice to the dinner. I knew that by a little careful abstinence beforehand, in order to prepare me, I was capable of success in attacking even this elaborate menu. And I was further reassured when I thought that if so unusual a thing should happen as that, by virtue of some interior defalcation, I should fail at that point, you would all be so busy about your own concerns and that nobody would ever know it. [*Laughter*].

I was afraid of this hour. I was afraid of undertaking to make a speech here, and those of you who have ever been in such a place will appreciate the feeling with which a man like me who sits through one of these dinners—not like these men here, who have eloquence and wit on tap, and have only to turn on the spigot and let it run; but an ordinary man—sits and waits for the solemn moment when his time is to come. He is to be pitied; and the worst of it is that he gets to feeling that he is pitied; and so I came to be sorry. I thought of a man I once heard of who set about breaking a couple of steers, and found it necessary to tie them with ropes on their horns, and to hold on to the ropes. Well, he got on very well till he got on to a pair of bars, where it was necessary for him to use both hands to get the bars down, and in the meantime he wound the lines around one of his legs, and just as he was taking down the top bar something frightened the steers, and they started for home, and they dragged the poor man over the road for a considerable distance, and he was finally rescued

in a very dilapidated condition. When he came to, his neighbors upbraiding him, said, "Why did you do so foolish a thing as to make that line fast to your legs?" "Don't say a word about it," said he. "I hadn't gone more than five rods before I saw my mistake." But, mistake or no mistake, I am here, and must meet the occasion the best I can. There is only one form of revenge that a man can take upon the people who sit so comfortably at these dinners devoid of all these perturbations of mind, and that is to talk an hour and a half. I could get even with you in that way, but it would be with you very much as it was with the Scotch congregation, when the minister boasted to his fellow-clergymen, "I preached to them two hours and twenty minutes." And the other minister said, "Why, weren't you awfully tired?" "No," he said, "but you ought to have seen the congregation!" However, with the Puritan like virtue I learned in Boston, I will deny myself that pleasure, and make what I have to say exceedingly brief.

There are some of the characteristics of the Pilgrim Fathers very desirable, that I will have to pass by; some very light, and some very trivial, yet all very important. Why a modern dude would be awfully lonesome in Plymouth. He would have been very uncomfortable in that condition of society. They burned a witch now and again in Salem, and hung a Quaker. I don't know what they would have done with a dude; I guess they would have broiled him and served him on toast.

They were simple men and women in their lives. There was no extravagance, no desire to surpass each other, that is such a prominent evil in the life of to-day. There are a great many men who are trying to surpass their neighbors in a vulgar and commonplace way, like that successful dealer in Petroleum, who, when one of his neighbors bought a picture of the Twelve Apostles that cost a great deal of money, went to the painter and ordered a picture still more expensive, and insisted that the artist should work in eighteen Apostles, so that he should get the better of the other fellow. It is a positive evil in American life to-day. These men lived simple lives; they lived within their means, and no living man among them had to run to Canada to get rid of his creditors, or the

law of his land. They were silent, undemonstrative, thoughtful men, and to you to-night I commend that trait of their character.

We are getting to be a nation of publishers. The newspaper force is one of the grandest forces of civilization. Now, I want everybody to suppose that I have said everything as grand as possible about the press. But it is not an unmixed good. The facility with which everybody gets access to it, and the way we meet in Convention, we are getting to be a nation living on the surface and talk, and we need to-day the sense of the Pilgrims; something of the undemonstrativeness, of the silence and thoughtfulness that characterized those men in that day. It is getting to be a fearful thing. I am getting frightened. The orators in the last campaign got going it so hard, and got their tongues so loose that they could not stop them when the campaign was over and Harrison was elected; and they had to have a Spell-binders' dinner, and poured out the language they had left over against each other. If that goes on nothing will ever stop their tongues but a surgical operation, or the hand of Omnipotence. We need to listen; we need to think. Let him who has all the information he wants nail up his ears with the everlasting clatter of his tongue, and go about his business like a fool! But let sensible men be silent, and listen, and think, till we get down deeper into the life about us to-day, and we will be more like our Pilgrim Fathers. I want to say to these gentlemen who do me the honor to listen to me to-night, that the Pilgrim Fathers were men who understood in what the true dignity and glory of a nation lay, and where was the grandeur of their own work. They were men in whom the spiritual element was regnant. They were not allured across the ocean by any dream of material gain. They did not come in pursuit of enlarged knowledge. They were neither traders in pursuit of wealth, nor explorers in pursuit of information. They were religious men. They were driven across the stormy Atlantic by the might of a purely spiritual impulse, and the State which they founded here was itself a grand religious protest. It is very easy for us to criticise Puritanism, very easy for us to disavow our belief in this or that phase of it. Puritanism was in itself

a reaction, and, like all reactions from great abuses, was violent and went to an extreme in its emphatic drawing back from ill to wrench itself away from very much that was pure, and good, and lovely. It is very easy for us to criticise that type of religion in New England, it was so harsh, and so unlike the Christianity of to-day. Yes, my friend, but remember that, like their granite hills, it was massive and majestic. Storm-swept and scattered by the avalanch, it reared its lofty peaks above all deformities of moral and spiritual truths, in name; and no man in their generation was nearer Heaven, and purer in his apprehension of God, than the old New England Puritan. Let us remember that. But the snows on these peaks never melted. They defied the sunbeams; and the type of religion among the Puritans did not give play enough to the sweetness and the amenities of religion, which would have smoothed down its rough outlines, without impairing its strength or majesty. So much may be said. But if the current of religious piety among these grand forefathers ran in a narrow channel, gentlemen, it ran straight; it cut through rocks; it did not go around them, and that is worth something. And as we come to see how largely the religious living of this nation has come from New England, we are prepared to appreciate the fact that there must have been, of necessity, great power stored up there, in order to meet the case. If the number of impressions of the religious development were so great, the original engraving must have been deeply and clearly cut. If the stone were to be formed by so many chisels into such various forms, it must be hard. A soft stone never would have answered. And a soft Puritanism would have melted away, and never have been remembered. We must bear these things in mind. I want to pursue these things just a single step further. If the religion of the Puritan made him a stern man, please remember that it made him an upright man. He believed in God, and had an absolute faith in his sovereignty in his life. He was an iron man; but it was tempered iron, and he could hew his way to empire. With his eye on grand things, he gave liberty to this nation. It was not born in Thomas Jefferson's brain, to be written in the Declaration of Independence, but around the cabin-table of the *Mayflower*,

and the charter of American Liberty is embodied in that document. And it was not a wild Anarchistic idea of liberty either. It was a liberty that gave all men the right to think and to speak, but it was a liberty that guarded law, and held sacred the institutions of our land. Applied to our own day, the liberty which was written out in the charter in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, says to this man who goes about us to-day, howling for a personal liberty bill, and a personal liberty society which, when analyzed, means liberty to keep the rum-shop open on Sunday. The eye of the Puritan looks into that right and says: "The rum-shop in our street is a blighting, blasting curse on any day, and still more so on Sunday." And it says, "Moreover, the law is against you, and you will shut it on Sunday." The liberty that said to Anarchy "Go abroad, utter your doctrines, say your say. If you can convince me that you are right I will join you; you are free. But dare to raise your hand against the government, and we will incarcerate you in jail, and when you are convicted we will hang you by the neck until you are dead." It is the liberty that says to the Mormons, "You have a perfect liberty in so far as your religion is a theory, to try it over the whole earth, to believe in Joe Smith, and the Latter Day Saints; but the law of this country preserves the family relation, and when you break that law we will put you in jail."

Then, there is another thing, these men were no narrow fanatics, with their eyes on the past. They were men who not only filled the responsibilities of the present, but who looked to the future. And they laid the foundations of the Nation. They put in the fore-front their hopes and fears, and a virtuous, intelligent belief in the culture and morality of the people. And now with this example before us, it simply depends upon us—you who are the sons of the Pilgrims, to keep your eye on higher things. The tendency of to-day is toward Materialism in everything; in commerce, and in railroads; everything of material interest. These are the things that stirred legislatures; these are the things that stirred the Nation's heart. Whatever touches these must be put down at once. It is all right to take care of commerce and railroads, but there are higher concerns. The laws of this land respect

these higher concerns. There are these questions of culture, and morality, and purity of the ballot, that lie at the foundation of our Nation, and which have respect to the purity of the ballot, the maintenance of our public schools, and all other questions that stir the heart of Americans to-day. And if we are just and true men, if we can climb to the height of those grand old men of the past, and are as true in our generation as they were in theirs, we will solve these problems so as to leave a still richer heritage for the sons of the Pilgrims that are to follow. Gentlemen, if we are faithful to the traditions of our past, if we expend well the legacy which has been left to us, in every coming generation there will be men who rise up and sing in new and sweeter strain of the marvelous judgments and divine mercies of the eternal God in this land. And this Nation, flinging away from her the rags of every sin, and inured to the fervent and continual practice of righteousness, shall go on and win for themselves a glorious destiny, for that shall be the wisest, soberest, and most Christian of nations of the earth. [*Applause.*]

The Chairman :—The next regular toast is:

“OUR SISTER SOCIETIES.”

This toast will be responded to by General Woodford, and I am sure you will want to sing the Doxology before he gets done, for, in the first place, he is to respond for the President of the New England Society in the City of New York; then to toast number six, “The West in New England,” and then to respond to the other toast that we expected would be responded to by the gentleman from Mississippi, “The New South; we give it a cordial greeting.” Now, with all that, the General has a wide and responsible task, and we wish him well in his effort, and have no doubt that he will make an achievement that will delight us. It gives me great pleasure to present the General in this way, because it is a loud call upon his principle of sacrifice.

REMARKS OF GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD.

Mr. President and Gentlemen :

If there be a shade of veracity anywhere, it is in a New England Society. If there be incarnate veracity anywhere, it is in the President of the Brooklyn New England Society. I never knew till I came to this hall to-night that I was to speak, and was warned by my friend Mr. Winslow, that should I be called upon, I must cut it very short.

The President of the Society in New York sends you his cordial greetings ; his experience somewhat of regret that the Brooklyn Society is already overshadowing the New York Society, and trusts that in your archeological discoveries next year you will find that the Forefathers landed upon the 23d and not upon the 21st of December, so that on the 22d the New Yorkers may get ahead of you.

My friend, Mr. Brady, said that the Irish after the recent election were called "Broths of boys," because their ancestors were cannibals. Over here we think they were so-called because when they counted the vote, we found them all in the soup.

Now, gentlemen, I shall not keep you at this hour. Frankly, I am not prepared. If any son of New England could bring deeper love this Forefather's Day than I, he should stand upon this platform. But none may.

Thanking you for your cordial welcome I shall make the best return that is possible at this late hour, and wish you, in all the years to come, celebrations of our New England festival that shall half way reach the beauty, the joy, the fraternity, the sweetness, of this gathering we have here to-night. [*Applause.*]

*President Winslow :—*We will now sing the Doxology, and then be dismissed.

" Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

The Annual Reception of the Society was held in the Art Building, 174 Montague street, on Wednesday evening, March 21, 1888. A large number of the members and their families were present, who listened with great interest to the following address by the HON. ROBERT D. BENEDICT, upon

"TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO."

The President introduced Mr. Benedict, who spoke as follows :

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the New England Society :

I wish for a brief space to carry your thoughts back two hundred and fifty years to the years 1637-8.

My own thoughts have been turned to that period by this fact, that in 1638 one of the vessels which came from England to Boston loaded with immigrants for the colony of Massachusetts Bay, brought as one of her passengers a young man named Thomas Benedict, whose descendants have spread into a numerous family of that name in the land. It has been therefore, quite natural that I should have often looked back over the years of the six generations who have lived and died since the day when he first set foot on this continent, and have tried to image to my mind the circumstances which presented themselves to an immigrant landing in that year. Naturally, too, I have read what I could find in histories and pamphlets touching that period. And I have found that it was a somewhat notable time.

So I have thought that you, as descendants of New England men, might find it not uninteresting for half an hour to consider with me some of the matters which those men were busying themselves about, were thinking about and talking about two hundred and fifty years ago.

They talked much, we may be sure, about England, and the events which were taking place there. For it should never be forgotten that these men who were then beginning to occupy

the country were Englishmen. The first native-born citizen was not then twenty years old. They were a company of Englishmen in a foreign land, who, before they left their home, had been interested parties in the contest that was then being waged in England between King and Bishop on the one hand and the people on the other; and we may rest assured that they talked over the various phases of that conflict as the news of them was brought across the sea, with kindling eyes, if not with clinching fists.

Nor was that contest only a matter of past interest to them. Their own practical existence as a colony was involved in it. There were repeated efforts made by parties at Court to take away the charter of the Colony. In that very year an order from the Privy Council in England was forwarded to Gov. Winthrop directing that the charter be returned to London. In that same year Archbishop Land wrote that he would take a time for the redress of disorders in the colony, but "by reason of much business that lay upon him, he could not at that time accomplish his desire," Winthrop sent back a respectful answer, but did not send the charter; and the business which then "lay upon" Archbishop Land so increased upon him that within two years he was imprisoned in the Tower, and the strife in England left the colonists in New England undisturbed in their work of building up a State.

But at this time they were watching with care and fighting with skill hostile influences at Court, and so, as a new comer landed, we may be sure that the news which he brought from old England was as much interesting to and as much talked of by those whom he found here, as was to the new comer the strange aspect of a new England, with its different trees and beasts and birds and men, and all the various strange adventures and experiences of new colonists in such a land.

The new comer had also his experiences upon the long voyage to tell, and such experiences, as we know, are a topic of never-ending interest.

It happens that one such voyage has been recorded: John Josselyn came from England in 1638, and published a narrative of his journey. He sailed on April 26th, in the ship *New Supply*. She was a ship of 300 tons, carrying a crew

of 48 men, more than enough now for a ship of 2,000 tons. She brought 164 passengers, and we can judge from one occurrence which he relates that they were of the true Puritan stock. The voyage was long—75 days. "On the banks of Newfoundland," says Josselyn, "we cast our hooks for cod-fishing—thick, heavy weather. The cod being taken on Sunday morning, the sectaries aboard threw those their servants took, into the sea again, although they wanted fresh victuals." Surely it was firm principle and true self-denial which led them, after living fifty days on salt food, to refuse fresh fish, because it was caught on Sunday.

Josselyn adds that "the sailors were not so nice," which we can well believe, nor were all of the passengers of quite so true a stamp, for Josselyn relates that Martin Ivy, servant to Capt. Thomas Cammock, one day "filched out of the chirurgion's cabin nine great lemons, which he ate, rinds and all, in less than an hour's time, for which he was whipt naked at the capstan with a cat-o-nine-tails, to teach him to exercise more self-denial at another time."

Josselyn relates, besides his narratives of the voyage, his experiences in this strange country. One of them was follows: "In the afternoon I walked into the woods on the back side of the house; and happening into a fine broad walk, I wandered till I chanced to see a fruit, as I thought, like a pine apple plated with scales. It was as big as the crown of a woman's hat. I made bold to step unto it, with an intent to have gathered it. No sooner had I touched it, but hundreds of wasps were about me. At last I cleared myself from them, being stung only by one upon the upper lip. Glad I was that I escaped so well. But by the time I was come into the house, my lip was swelled so extremely that they hardly knew me but by my garment."

The mistake of a hornet's nest for a pine apple was not the greatest danger to be met with in the woods. Josselyn relates quite an adventure with wolves near Boston., and wolves were numerous. A lady's letter to friends at home gives this bit of description: "The air of the country," wrote she, "is sharp, the rocks many, the trees innumerable, the grass little, the winter cold, the summer hot; the gnats in summer biting, the

wolves at midnight howling. Look upon it, as it hath the means of grace and if you please you can call it a Canaan."

Perhaps I may offset this prevalence of wolves by an extract from another letter, of some years later date; it is true, which says: "We have no beggars, and few idle vagabonds, except now and then some quakers from Road Island that much molest us." Two hundred and fifty years, as you see, have changed the status in New England of both wolves and Quakers.

But the matters of principal interest in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, 250 years ago, were not perils from wild beasts, nor the strangeness of a new land, nor the incidents of voyages. Nor were the eyes of the people fixed mainly on the great contest for liberty which was convulsing their native land. The thoughts of that whole community were mainly occupied by a great contest in their own borders between Christ's Kingdom and the Powers of Evil: a contest, which to them had a much more positive and manifest form than it presents to us now-a-days.

We think of the Puritans who came to this country perhaps too much as animated solely by a zeal for religious freedom. We sing Mrs. Heman's lines (written not 250, but something over 50 years ago):

"They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

and we are apt to think that "freedom to worship God" was all which they sought in coming to these shores; and we rejoice that neither the passage of the stormy Atlantic, nor the cold of the New England winter could chill that religious fervor. But, as I have said, they were Englishmen. They came from a land which was hot with a party contest, made hotter because the party questions were religious questions. They brought with them their party spirit as well as their religious views. Nor were they all of one mind, either as to religious views or party spirit. The fact is that New England attracted to it not only the staid and sober minded, but also some persons of unbalanced minds; men whom we should be tempted now-a-days to call "cranks;" men in whose minds views of religious truth had become warped and twisted in the fires of

controversy, and under the stringency of religious repression in England. And there appeared in the community strange religious doctrines in swarms. A synod of the clergy of the Colony, called in 1637, to consider the matter, formulated a list of 82 errors of doctrine which were to be found in the Colony. Some of them were manifestly grievous and dangerous errors. I instance but one, the Antinomian doctrine, that "*Christians* are not under the law and command of the Divine word as a rule of life." I mention this because it was the main feature of the controversy, which has gone into history under the name of the Antinomian controversy. Many of these 82 errors however, were so abstruse and metaphysical that the contest over them reminds one of the words of St. Paul where he speaks of "doting about questions and strifes of words whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings." And of these evil consequences the land was full. Those who came to New England 250 years ago found that though they had left behind them the hot conflicts of English politics, they had by no means come to a land of peace and harmony. "I was no sooner on shore," says John Clark, who landed in 1637, "but there appeared to me differences among them touching the covenants, and in point of evidencing a man's good estate, (that is the proof of the salvation of his soul.) Some pressed hard for a covenant of works and for sanctification to be the first and chief evidence. Others pressed as hard for a covenant of grace that was established upon better promises and for the evidence of the Spirit as that which is the more certain, constant and satisfactory witness. I thought it not strange to see men differ about matters of Heaven, for I expect no less on earth. But it *was* strange to see that they were not able to bear with each other in their different understandings and consciences, so as in those utmost parts of the world to live peaceably together." John Clark's marvel was well justified. The colonists of New England in that year were burdened by their first serious Indian war. And yet the whole land was boiling with a religious controversy, which divided the people of Massachusetts Bay in a fierce political conflict among themselves and led to the first political campaign on the continent.

The colonists of Massachusetts Bay seem to have numbered at that time about 20,000. Boston was the principal settlement, with about twenty-five others. The charter of the Colony had given legislative powers to the whole body of the freemen, and they elected by ballot annually a governor, deputy governor and eighteen assistants. The right of suffrage was by no means universal. To be a voter a man must be admitted to the body of freemen, and he must take the freeman's oath; and moreover, in 1631, when the freemen were only about 150 in number, it had been ordered and agreed that "To the end the body of the commons may be preserved of honest and good men for the time to come; no man shall be admitted to the freedom of this body politic, but such as are members of some of the churches within the limits of the same."

Now, with church-membership a pre-requisite to the right to vote, it is easy to see that any difference of religious doctrine, which became serious enough to amount to a controversy, could hardly fail to lead to a political contest, and so it proved. The first election campaign in Massachusetts Bay, was due to a difference in religious doctrine, which it is difficult to state in terms that are intelligible now. That election occurred in 1637, and although the Colony was only eight years old, probably the terms Conservative and Radical would somewhat describe the two parties. They called each other Legalists and Antinomians. The two candidates were John Winthrop and Sir Henry Vane, and they fairly represented the different elements.

Winthrop was a man fifty years of age. He had been the leader in the formation of the Colony, and is described by Captain John Smith as "A worthy gentleman, both in estate and esteem." He was chosen the first governor, was re-elected three years in succession, and after being two years out of office, had been elected deputy-governor, and held that office at this time; a high-minded, public-spirited man, wise in counsel, prudent in speech, and firm in action.

His opponent was Sir Henry Vane, who afterwards died on the scaffold in England on the restoration of the Stuarts. At this time he was a young man, twenty-five years of age.

He had come to this country on October 6, 1635. On the 1st of November he was admitted a member of the Boston church; on March 3, 1636, he was admitted a freeman, and in May he was chosen Governor of the Colony. On his election the fifteen ships that were in the harbor of Boston fired a salute, and the next week Vane invited the masters of them all to dinner, the first entertainment of the kind that had been had in Boston; and, as the controversy was already beginning to get warm, the conservative element doubtless spoke of that dinner with suspicion, and thought that such festivities boded ill times for the commonwealth.

The year of Vane's governorship proved a year of contention and disturbance. If his election, with the steady Winthrop as Deputy Governor, had been a compromise, an effort to harmonize elements which were beginning to grow discordant, it had met with the usual result of compromises. The contest had only grown sharper. And now, in the very next year, the two factions were arrayed against each other in a struggle for supremacy, the one seeking to re-elect Vane, the other to put Winthrop in his place.

There were some elements involved in that election which are not wholly unfamiliar in the political contests of our days, though doubtless they bore different names. There was Conservative against Radical, Experience against Youth, and the Old Settler against the Carpet-bagger. But there was another element entirely unknown in our politics. There was Orthodoxy against New Light, for, as I have said, the controversy at bottom was over religious doctrines.

Political platforms had not been invented two hundred and fifty years ago. Nor are we informed that any Nominating Conventions were called that year in Massachusetts Bay. If there had been, the platforms of the two parties would have contained no declaration in reference to tariff or protection, high license or prohibition, freedom of suffrage or civil service reform.

The followers of Vane might have had a platform somewhat as follows :

Resolved, That we believe that the Holy Ghost is united to the true believer in person.

Resolved, That no degree of sanctification can be evidence of a man's good estate without a concurrent sight of justification.

Resolved, That we hold fast to the Covenant of Grace; that we point with pride to those faithful servants of the Lord Christ in this Colony, who preach a Covenant of Grace; and we warn those preachers who are under a Covenant of Works, that the eyes of the people, as well as those of the Great Teacher, are upon them.

Resolved, That the Lord has more truth and light to break forth out of His Holy Word, and that the revelation of His truth to the believer is the rule of faith and life.

The Winthropites on the other hand might have declared somewhat as follows:

Resolved, That we know none of the preachers or elders in this Colony, who do not advance the free grace of God in justification as far as the word of God requires.

Resolved, That we view with alarm the spread of Antinomian and Familistic doctrines in this Colony, especially that the law is not the rule of life to a Christian, and that a man may have the assurance of his union with Christ, not by sanctification but by immediate revelation.

Resolved, That we point with pride to the growth and prosperity of this Colony under the guiding hands of the experienced men who laid its foundations; and we find no reason in the contention and disturbance of the past year, which should lead the freemen of this Colony to continue its government in the hands of youth and inexperience, guided by fancied revelation.

Over such doctrines the political contest waxed hot that year. Discussion and debate were everywhere. As one writer says: "It began to be as common here to distinguish men, by being under a covenant of grace or a covenant of works, as in other countries between Protestant and Papist," and to appreciate the comparison you must remember that it was within 80 years from the death of Bloody Mary to the Duke of Alva.

In this temper of the people the election for governor drew

near. Besides the other not unfamiliar elements involved, there were in also the familiar element (to us) of the city against the rural districts. For the Boston church, almost to a man, favored Vane, and that led to the first move in the campaign, when the General Court, much to the disgust of Vane and his followers, ordered that the election should not be held in Boston, but at Newtown, which is now Cambridge.

Nevertheless, the Boston people bestirred themselves. It was the rule then that a freeman might vote by proxy; and so they set themselves to the work, also not wholly unfamiliar in our day, of getting proxies; and I am inclined to think that they thought they were going to win by the aid of proxies, and were disappointed. If such were the fact, it would explain a curious performanæ of Vane and his followers on election day. The election was to be held at one o'clock in the afternoon. For some reason the adherents of Vane wished to delay it; and when the hour came, Vane, who, as Governor, was presiding officer of the meeting, instead of proceeding to the business of the election, presented to the meeting a petition from some of their party in Boston impugning certain action which had been taken by the General Court in reference to a party matter; and he insisted that this petition should be disposed of before any other business was taken up. One of the historians of New England says that Vane's object was to introduce debate and continue it through the day till the time for the election was past, which would leave him Governor for the next year. But I can hardly believe Vane was unscrupulous enough to form such a plan, or so wrong in his judgment of the men who opposed him as to suppose that they would yield the victory to him on so poor a pretext as that. Hubbard, in his History, says that Vane and his party expected a great advantage that day because the remote towns were allowed to vote by proxy, and as Hubbard was sixteen years old at the time, he may be presumed to speak from direct information. I think, therefore, that Vane's proposal of the petition for debate was only in the hope of gaining sufficient time for the arrival of proxies from remote towns.

Whatever were the reasons which led Vane to urge the consideration of the petition, his purpose was at once per-

ceived, and, as we may believe, the proposition brought increased heat into what was already a hot contest. The day was hot, too; and the election was to be held at one o'clock P. M., and out of doors. One of the writers of the time says: "As the season grew hotter, so the minds of men were hot in the eager pursuit of their self-conceited opinions, and, verily had not authority stepped in, it was much to be doubted they would have proceeded from words to blows."

The Winthrop party insisted that, as the meeting was called for the election, the election was the first business in order. The Vane party insisted on the right of petition. When church-membership is a pre-requisite to voting, it is not strange if ministers of the Church make political speeches, and the scales of this election were turned by a speech from the Rev. John Wilson, one of the members of the Boston church, but one of the few in that church who supported Winthrop.

Bancroft says that there was on that day "such high excitement that even the pious Wilson *climbed into a tree* to harangue the people." The picture which Bancroft has thus given of a minister of the principal church in Boston in those days of reverence for the clergy so far forgetting the decorum due to his station as to scramble up a tree on election day in the presence of all the people, and he fifty years old, is a startling one; and though any one should hesitate before differing with so high an authority as Bancroft upon any point, I am inclined to think that, on this point of Mr. Wilson's climbing the tree, his picture is too highly colored. Aside from the question of decorum, I venture to doubt whether any man who wished to speak to a popular assembly so as to produce a practical result would have placed himself where the flow of his periods must be interfered with by the necessity of his keeping his balance, unless indeed he guarded against the danger of a fall by delivering his harangue seated on a limb, with legs dangling on either side. We could hardly expect flights of oratory or forcible argument from so precarious and undignified a standing or sitting place. On examination I find that Bancroft's statement seems to have for its authority a sentence from a manuscript life of Wilson which reads as follows: 'Mr. Wilson, the minister, got up upon the bough of a tree and

there made a speech." I suspect that, in fact, the bough in question had been cut off and was lying on the ground, so as to be reached without climbing, and that Mr. Wilson only stepped up on the bough to get a little vantage in height, as many a man since his day for the same purpose has stepped up on a stump.

Certainly there was nothing to interfere with the effectiveness of Wilson's oration, for the same manuscript proceeds: "Mr. Wilson's speech was well received by the people, who presently called out 'election! election!' which turned the scale." Thereupon Winthrop, the Deputy Governor, took upon himself to call upon the people to divide, and the majority were in favor of proceeding to the election. But Vane was stubborn and still refused to proceed, till Winthrop again put in a decisive word by telling him that if he would not proceed they would proceed without him. Vane did not venture to persist farther, and the election was held. It resulted in the entire defeat of his party and the election of Winthrop to take his place as Governor. It would be curious to know how the vote stood, but none of the chroniclers mention the figures and it is quite too late to have a recount. Vane showed excessive mortification at the result, and soon after left the colony to do good service for the cause of liberty in England—probably better service than he would have done in New England had he remained.

As it is no marvel that when none but church members were voters, questions of church doctrine should become political issues, so it is also no marvel that in such a case the political contest should extend into the churches, and that a political campaign should be followed by court proceedings and church discipline. And so, soon after this election, followed the celebrated trial, banishment and excommunication of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson.

Baldy stated, the case of Mrs. Hutchinson was this: She is spoken of by one of the early historians as a gentlewoman "of nimble wit, voluble tongue, eminent knowledge in the Scriptures, of great charity and notable helpfulness." Rev. John Cotton, one of the great lights of the Massachusetts pulpit of the time, said of her that she "was well-beloved, and

all the faithful embraced her conference and blessed God for her fruitful discourses."

This lady was brought before the General Court on account of her religious teachings, was accused of traducing the ministers of the country, and was banished from the colony and afterwards excommunicated from the Boston Church. She and her family betook themselves to Rhode Island, and afterwards to a place near Hell Gate, where they were all massacred by the Indians.

Party spirit of that time on the one side considered this dealing with Mrs. Hutchinson as "an expression of Providence proceeding from the Lord's miraculous mercy, in which His bare arm hath been discovered from first to last, that all the churches may hear and fear." A pamphlet on the other side, of thirty years after, says that the Indians "were the executioners of what the New England priests, magistrates and church members were the occasion, through their wicked and cruel proceedings in forcing them to flee from their rage and fury."

And ever since, wherever any one sets himself to assail the Puritans, you may be pretty sure to hear a reference to the case of Mrs. Hutchinson.

Nor do I claim that such reference to the case is unfair, or that the action of the leaders of the colony in the matter can be entirely justified in the better light of these later days. Nor ought any friend of the Puritans to object to just criticism or make for them an indiscriminating defence. But, after two hundred and fifty years, we ought to be able to look at the case fairly; and, in order to a fair judgment, some of the surrounding circumstances need to be considered, for such oftentimes are a most important part of the picture.

In the first place, the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, before which Mrs. Hutchinson stood, was not what we mean by a Court. It was Court, Legislature and Governor all combined. With all those three functions combined, it was not confined to such action as a Court may take among us, but might properly consider questions and proceed by methods which are not appropriate to our judicial procedure. Its discretionary powers were much wider than those of a court. In

the next place, the time was one of very hot party controversy—over religious questions, if you please, but none the less hot for that—in which controversy the political life of the colony was involved.

Is it any more to be wondered at that, in such a time, religious (which were political) utterances should be scrutinized, or even restrained, than it was that when the Rebellion broke out men should find themselves in Fort Lafayette for the expression of Secession sentiments, or than it is that in our days, when Anarchy seems to be preparing for an assault upon society, the utterances of Anarchist leaders should bring them before our Courts?

But you may say, "What had Mrs. Hutchinson to do with this political conflict? What importance had her speech, she being neither a voter politically nor a teacher ministerially? Why should the authorities take a woman to task for talking? We may bring Johann Most before the courts, but we do not indict Mina Van Zandt."

It is quite true that we do not, but the circumstances are widely different.

Two hundred and fifty years ago the intellectual life of the people had no such scope for its activity as now. There were then no newspapers ready to perform all the discussion and debate for the whole community. Books were scarce. There were no theatres, no courses of lectures, no New England Societies. Almost the only source of intellectual food was the sermons of the preachers; and when religious doctrine was political doctrine, it is not unreasonable to infer that the thoughts of the people may have dwelt on the sermons through the week more than those of church-goers of the present day are apt to do. Perhaps, as a consequence of this, there existed a custom which we should hardly wish to revive. Not only did the preachers deliver two solid sermons on Sunday, but during the week the members of the church held a meeting for the express purpose of discussing and criticising the sermons.

I read recently of a minister who wrote to a friend that, having heard that the pulpit in a church which he named was vacant, he would like to know who was the "leading spirit" in the church, as he thought of making application. He re-

ceived for answer that the "*leading spirit*" in that church was the *spirit of criticism*; but, if he wished to apply, Mr. So-and-so was the chairman of the committee.

How would our churches bear the strain of a weekly meeting arranged as an express field for the spirit of criticism, and which might be at the same time a political meeting as well?

The Puritans in general accepted the decisions of St. Paul, that he did not suffer the women to teach in the churches, and the men only exercised this function of criticism. But to Mrs. Hutchinson that dictum of St. Paul's did not seem to have so much force as that other dictum of his, that the elder women should teach the younger, and she set up a woman's meeting for a similar purpose, in which she was naturally chief critic, and by no means confined herself to the subjects which St. Paul mentions as proper subjects for such teaching, but ranged with freedom over the whole field of religious controversy and party conflict. Here and now it disturbs no one to learn that a hundred women or more gather together at a private house on a week day to hear a religious discourse from one of their own sex. But that was a time of hot controversy, and these meetings and discourses of Mrs. Hutchinson's, and her private teachings with her nimble wit and voluble tongue, became a power in the political contest, and therefore the conservative party began to look askance at the meeting and the leader of it. It came to be charged that Mrs. Hutchinson was not only leading her hearers astray by erroneous and dangerous teaching, but that she was distinguishing between the ministers of the various churches, even reaching the dreadful pitch of declaring that most of them were under a covenant of works, while those whom she favored were under a covenant of grace. And as Vane was a strong adherent of her views, and as her influence and teachings had spread through the Boston Church till in the political contest it was almost unanimous in support of Vane, the principal minister of the church, Mr. Cotton, being claimed to sympathize with her views, although the other (for the church had two) was Mr. Wilson, who spoke against Vane from the tree bough, it is plain that the conservative leaders had some reason to consider Mrs.

Hutchinson and her teachings as a main cause of the dissension in the colony—a dissension which had almost brought the opposing parties to blows on election day, and which was seriously interfering with the efficient government of the colony. In raising their quota for the Pequot war, there were some who refused to assist, because they considered some of the officers to be under a covenant of Works. To quote Bancroft's words: "The dispute infused its spirit into everything. It interfered with the levy of troops for the Pequot war. It influenced the respect shown to magistrates, the distribution of town lots, the assessment of rates, and at last the continued existence of the two parties was considered inconsistent with the public peace."

It is hardly to be wondered at that when the election had placed the conservative party in power, they should have sought to remove the dissension. When Winthrop was called to account before the Church of Boston for his share in the measures which were taken, he did not hesitate to justify himself by saying that he "saw that these brethren, etc., were so divided from the rest of the country, in their judgment and practice as it could not stand with the public peace that they should continue amongst us. So, by the example of Lot in Abraham's family and after Hagar and Ishmael, I saw they must be sent away." Having come to this conclusion, it is no wonder that in proceeding to carry it out they should have determined to proceed against the *teterrima causa* of the dissension, if possible, and in that view have summoned Mrs. Hutchinson before the General Court.

Two reports of the proceedings in the case are extant. One of them is contained in a book published by Mrs. Welde, in England, in 1644, the title of which is "A Short Story of the Rise, Reign and Ruin of the Antinomians, Familists and Libertines that infected the Churches in New England, and how they were confuted by the Assembly of Ministers there; as also of the Magistrates' Proceedings in Court against them. Together with God's strange, remarkable judgment upon some of the Chief Fomenters of these Opinions, and the Lamentable Death of Mrs. Hutchinson." It is, as you might judge from its title, the work of one bitterly hostile to Mrs. Hutch-

inson. The other account of her trial is attached to the History of the Colonies of Massachusetts Bay, by Thomas Hutchinson, one of her lineal descendants. It appears to have been the one that was kept in the family; and while it is in some points more favorable to her, as would be expected, there is no material difference between the two.

The purpose of the Court from the beginning to find occasion to send Mrs. Hutchinson away is manifest. In the address made to her at the opening of the proceedings by Winthrop, who as Governor presided, he told her that she was summoned as "one of those that have troubled the peace of this Commonwealth and the churches here"—summoned "in order that, if you be obstinate in your course, the Court may take such course that you may trouble us no farther." The occasion which the Court did find was furnished by Mrs. Hutchinson herself.

The report of what she said during the first day's proceedings fully justifies the description of her as "a nimble wit." She distinctly had the best of Winthrop in the controversy on the first point made against her, that of countenancing the opposing faction, as also on the question of the lawfulness of her meeting. Thereupon Winthrop brought forward as a third ground of complaint that she had "disparaged" and "depraved" all the ministers. It is not to be understood by this charge of depraving the ministers that there was any charge that her presence in Boston had proved injurious to the morals of the clergy. Winthrop only intended to say that she had slandered them, when he said she had depraved them, by saying that they all, except Mr. Cotton, preached a covenant of works, and only Mr. Cotton a covenant of grace.

This was a sore spot in the controversy. On her trial of the charge seven ministers out of the twenty-five or thirty in the Colony came forward to testify against her. It appeared that on the rumor spreading that she had so assailed the ministers, they had had a conference with her, and they declared that, in the course of it, she had said that they preached a covenant of works; that they were not able ministers of the New Testament, and had not the seal of the Spirit. Mrs. Hutchin-

son shrewdly urged that that was a private conference with her, and should not be made a ground of accusation ; but she also denied having said just what they charged. She claimed, and she brought witnesses to testify that what she had said was that the other ministers did not preach a covenant of grace *so clearly* as Mr. Cotton did. Probably it would have made no difference in the result, if she had been shrewd enough to rest upon the difference in the memory of those equally good men who testified on opposite sides as to what had been said in that conference. But on the second day the weakness of the woman showed itself, and that element in her mind and spirit, which was probably the real source of danger in her teachings and influence, appeared. She began, of her own accord, to speak of revelations which had been given to her.

Now the belief in immediate revelation has certainly a side to it which must be conceded to be dangerous. Every now and then it appears as the foundation of dangerous disorders. Only a few weeks ago I saw a notice of some such outbreak in Texas, where revelations to a woman named McWhirter were said to be breaking up homes and family relations. We all remember the man in Massachusetts who, under immediate revelation, some years since, killed his children. Joe Smith and Mormon polygamy were the outcome of immediate revelations. In 1638 a woman killed her child in Salem, at the command of immediate revelation. Not a hundred years before that all Europe had been horrified by the excesses of the Anabaptists, of Munster, who claimed to act under immediate revelation. And when Mrs. Hutchinson, abandoning the position which she had held of a person accused, who had the right to know the charges against her and to have them proved by evidence, opened her mouth and spoke of revelations, she gave the Court an obvious foundation for proceeding against her, of which it was not slow to avail itself. She told the Court that, having been much troubled to see the falseness of the constitution of the Church of England, she had kept a day of solemn humiliation and pondering over the question, "Who is Antichrist?" and the Lord had shown her that those who did not teach the new covenant were Antichrist ; and ever since then she said the Lord had discovered the ministry to

her, and enabled her to distinguish the voice of Antichrist, and this she declared she knew just as Abraham knew that he was commanded to sacrifice Isaac by an immediate revelation. And then she told the Court that she never had any great thing done about her, but it was revealed to her beforehand, and that before she left England it was shown to her that she was to meet affliction, as Daniel was cast into the den of lions, but that God would, in like manner, deliver her. "Therefore," said she, "I desire you to look to it, for you see this Scripture fulfilled this day, and, therefore, I desire you, as you tender the Lord and the Church and the Commonwealth, to consider, and look what you do. You have power over my body, but the Lord Jesus hath power over my body and my soul; and assure yourselves thus much, you do as much as in you lies to put the Lord Jesus Christ from you, and if you go on in the course you begin you will bring a curse upon you and your posterity, and the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Cotton Mather, in his *Magnolia*, reports her as closing her speech without any "if," but with the positive declaration, "I know that for this which you go about to do God will ruin you and your posterity and this whole state." Whichever version is correct, she had furnished the Court its opportunity. She had intimated quite clearly that the ministers who were opposed to her were Antichrist. She had declared that she received as immediate revelation, as Abraham did, and, to crown all, she had warned the Court that it was going to be a dangerous thing to do anything against her.

Johann Most, the Anarchist, told the judge that the Court was to decide by its sentence of him whether free speech and lawful assemblage should be destroyed in this country. But the judge, none the less, sentenced him to prison as a disturber of the public peace, and free speech and lawful assemblage are not destroyed. And so the members of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, with but three exceptions, notwithstanding Mrs. Hutchinson's prophecy of ruin, voted that she should be banished from the Colony. And two hundred and fifty years have shown no ruin falling upon them, or their posterity, or the State. It was not the mouth of the Lord, but the mouth of Mrs. Hutchinson which had spoken it.

It is to be borne in mind that this sentence of "banishment" has a greater sound of severity now than the facts then actually exhibited. It was only compelling Mrs. Hutchinson to do what many were continually doing voluntarily, viz., leaving a settlement ten years old to go to a still newer one. The compulsion was all that gives it the aspect of severity. We all know Brooklyn people who have moved their residence to New Jersey. Probably they would have been very indignant if they had been compelled to do that very thing. But could our Courts have been justly charged with severity or barbarity in the case of Johann Most, the Anarchist, if, when he was called up for sentence, the judge had announced that, as a punishment for his crime, he must leave New York and live henceforth in New Jersey.

Winthrop and his associates acted on the idea that in causing the removal of Mrs. Hutchinson they were removing a source of strife and dissension—a cause of danger and serious social disturbance. I see no reason to doubt the honesty of their belief that a teacher who had certainly been prominent in forming a faction, who pretty clearly intimated that most of the religious teachers in the Colony were Antichrist, and who announced herself as being the recipient of immediate revelations from God, was a source of danger to the peace of the community. Mrs. Hutchinson's banishment was followed by the disarming of the faction which she had supported. The secret for the disarming had this preamble: "Whereas, the opinions and revelations of Mr. Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson have seduced and led into dangerous errors many of the people here in New England, inasmuch as there is just cause of suspicion that they, as others in Germany in former times, may, upon some revelation, make some sudden irruption upon those that dtift from them in judgment." And, therefore, seventy-two men were ordered to deliver up their arms, and, though with reluctance, did so.

Who can say that this belief of Winthrop and his associates was not well founded, as well as honest? Their proceedings did stop dissension and maintain peace. Who can say that the result would have been the same if Mrs. Hutchinson had not been banished and her faction had not been disarmed?

Although we may criticise some of the incidents of the affair, yet as to the sending of Mrs. Hutchinson out of the Colony, no one should assail the Puritan leaders for it unless he is prepared to show that they were not acting under a well-founded belief of danger to the public peace. If they were acting under that belief, their action is not without excuse, perhaps not without justification.

I have only time to speak in the briefest way of the rest of Mrs. Hutchinson's story. Her sentence was passed in November, 1637, but the near approach of winter made its immediate enforcement too severe, and her departure was postponed till spring; meantime she was put in charge of Mr. Welde, of Roxbury; by which means any further ill effects of her dangerous teachings were guarded against. Before the spring came a surprising change seems to have come over the Boston church; and in March, 1638, she was called by that church to appear before it to answer for holding erroneous religious doctrines, a list of about thirty different errors being charged against her. A long debate upon them ensued. She finally acknowledged error on some of them, and prepared a written answer to them all, which was spoken of by her opponents as a recantation. But one of the errors charged against her had the following: "That there is no inherent righteousness in the Saints, and that the righteousness in them is all the righteousness of Christ." This opinion, Mrs. Hutchinson, in her answer, declared that she had never held, whereupon some of those present insisted that she had manifestly expressed it; and on this question of fact her whole case was made to turn. All question of the truth or error of her teaching was dropped. Whether there is or is not any "inherent righteousness in the Saints" was no longer a subject of consideration in that church-meeting. Mrs. Hutchinson declaring that she had never said there was none, and others having declared that she had said so, the church with one accord rose up and excommunicated her for "impertinently persisting in a manifest lie, then expressed by her in open congregation."

That was done two hundred and fifty years ago, on the 22d of March, 1638. And so the poor lady was not only ordered out of the Colony by the almost unanimous vote of the Gen-

eral Court, which was, however, composed of members of the opposite party, but she was cast out of the church by unanimous vote, although all of its members, but four or five, had been her adherents less than a year before; cast out, not for maintaining an erroneous doctrine, but for declaring that she had not maintained it.

This action of the Church seems to me far less defensible than that of the civil authorities. Nor have I found any sufficient explanation of it, or any satisfactory way of accounting for so great and speedy a change in the attitude of the Boston Church towards her. The case remains to me a striking instance of the instability of men—

“ One foot on sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never ”

—and a striking proof of the heated state of men's minds in Massachusetts two hundred and fifty years ago, when such a change could affect a whole community in so brief a time. This banishment of Mrs. Hutchinson was but an incident in a controversy which continued many years. I think we may be certain that the proceedings in her case furnished material for many a stinging assault upon the successful party, because writers upon that side kept up a shower of epithets upon her and her memory, of which “ Jezebel ” was perhaps the most commonly employed. The majority could always defend what had been done, on the plea that it was necessary for the public peace; but every time that that defence was put forward, thoughtful men must have asked themselves what it was that brought the community into such a heated state that the care of the public peace should have made such measures requisite. And the more they thought of it the more plainly must they have come to see that the source of their trouble was in the mingling of Church and State.

It may well be that this case of Mrs. Hutchinson's was one of the steps by which the descendants of the Puritans learned the great lesson which the Puritans of two hundred and fifty years ago had not learned—that, in a free country like ours, not only must the State keep its hand off from the Church, but that the Church also can better accomplish her own work

when she makes no claim whatever to the control of the State.

I have spoken of two out of the three contests which filled the minds and occupied the thoughts of the Puritans of two hundred and fifty years ago—the political and the religious controversy. If I had time, I would like to speak of the third—the Pequot war. I should like to give you some extracts from the narrative, which I suspect most of you have never read, written by Captain John Mason, who led that little band of ninety men on that fearless expedition and struck the terrible blow which gave the growing colonies freedom from fear of the horrors of Indian warfare for thirty years. I suspect that many of the particulars of that history might prove to have become new again from very lapse of time. About two months ago the newspapers of the country published an item announcing the death at North Stonington, Conn., of Mrs. Eunice Cottrell, at the age of 115. The item stated that she was a great-grandchild of King Philip, and also the oldest descendant of the Pequot Indians, and it was added that her father was killed in this very Pequot war by Captain John Mason and his troops—a curious conglomeration of errors. Mrs. Cottrell may have been the oldest descendant of the Pequots; but, if she were, it would require some explanation to show how she could also be a descendant of King Philip, for Philip was not a Pequot, and, if her father was killed in the Pequot war, which took place two hundred and fifty years ago, it follows that even if she lived to the great age of 115, she must have been born one hundred and thirty-five years after her father's death!

So far as I saw, that item went all over the country without correction, so faint has become the knowledge of the history of that early time and of this notable incident in it, of which all New England must have been talking two hundred and fifty years ago.

How little even we, the descendants of those New England men, know of the details of their history. Most of us, I fancy, are satisfied with reading and having our children read some general history in which a few pages are devoted to all those early years. It ought not so to be, and I think all our New

England Societies ought to be, as our Society in Brooklyn has been, a means not only of the glorification of our ancestors over an annual dinner table, but of giving us information on particular points of their history—sketches in detail of smaller parts of the general view, by which we may be made better acquainted with the men and the times.

I thank you, Mr. President and gentlemen, for the opportunity afforded me to do a little in that good work. If I have succeeded in interesting you, ladies and gentlemen, and especially if I have led any among you to take up the study of those times for yourselves, and to delve in the mines of historical lore for the interesting knowledge which may be found there, which will enable you to form a truer and juster estimate of our Puritan ancestors—truer and juster, because founded on fuller knowledge—I shall be amply repaid.

It is not a very pleasant page of their history that I have turned for you. If I had set out only to glorify them I should not have chosen it. But we may be instructed not only by the excellencies of good men, but by their faults and errors; and I believe that with all their faults, the Puritans were well described by one of the writers of the time, who says that, "The first beginners of this plantation were an excellent set of real, living Christians." And I believe that the cultivation of accurate knowledge of their history and lives must tend to the preservation of what is best in social life and government among their descendants. Such a knowledge will enable us to judge them justly, so that we shall not, in looking at their virtues, refuse to see and profit by their faults and errors; or, in looking at their faults, fail to appreciate their sterling virtues.

In this loose-robed and light-minded age, when I find men who can only speak of the Puritans with a sneer as "strait-laced and long-faced." I am disposed to agree with Mr. Samuel Pepys, who was himself no Puritan, but who, living in the days of Charles II. saw what was the result in England of bringing into power the opponents of the Puritans, and who wrote in his diary: "This business of abusing Puritans begins to grow stale and of no use, they being the people that at last will be found the wisest."

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